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ART. I. — *The Library of American Biography*; conducted by JARED SPARKS. Second Series. Vol. IV. Boston: Charles C. Little & James Brown. 1845. 12mo. pp. 446.

THIS volume of Mr. Sparks's "Library of American Biography" contains memoirs of three persons who, though for very different reasons, deserve to be ever freshly remembered by the American people. They are Roger Williams, Timothy Dwight, and Count Pulaski. Especially are we pleased to see a new life of Roger Williams, ably and tastefully written by Professor Gammell, of Brown University. Before the appearance of this biography, the only memoir of Roger Williams of any value was that by the late Mr. Knowles. He was the first American writer to do justice to the great merits of the founder of the State of Rhode Island. His work, elaborately though not elegantly written, minute in its details, and learned in the knowledge both of its subject and of early New England history, left to the subsequent biographer but little chance of throwing additional light upon the life or character of Williams. Mr. Gammell, though he has consulted all the works of our Colonial history relating to his theme, has not found occasion, in any important points, to correct the statements made, or, in the main, to vary from the opinions expressed, by his predecessor. The memoir which he has prepared, as its position in a series of popular biographies required, is more brief, and more closely confined to the life of the individual. The writer has shown more skill in the selection and ar-

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rangement of his materials, equal soundness of judgment in the views of individual character and of colonial policy, and very commendable impartiality in the narration of events the history of which has been too often distorted and colored by prejudice or malevolence. The style is remarkably well suited to a work of this kind. It is chaste, easy, and animated, showing the taste and skill of an accomplished and accurate scholar. The portrait of the character of Williams gives us a vivid and distinct conception of the man in the different stages of his eventful career, and in his various relations to the times in which he lived; and it deserves — much more, we suspect, than the delineation of his features on the title-page of this volume — to be hung up in no inferior place among the illustrious figures which compose the gallery of early American history.

According to traditions which seem to be entitled to credit, Roger Williams was born in Wales, in the year 1599, and of parents in the middle ranks of life. He early removed, however, into another part of England, bearing with him, no doubt, pleasant recollections of a boyhood spent among the mountains. The eager, inquisitive boy is said to have attracted the favorable notice of Sir Edward Coke, and to have been educated by him at the University of Oxford. This connection, it is believed, continued for a long time, and Williams afterwards corresponded with a daughter of the great jurist; but his opening mind certainly could not have received the seeds of his subsequent opinions from intercourse with one who openly declared that "to advise toleration was little short of high-treason." Under the direction of this distinguished patron, Williams is reported to have turned his attention to the study of the law; but he afterwards relinquished it for the more congenial profession of divinity; and, before leaving England, was admitted to orders in the established church, if not appointed to the charge of a parish.

Williams did not come to this country until he had passed the thirty-first year of his age. His early life, accordingly, was spent amid the stirring scenes which were then fast preparing the way for the outbreak of the Revolution. He grew up as the friend of Cotton and Hooker, and the contemporary, if not the associate, of Vane and Cromwell, to the latter of whom he is reputed to have been distantly re-

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lated. The principles of religious freedom inculcated by Wickliffe, and the seeds of political liberty planted during the latter years of the reign of Elizabeth and the early part of the reign of James, were then rapidly springing up in the form of new opinions and new institutions. The English Anabaptists, inheriting the germs of their free opinions from the Lollards, had declared, in a confession of faith published as early as the year 1611, that "the magistrate is not to meddle with religion, or matters of conscience, nor to compel men to this or that form of religion; because Christ is the King or Lawgiver of the church and conscience." Many of the Puritans had already asserted, that "the ministers of the gospel ought to be maintained by the voluntary contributions of the people, and that the civil power had no right to make or impose ecclesiastical laws." From the moment that James crossed the Tweed, the Catholics, as well as the Puritans, ceased not to harass him with petitions for religious toleration. In Scotland, the clergy were discussing the authority of civil magistrates, inculcating principles of resistance to despotic sovereigns, and endeavouring to establish a republican form of church government. In the neighbouring kingdom of Holland, the Arminians were openly disputing the supremacy of the established faith of Calvin, and filling the public ear with new notions respecting grace and predestination, universal redemption and free will. And in the new world recently discovered across the ocean, there had just been established an asylum for the fugitives from religious and political persecution in Europe.

Growing up to manhood under influences like these, Williams was early prepared to maintain the peculiar principles which afterwards governed his life; and when the good ship *Lion*, with "Mr. Williams, a godly minister," on board, anchored at Nantasket, on the 5th of February, 1631, he was ready to assert, to its fullest extent, the inalienable freedom of conscience in his new home.

The settlements then forming the Colony of Massachusetts Bay had been made two or three years previously. The civil code established by the colonists was founded on the institutes of Moses; crime was punished according to the laws of Scripture, rather than the laws of England; and though a republic in form, the infant state was governed by the spirit of the Jewish theocracy. The state was second-

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ary to the church. Its principal use was considered to be that of securing the privilege of religious worship, and maintaining the purity of Christian faith. Every inhabitant was compelled to contribute, in proportion to his ability, to the support of religion; and very soon after the founding of the colony, it was "ordered and agreed, that, for time to come, no man should be admitted to the freedom of the body politic, but such as are members of some of the churches within the limits of the same." Thus church and state were closely united.

Such were the fundamental principles of the community of which Williams became a member on landing upon these shores. His own opinions on the subject of civil and ecclesiastical government were, in many particulars, directly at variance with them. Nor was it long before his peculiar views were boldly set forth. A few weeks after his arrival, when he was invited to become an assistant to the pastor of the church at Salem, the Colonial authorities remonstrated against the appointment, on the ground, that "Mr. Williams had refused to join with the congregation at Boston, because they would not make a public declaration of their repentance for having communion with the churches of England, while they lived there; and besides, had declared his opinion that the magistrate might not punish a breach of the Sabbath, nor any other offence, as it was a breach of the first table." What his views were on the first of these points is not exactly known. The Puritans of Massachusetts Bay had never formally renounced their connection with the church of England. Some of them, up to the period of their leaving that country, though opposed to the ritual, and grieved at the corruptions of the mother church, had not become open separatists; while others, even at the moment of their departure, had gratefully acknowledged themselves as her children. They had, in fact, all dissolved their connection with the church at home by coming to this country; but they had never publicly testified their repentance for the previous existence of such a connection. Nor does there appear any good reason why they should have done so. It seems to us, supposing the account we have of the matter to be correct, that Mr. Williams, being a new comer, may well be considered as having shown a disposition to meddle in matters without the limits of his responsibility,

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when he insisted that this step should be taken by the Massachusetts churches. The second charge against him, of advocating the doctrine of the freedom of conscience, was certainly well founded; but it will not, at the present day, be imputed to him as a fault.

The remonstrance of the magistrates did not change the minds of the church at Salem; and Williams was settled as their minister on the 12th of April, 1631. In the month following, say both of his biographers, he took the usual oath of allegiance prescribed on the admission of freemen to the colony. But this statement, we think, must be a mistake. Williams regarded the taking of an oath as an act of worship, which a Christian might indeed perform of his own accord, but to which he could not be compelled by the civil magistrate; for, said he, "persons may as well be forced unto any part of the worship of God as unto this." Besides, it was at the meeting of the Court on the 19th of October, 1630, almost four months before his arrival in the country, that the name of Roger Williams appears on a list of one hundred and eight persons "desiring to be made freemen." Upon this list, all who were ministers had the title of "Mr." prefixed to their name, while that of Roger Williams was not so distinguished. We think there must have been another person of the same name, who came over in 1630, and was one of the fifteen persons, mentioned in the Colony Records, who composed the jury empanelled to inquire into the circumstances of the death of one Austin Brutcher.

Mr. Williams's stay in Salem was short. Though respected and beloved by his congregation, he was constantly harassed by the magistrates and elders of the Colony on account of his obnoxious sentiments; and therefore, at the expiration of a few months, with the hope of finding elsewhere a more agreeable field of labor, he removed to the neighbouring colony of Plymouth. This settlement was much more liberal in its policy than that of the Bay; the Pilgrims had purified themselves, after their connection with the English church, by a residence in Holland; and Williams was therefore well received by them. However, he soon found himself, by reason of his peculiar opinions, ill at ease as an assistant to the Plymouth pastor; and receiving, in 1633, an invitation to return to his former charge

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in Salem, he asked for his dismission. Though several persons were anxious not to be deprived of his acceptable ministrations, yet, as he was beginning to be suspected of "Anabaptism," his request to be dismissed was not denied.

The second residence of Williams in Salem was made more uneasy than the first. Reëstablished in the office of an assistant to the pastor of the church, he began with setting his face against a meeting of the ministers of the Colony, who were in the habit of assembling for mutual improvement, — fearing, as it was said, "that it might grow, in time, to a presbytery, or superintendency, to the prejudice of the churches' liberties." The apprehension in this particular case was groundless; though it must be confessed that a person of Williams's strong democratic opinions might reasonably have looked with suspicion upon an association of ministers who had so much to do with politics, as had those of the Massachusetts Colony. Another matter, which involved Williams in difficulty with the Colonial government, was a treatise which he had written at Plymouth, and presented to the governor and council; wherein, says Governor Winthrop, "he disputed their right to the land they possessed, and concluded, that, claiming by the king's grant, they could have no title, nor otherwise, except they compounded with the natives." This treatise, written in another Colony and retained in the privacy of his own desk, Williams was required to submit to the governor of Massachusetts for his examination; and was afterwards summoned to appear in Court to receive censure for the same. Contrary to what might have been expected, he obeyed this order, and offered his manuscript to be burned, though he must have thought that the conduct of the authorities was in the highest degree inquisitorial and despotic. It was also objected to him, that he preached upon the duty of women's wearing veils in church; and that, by a discourse on the unlawfulness of all Popish symbols, he instigated Mr. Endicot, one of the Salem magistrates, to order the cross to be cut out of the king's colors. But the most serious charges brought against him were made after he had been raised to the office of teacher of the church, on the death of the elder pastor, Mr. Skelton. At that period, hardly a session of the Court took place, but that he was summoned before it to

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give an account of his opinions, or to receive censure for them. At one time, it was for calling in question the validity of the king's patent; at another, for "usual terming the churches of England antichristian"; then, for publicly teaching, that "a magistrate ought not to tender an oath to an unregenerate man," and opposing the introduction of the unlawful "Freeman's Oath." While the Bay churches still maintained a connection with the mother church of England, we find him pronouncing its "bloody tenet of persecution most lamentably contrary to the doctrine of Christ." When the authorities enacted a law requiring every man to attend public worship, and to contribute towards its support, he asserted that the civil power "extended only to the bodies, and goods, and outward estates of men." The Court unjustly refusing to allow a claim of the people of Salem to a certain tract of land, Williams appealed from their decision to the people, and, in conjunction with his church, wrote "letters of admonition unto all the churches, whereof any of the magistrates were members, that they might admonish the magistrates of their injustice." In the issue of this matter, the town having been disfranchised for its independent course, Williams, more moved than became his office or himself, declared to his people, "that, if they would not separate as well from the churches of New England, as of Old, he would separate from them." And finally, when the Boston ministers sent a committee to Salem "to deal" with him, he disputed their ecclesiastical jurisdiction; and instead of retracting his principles, boldly told them that he was "ready to be bound, and banished, and even to die in New England."

The difficulties between Williams and the Colonial authorities were thus brought to a crisis. The people of Salem refused to follow him in his extremity of opposition to the government, and even his wife, disapproving of his course, assailed him with reproaches; his health, also, seemed about to fail. Summoned before the General Court, he was charged with maintaining, "First, That the magistrate ought not to punish the breach of the first table, otherwise than in such cases as did disturb the civil peace; Secondly, That he ought not to tender an oath to an unregenerate man; Thirdly, That he ought not to pray with such, though wife, child, &c.; Fourthly, That a man ought not to give thanks after

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sacrament, nor after meat." Upon this accusation no verdict was rendered until the next session of the Court, that Williams might have time to repent, and mend his life. But he stood firm on what he conceived to be the "rocky strength of his grounds"; and having been found guilty of having "broached and divulged divers new and dangerous opinions against the authority of magistrates; as also writ letters of defamation, both of the magistrates and churches," he was finally sentenced to leave the colony within six weeks. Though sentenced, Williams was not silenced. He withdrew to the sanctuary of his own house, and there set forth his obnoxious doctrines to all comers, — and they were not a few. At length, it being rumored that he had planned the founding of a colony upon Narraganset Bay, the government determined to send him forthwith to England; and, for the execution of this purpose, again ordered him before the Court at Boston. Williams refused to obey the summons, alleging his ill health as a reason. Thereupon a pinnace was sent round to Salem, with orders for his apprehension and conveyance on board a ship then ready to sail for England. It was too late. When the officers arrived at his house, the object of their search was already a wanderer in the woods, and a pensioner upon the bounty of the red men.

The course of Williams at Salem cannot be altogether justified. He was unbecomingly forward in requiring the congregation at Boston publicly to acknowledge the sin of having been united with the church of England, as a condition of his communing with them; and he manifested a contentious temper in urging his people at Salem to withdraw from all fellowship with their Christian brethren of the Colony. But on the other hand, it cannot be said that Williams committed any *crime* against society. It was not for any *overt act* that he was banished, but for the *expression of opinions*. He had preached against Popish symbols, but he had not cut the cross from the king's colors; he had advised his flock to withdraw from the communion of their sister churches, but he had not instigated them to revolt against the state; he had insisted that the king's patent could not confer a perfect title to lands in this country without some compensation to the natives, but this view did not militate with the general practice of the New England settlers. If he had not approved of the meeting of the Massachusetts

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ministers for spiritual improvement, neither had he disturbed it; and if he had insisted upon the duty of women's wearing veils, it was no more serious an offence than that committed by such good citizens as John Eliot and President Chauncy, both of whom had inveighed, with no less fervor, against the practice of men's wearing wigs. His offence consisted in asserting — with vehemence, we grant, with unyielding pernacity, with little regard of consequences to others as well as himself; but no more nor less than asserting — the great truth of the *freedom of conscience.* Though he was charged with defaming the character of the churches, or denying the power of magistrates, or wishing to restrict the liberty of individuals, the head and front of his offence really consisted in advocating the doctrine of "soul-liberty."

But it has been said, that the opinions of Williams tended directly to undermine the foundations of the government of the Colony; and therefore that his conduct was in a high degree criminal. The premise may be true, but the inference is illogical. It may be true, that the church and state were so closely allied, and so dependent upon each other, that their severance would, possibly, have been fatal to both; but the principles of truth are insurrectionary only when the foundations of government are unsound. Roger Williams did but proclaim a great moral law, when he asserted that the civil magistrate has no right to intermeddle between God and men's consciences. He was in the right, when he declared, that "the civil magistrate might not intermeddle even to stop a church from apostasy and heresy"; and when the authorities banished him for the utterance of this sentiment, they were in the wrong. Men have no right to construct society on the narrow, arbitrary system of a close corporation. They are bound to make it conformable to the essential requirements of humanity; and in doing this, they certainly cannot overlook so urgent a want, experienced by every enlightened mind, as that of worshipping God according to the dictates of conscience. If the Massachusetts colonists erected their civil and ecclesiastical organization on an illiberal basis, they, and not Roger Williams, must be held responsible for the bad consequences which might have resulted to it from his proclamation of a vital principle.

Williams suffered many privations and was exposed to

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imminent perils during his flight from Salem, of which his biographer has given a very graphic description. For these sufferings, however, the Massachusetts government cannot be held responsible; as it was their intention to have sent him to England, — though, it must be added, on such short notice as would have been very prejudicial to his interests. Befriended by the Indians, whose favor he had secured during his residence at Plymouth, he reached in safety the shores of Narraganset Bay, whither he had been directed by the friendly advice of Governor Winthrop. There he was hospitably entertained in the cabin of Massasoit, and obtained of him a grant of land on the Seekonk river, where, early in the spring, he pitched his tent, and began to plant. But receiving a letter from Governor Winslow, stating that his plantation lay within the jurisdiction of Plymouth, and begging him to remove across the river, that no offence might be given to Massachusetts, Williams, in company with five other persons who had joined him at Seekonk, left the fields which he had planted, and embarked in a canoe for the opposite shore. He finally selected for his new home a spot situated on a sunny slope of the eastern bank of the Mooshausic, and gratefully called it *Providence.*

Williams and his few companions were now beyond the chartered limits of civilization, — in a wilderness inhabited by savages. But these savages were his friends; for, during his residence at Plymouth, he had cultivated with pains and many presents the acquaintance of the two principal chiefs of the Narragansets, Canonicus and Miantonomo. Through their regard for him, he readily obtained a large tract of land upon the fresh rivers of Mooshausic and Wanasquatucket, though "it was not thousands nor tens of thousands of money, that could have bought of them an English entrance into this Bay." The land thus acquired was not appropriated by Williams to making himself, like William Penn, or Lord Baltimore, or Sir Walter Raleigh, the proprietary of a princely domain. On the contrary, though probably purchased at the expense of his entire property, it was distributed in equal shares among the little company of friends; for his own services he received only a few pounds, as a "loving gratuity," and he retained in his possession no more land, or authority, than was given to the others. The same liberality was manifested in the form of government which was established. It

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was a pure democracy. The following agreement entered into by the settlers constituted the only charter of their liberties.

"We, whose names are here underwritten, being desirous to inhabit in the town of Providence, do promise to submit ourselves, in active or passive obedience, to all such orders or agreements as shall be made for public good of the body in an orderly way, by the major consent of the present inhabitants, masters of families, incorporated together into a township, and such others whom they shall admit into the same, only in civil things."

According to this compact, it will be observed, the inhabitants were to submit to the orders and agreements of the majority *only in civil things.* Thus was fully recognized, in the first form of government adopted by the settlers at Providence, the great principle of religious toleration. The Puritans, who gloried in leaving England because they were persecuted for conscience's sake, established in this country a system of oversight and control in religion, a kind of Protestant inquisition, no less severe, and far more effective, than the Courts of Star Chamber and High Commission. But Roger Williams really founded a "shelter for persons distressed for conscience." No man, whatever were his religious opinions, was on that account excluded from the settlement. Here many of the followers of Mrs. Hutchinson, exiled from Massachusetts, were "lovingly entertained"; here, Samuel Gorton and his associates — rather harshly characterized by our author as men of "wild and fanatical opinions" — were kindly harboured; here, contrary to the earnest solicitations of the Commissioners of the United Colonies, the Quakers were allowed to find a refuge from persecution; and here, as is fully shown by Professor Gammell, from that day unto this, have the rights of conscience ever been respected, and no law has ever been passed sanctioning the interference of the civil magistracy in religious concerns.

The church planted by Williams at Providence was established on the simplest basis. Indeed, we discover no traces of any religious institutions in the Colony until nearly three years after its settlement. At that period, Williams, having before adopted the Congregational form of public worship and church government, established this free system of

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ecclesiastical polity in the Plantations. Becoming convinced of the invalidity of infant baptism, and of baptism by sprinkling generally, he was immersed by a layman, to whom he himself afterwards administered the ordinance. Also, after having held the office of pastor of the church at Providence for about four years, he resigned it on the ground that there was then existing in the world no true ministry with authority to dispense the sacraments; and became what, in the language of the times, was called a "Seeker." He still believed in a "ministry of prophecy," who might preach the gospel; but he conceded to them no authority to rule the church, or administer its ordinances, "because it was not derived from the apostles, otherwise than by the ministers of England, whom he judged to be ill authority."

As we have already observed, the government first established at Providence was a pure democracy. For several years, the original settlers, together with those received by them "into the same fellowship of vote," met once a month in town meeting to transact their public affairs on a footing of perfect equality. No power was delegated to any officers. No authority for acting as a corporate body was obtained from the mother country. The "orders and agreements of the majority" passed for law only by general consent of the inhabitants. But this system of pure democracy could not last long. Various differences of opinion, particularly respecting the boundaries of lands, springing up in the Colony, it was soon found necessary to incorporate into the system the principle of representative government. Accordingly, in 1640, five "disposers" were chosen, with power, subject to an appeal to the people, to adjust the disagreements which had occurred in the Colony; and these persons, together with a treasurer previously appointed, formed the body of town officers. From the first, great jealousy of delegated power was felt in this settlement; and its abuse was carefully guarded against by meetings of the citizens once in three months, and by the occurrence, at the same intervals, of new elections of officers. But with the growth of the Plantations there appeared a number of turbulent spirits, who needed to be restrained by the strong arm of power; and there arose, from time to time, acrimonious disputes, which threatened to rend asunder the

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bonds of the little community. Sister colonies, also, had been founded on the beautiful island of Rhode Island; associated action became desirable for the protection of the exposed settlers against the hostility of the Indians; and a charter of government was wished by many, that it might no longer be tauntingly said of them by their neighbours, that the men of Providence "would have no magistrates."

Roger Williams was sent to England to obtain from the authorities there a chartered recognition of the Rhode Island Colonies. In this attempt he was entirely successful; and he returned in 1644, bearing an act of incorporation of the Providence Plantations, which granted to the inhabitants ample powers to establish "such a form of civil government as by the voluntary consent of all, or the greater part of them, they shall find most suitable to their estate and condition." It required all the skill and perseverance of which Williams was master to overcome the mutual jealousies of the different towns, so far as to bring them to unite in organizing a form of civil government under the new charter. This was not accomplished until 1647; and even then, so small was the power surrendered to the Colonial government, that the freemen of the towns, consisting of all persons owning lands within the same, could annul any law of the confederacy. Under so weak a frame of government, serious practical difficulties naturally arose between men of independent spirits, or, as they were termed by their neighbours of Massachusetts, men "of all sorts of consciences." Williams, together with the venerable John Clarke, was therefore once more despatched to England to obtain farther orders and grants for the establishment of peace and justice in the Colony. The negotiations of the two agents finally resulted in obtaining from Charles the Second a new charter of government, better suited than the previous one to the existing state of the Colony, and which, in compliance with the desire of the petitioners to "hold forth a lively experiment, that a most flourishing civil state may stand, and best be maintained, and that among our English subjects, with a full liberty in religious concernments," recognized most fully the right of freedom of opinion "in matters of religion."

This is a very brief sketch of the progress of Rhode Island legislation during the life, and under the influence,

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of Roger Williams. He thought that the best form of government which governed least; but far from being opposed to all magistracy, as was unjustly said of him, he took great pains to prevent liberty from running into license, and confined it more and more, as occasion required, within the wholesome restraints of law. And such has ever been the spirit of legislation in Rhode Island. In the history of no State in this Union has there been manifested a stronger love of freedom, even from the earliest times. As far back as the year 1765, the government of Rhode Island declared that it was the only body having the right to impose taxes on the inhabitants of the Colony, — a declaration which went as far, if not farther, than any legislative proceedings of the same date in the country. In the year following, the town of Providence unanimously agreed not to import or use the articles of British manufacture on which a duty had been laid by parliament, and, also, to encourage home industry. On May 17th, 1774, a few days earlier than the action of any other public body on this subject, the delegates from the town of Providence to the General Assembly were instructed to promote the convening of a Continental Congress; and on the 15th of June, two days before Massachusetts, which has generally been considered the first Colony to take this step, the Assembly elected delegates to Congress. The Rhode Island Assembly was the first to recommend the arming and equipping of a continental navy; and by its acts in May, 1776, was in advance of the legislatures of all the other Colonies in making a virtual declaration of independence of the king of Great Britain. Equally conspicuous, also, has been the active patriotism of the inhabitants of Rhode Island. In 1757, no persons were before the citizens of Providence in their readiness to enlist against the French, after their invasion of the Colonies, and the capture of fort William Henry. On the 9th of June, 1772, the first blood which flowed in the American Revolution was shed on the waters of Narraganset Bay, in the gallant expedition by which the armed schooner Gaspar, sent for the purpose of enforcing the British revenue laws, was boarded and burned.

The conduct of Roger Williams, after his banishment from Massachusetts, towards his persecutors in that Colony, was such as to place in a very favorable light the milder

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virtues of his character. Immediately after his settlement at Providence, the warlike Pequot tribe attempting to unite with the Narragansets and the Mohegans in a league for the extermination of the English in New England, Williams was the first person to give information of the matter to the governor of Massachusetts, and was most active in defeating the plot. When Sassacus and his warriors undertook to accomplish by themselves the design which they had thus been prevented from executing in concert with others, Williams was again the constant adviser and assistant of the authorities of the Bay, and to his vigilant and self-sacrificing fidelity is to be attributed in great measure the favorable issue of a war, which left not one Pequot to bewail the defeat and annihilation of his tribe. The prevention of the Indian league was not effected by Williams except by "many travels and charges." When he hastened alone in his frail canoe over the waters of the Narraganset, to dissuade Canonicus and Miantonomo from joining the alliance, he had to "cut through a stormy wind and great seas, every minute in hazard of life"; and during the three days and nights passed in the cabins of these sachems, surrounded by the Pequot ambassadors, whose hands were still reeking with English blood, he "nightly looked for their bloody knives at his own throat also." But his services, though gladly received, were never gratefully acknowledged by the Massachusetts authorities. When lavishing their congratulations and civic rewards upon the principal actors in the war, they passed over unhonored the name of him, who, in preventing the Indian league, performed "the most intrepid and most successful achievement in the whole war; an action as perilous in its execution as it was fortunate in its issue." Governor Winthrop did, indeed, raise the question, whether Williams ought not to be rewarded with some mark of favor, and even recalled from banishment; but it was the opinion of the majority that he should still abide in disgrace at Providence.

This was the first, but it was not the only, occasion on which Williams interposed his friendly services to save the English settlements from the horrors of Indian warfare. It was through his mediation in 1645, that the Narraganset chief Passacus was induced, instead of declaring war, to go to Boston, there to form a treaty which destroyed the

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independence, and rendered for ever harmless the power, of his tribe. Ten years later, his counsels were instrumental in preventing war from being declared by the United Colonies against the natives of the country. And when at length the struggle between the two races could no longer be averted, Williams, though then past his six-and-seventieth year, zealously armed his Colony against King Philip, and himself accepted a captain's commission in its militia.

The instance already related is not the only one which illustrates the ingratitude and intolerance of Massachusetts. An obnoxious letter respecting the General Court having been written by some one of the settlers at Providence, it was ordered, that, if any one of them should be found within the jurisdiction of the Bay, who would not disown the sentiments of the letter, he should be sent home, and be forbidden to return on pain of further censure and imprisonment. When Miantonomo expressed his willingness to visit Boston, as desired, for the purpose of making a treaty with the authorities, provided he might take Mr. Williams with him as an interpreter and counsellor, the condition was not granted. When Williams was so poor that his "time was spent day and night, at home and abroad, on the land and water, at the hoe and at the oar, for bread," he was debarred the privilege of trading either at the principal seaport of New England, or with the Massachusetts Indians, to the loss, as he affirmed, "of many thousand pounds." In 1643, the Indians had become so formidable from the use of firearms bought of the Dutch and French, that a confederacy was formed among the Colonies of New England for mutual protection; but the Rhode Island settlements were not invited to join the union; and when, subsequently, they themselves applied for the favor of admission, it was peremptorily refused. Massachusetts even passed laws forbidding the people of Rhode Island to purchase firearms or ammunition within her jurisdiction; and though often solicited to relax the severity of her policy in this respect, she refused to do so, even when the savages were at war with her and her brethren. When three respectable members of the church at Newport, among whom was its minister, the excellent Dr. John Clarke, were once deputed to visit an aged brother of their communion then residing in the town of Lynn, and desiring once more before the

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close of life to receive the consolations of religion from the lips of some one of his own faith, these persons, while in the peaceful and private discharge of their Christian offices, were arrested by constables, committed to prison, tried in court, and sentenced to be fined or whipped. Nor were petty persecutions, like these, wholly unaccompanied by graver acts of legislative usurpation. While the government of Plymouth laid claim to the island of Rhode Island, Massachusetts extended her jurisdiction over the settlement at Pawtuxet, sent an armed commission to bring the colony at Shawomet into her General Court, and transmitted an order to Williams, then acting as president of the government in the Plantations, setting forth that its whole territory belonged to herself by virtue of a charter alleged to have been obtained from parliament. It may be added, that this charter has never been found among the archives of Massachusetts.

We cannot entirely pass over the conduct of Williams towards the native inhabitants of this country with whom he was brought into contact. Immediately on arriving in New England, he sought, not without success, to cultivate their friendship ; and he was never weary afterwards in endeavouring "to do them good." In Plymouth he gained the esteem of the famous Massasoit, who, — to quote the language of Mr. Gammell, — "from the seat of his royal race at Mount Hope, often went thither to brighten, by friendly intercourse, the chain that bound him to his early allies." There, also, he became favorably known to the sage Canonicus, and the high-souled Miantonomo, chieftains of the Narragansets ; and in one of his letters he writes, "God was pleased to give me a painful, patient spirit, to lodge with them in their filthy, smoky holes, even while I lived at Plymouth and Salem, to gain their tongue." During his flight from Salem through the territories of the Indians, "these ravens," said he, "fed me in the wilderness." Massasoit welcomed him as a sachem to the royal cabin at Mount Hope ; and gave him land, where to pitch his tent and plant his corn. On the banks of the Mooshausic he ever lived on terms of hospitality with his red neighbours, so that Miantonomo sometimes came to his house "to keep his barbarous court" ; and there he won the regard of the Narraganset tribe to such a degree, that, when Clarke and Coddington

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were desirous of purchasing the fair island of Rhode Island, Williams, together with Sir Henry Vane, "obtained it for them by love." Later in life, he was in the habit of going once a month into the Narraganset territory to preach the gospel to the inhabitants; and not long before his death, so great was still his influence among them, that, when some of Philip's forces came to attack Providence, it is said that he took his staff, and went boldly out alone to meet them. The fact that Williams was an exile from the Bay probably went far towards rendering him a welcome guest among the Narragansets; for they hated both the Indians of Massachusetts, and the whites who protected them. But this was by no means the sole cause of his friendly reception. He always maintained their right to the soil of this country. He always made them, in his purchases, such generous compensation as they desired. He "spared no cost towards them, in tokens and presents"; and so much did they rely upon his bounty, that, when the aged Canonicus was about to die, he sent for his friend, Mr. Williams, and "desired to be buried in his cloth of free gift."

It must be added, however, that Williams participated in what is now considered the wrong of Indian slavery. But it was the practice of the times. The articles of the early New England confederacy enumerate slaves among the spoils of war. The noble-minded Winthrop left legacies of Indians to his heirs. In most of the Colonies, the Indians taken prisoners by the English were sent out of the country, and sold into perpetual slavery; but at Providence, they were disposed of to the inhabitants, and only for a short period. As early as the year 1652, the authorities of Providence and Warwick passed laws forbidding under severe penalties the retaining of slaves longer than ten years, or the selling of them at the expiration of that time; and in 1676, with a philanthropy remarkable in those days, the former Colony enacted, "that no Indian in this Colony be a slave, but only to pay their debts, or for their bringing up, or custody they have received, or to perform covenant, as if they had been countrymen, and not taken in war."

The private life and temper, as well as the public services of Roger Williams, are such as his descendants may look back upon with pride and pleasure. We will not deny, that, as he lived in an age of bitter controversies and punctilious

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observances in religion, he partook of its disputatious character, and sometimes contended needlessly in matters of trifling import. As a dissenter from the opinions of his brethren both in this country and England, he was not a little pertinacious in the maintenance of his peculiar sentiments. The opposition he met with, first in founding a new colony, and afterwards in managing the turbulent spirits that resorted to it, caused him often to appear self-willed and intractable. So far, Williams was under the influences of his age and of peculiar circumstances; but his virtues were his own, and they were many. To borrow the language of his biographer, "he was magnanimous and benevolent, patient of suffering and forgiving of injuries, and unwavering in his devotion to the interests of truth, and liberty, and virtue." The asperities of his character were greatly softened down by the experiences of life. No man ever more fully illustrated the Christian doctrine of forgiveness of injuries. If at Salem he was, in any sense, a fomenter of strife, at Providence, on all occasions, he was a friend of peace. He was never free, indeed, from strong antipathies; but the number of his private and public charities more than covered them all. He had a lively temperament and keen sensibilities, united with great stability of character; his disposition was eager and fiery, but controlled by great soundness of judgment, and a "rocky strength" of principle. His writings, of which an interesting account may be found in an Appendix to the Life, are frequently enlivened with flights of fancy and wit; the gravity of theological disquisition is sometimes relieved by learned references to history, and occasional allusions to the classics. His poetry is little better than quaint doggerel, and his prose style has all the intricacy and the cumbersomeness of the old Puritan writers; but both manifest qualities of mind, which, under more genial culture, might have commanded the admiration of a more refined and tasteful age.

Viewed as a public character, Roger Williams was one of the most remarkable personages of early New England history. The Puritans of Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay were not behind their age; but he was in advance of it. Other Englishmen had entertained the idea of religious toleration; but he was the first of them to reduce it to practice. He saw this principle clearly, he followed it out consistently, he suffered for it heroically. Jew or Christian, infidel or

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pagan, Arminian or Quaker, Familist or Tunker, were all welcome in Providence Plantations, "so long as human orders, in point of civility, were not corrupted or violated." The community as first formed by him at Providence was an attempt to show that every man might be his own ruler, and every man his own priest; though, when the impracticability of the scheme became apparent upon the increase of the Colony, he gradually introduced the principle of representative government, and surrounded individual freedom with the salutary restraints of constitutional law. As Americans, desirous of giving to the great experiment of popular institutions a fair trial in this country, we are bound to revere the memory of that man, who was foremost in establishing here those maxims of civil and ecclesiastical law, which have since been universally adopted as the foundations of our liberties.

The other biographies contained in this volume, the Life of President Dwight by Dr. William B. Sprague, and the Life of Count Pulaski by Mr. Sparks, the editor of the "Library," we are not able to notice at present. It is enough to say of them, that they are written with ability and care, presenting a succinct narrative of all that is known in the career of these two distinguished persons, and an impartial and satisfactory estimate of their characters and services.

ART. II. — *Histoire du Pape Grégoire VII., et de son Siècle, d'après les Monuments Originaux.* Par J. VOIGT, Professeur à l'Université de Halle. Traduite de l'Allemand, par M. L'ABBÉ JAGER. Paris: A. Vaton, Libraire-Éditeur. 1838. 2 Tomes. 8vo.

SURELY it is a good sign for our age, that we have such historians as Hallam, Ranke, Hurter, and Voigt, — men who can see truth and excellence out of their own peculiar range of association, their own school of truth and excellence. And surely it is a good sign for Protestantism, which has ever tended so much to worship that intolerance which is the Antichrist of her faith, that such historians are rising among her sons; men who can see good as well

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as evil in the Western Christendom of the Middle Ages, and who dare show to their contemporaries, that the spirit of wisdom and reformation was not reserved for our perfect days aone ; — and yet who are not Puseyites or Patristics of any school, but earnest, free-spoken Lutherans. And among these writers, there is no one who has given himself to an age more worthy of thorough and careful examination than the one selected by Voigt. It was the age of Hildebrand, of William the Norman, of the white-haired, firm-hearted, well-taught Lanfranc, of Abelard, and Bernard of Clairvaux, and the wise Mussulmans of Spain ; the age of rising cities, of consolidating feudalism, of literature beginning to breathe, of democracy struggling to be born.

Since Christianity came to man, but one great element has been introduced into European life ; this was the intermingling of the Northern barbarians with the civilized, Christianized, degraded Romans of the South ; the marriage of the fair-haired Teuton with his half-enslaved brunette bride. And a fierce wedding it was, — a dance of torches and of swords. For five hundred years, Frank crowded on Burgundian and Visigoth ; farther Frank on nearer ; Saxon on the farthest Frank ; Slave and Hun on him ; all was bloodshed, license, licentiousness, turmoil, robbery, and woe. A prayer for aid, a cry as of millions in mortal agony, rose unceasingly toward heaven. The ploughman stood idle, with hopeless, down-cast eye ; the hammer of the blacksmith hung in mid-air, as he thought how fruitless was his labor ; the merchant stole along the hedges, shrinking from the eye of the passer, and stepped into rivers cautiously, seeking a ford, lest the man at the bridge should rob him. Over all the West of Europe, the wassail-song of the baron, the mocking laugh of the bandit, the shriek of the virgin, the nasal twang of priestly insult to God, were the only sounds which rose above the chaos of inarticulate moaning and heartfelt prayer, that came from the half-cultured country and half-deserted town. For a time, the reign of Charlemagne acted like oil upon the waters ; but the day which God gave him passed by, and all was storm again ; he came as a sunbeam in a dark day, as a meteor in the tempest, dazzling and wonderful, but shedding no permanent, abiding light. Into the darkness of that tempest let us cast a glance, and try to see a clear outline or two in its great depths.

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It is a law of God, that a new organization shall always be preceded by the entire dissolution of what has gone before. The mineral will crystallize anew, only after it has been completely dissolved; the vegetable and the animal must be decomposed, before their elements can recombine into other forms of life. So, too, a new society can arise, only when the old one has been wholly dissolved, its atoms freed from each other, and its old arrangements broken up, so that every particle is at liberty to become part of the new living frame, according to some other law than that which governed the formation of the old social unit. The Roman world had to be ground down and dissolved by barbarian and Christian influences, before the formation of modern society became possible. Whose eyes can watch these processes, through the dust and fumes which rise from them? From Clovis to Hugh Capet, the grinding and fermenting cease not; and it is only within the eleventh century, when every baron, in his stone nest upon the hill-top, rejoices in utter independence of law and government, that we see the freed molecules of society ready to combine anew; while within the same age, in the completed feudalism of France, the rising power of the Church, the birth of the Communes, and the song of the Troubadour, are discernible the first floating filaments of the world in which we live. When the decomposing process was completed, society may be said to have ceased, while each family and individual, passing also through a modified chaos, acquired new ideas and tended to new organizations. To use the language of electrology, each atom acquired a new polarization. Chivalry, female influence, loyalty, romantic devotion, were then born within each separate household. Virtues, which had been unknown to Roman, German, or Christian, sprang into being from the commingling of all these elements.

Would we see a man of those times, of the first half of the eleventh century,—barbarian-Christian, chaotic and contradictory? Let us take the following portrait, sketched by William of Malmesbury. Old Foulques Nerra, Count of Anjou, having for many long years governed his county with glory, and, one act excepted, with honor, at length gave the active administration into the hands of his son, Geoffrey Martel, a haughty, quarrelsome young fellow, who, not content

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with the substance, would have the insignia of power, and took up arms against his father to gain them. The old man, who, in leaving the battle-field and council-court, had proposed to attend mainly to the welfare of his soul, no sooner heard of his son's disloyalty than he grew young again with anger. "Once more to horse!" cried the graybeard; "up, every true man of you! The world will go to ruin at this rate! The saints shudder in their tombs at such impiety! Let every father and true son aid me!" They came at his call, and, led to battle by the fiery old warrior, overthrew the usurper and made him prisoner. What shall be done with such an enemy to society? The wrinkled brow of the father lost not its frown, and the proud boy was sentenced to the most humiliating punishment. On his hands and knees, a saddle upon his back, he was forced to crawl for miles to the feet of his father, who sat, trembling with excitement, waiting his arrival. He came in sight, he reached his parent's feet; did that paternal heart melt? Springing up, while the young man was still prostrate, again and again he kicked him, as he cried, "Are you conquered? are you conquered, boy?" The proud youth answered, "Yes, by you, my father; none else can conquer me." The flush of anger in the withered cheek died away; the bloodshot eye filled; those words, full of his own soul, reached his heart; lifting his son from the ground, he threw his arms about him, bade him forget the insult he had received, restored him his command, and forgot the past.

Is this not enough? Look, then, at this same old Foulques Nerra, journeying with two sworn servants to Jerusalem. See him, half stripped, kneeling before the Holy Sepulchre; a wooden yoke is on his neck, and, as the servants scourge him under the eyes of wondering Mussulmans, hear his piercing prayer, — "Receive, dear Lord, this perjured, but repentant soul! Deign, O holy Jesus, to take me to thyself!" His prayer was not granted; three times he visited the Holy Land, and died at last in Europe, engaged in war with the son he had forgiven, because he disapproved of his marriage.

Let us look at that son's employments, as recorded by another Foulques, Fulk, or Fulco, his nephew.

"By and by Geoffrey had a war with William of Normandy, who afterwards took England, and was a great king. Then he had one with the French, and the people of Berry; one with

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William, Count of Poictiers; one with Emery, Viscount of Thouars; one with Hoel, Count of Nantes, and the other Breton counts who held the city of Rennes; and then one with Hugh, Count of Maine, who had failed in his fidelity to him. It was because of these wars, and the magnanimity he showed in them, that he was called the 'Hammer' (*Martel*), as being one who hammered well his enemies."

The nephew, who leaves us the memoirs from which this extract is taken, spent the eight years next after his uncle's death, he tells us, in warfare with his brother, "with now and then a truce," trying to settle the division of the domains left them. This record of constant warfare will explain the necessity which existed for the adoption of the "Truce of God," the work of the Church; the history of which we may with propriety sketch, as it was one of the most characteristic features of the times we treat of.

In the year 994, a fearful pestilence raged in the Southwest of France. The people, horror-stricken, crowded for safety to the churches where lay the wonder-working relics of the saints; and above all, to the church of St. Martial at Limoges. Thither they flocked, though all around was disease, and death, and pollution. The flesh of the infected fell from their bones; the air reeked with the vapors of decay; day and night, groans and cries of anguish mingled with the unceasing prayers of all the bishops of Aquitaine, who officiated before the altar. The hand of God was seen in the affliction; conscience spoke to the hardened sinners who witnessed these scenes of terror, and princes and barons bound themselves, trembling, to cease their wars and robberies, and to practise peace and justice. But soon impunity made them forget their oath; and again, on every hand, violence and evil reigned unchecked. At length, in 1033, the angel of death once more descended, and in a form more terrible than pestilence. A famine fell upon the land, which carried agony to every hearth; all animals, all roots and grass, were exhausted, and then, as in shipwrecked vessels and besieged towns, man turned on man. The last apple that was left was used to decoy some child to death, that the decoyer might feast upon it. Men became wolves; and the wolves, starving too, broke from the mountains to aid in the warfare upon human kind. Again God's hand was recognized, and when the Church raised her voice and said

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that men suffered thus because of the evil that was done, all, gentle and simple, for the moment bowed, and established "God's Peace."

But it was again for the time only; human nature could not yet bear total abstinence from human blood, and within a few years, "God's *Truce*" was substituted in place of "God's *Peace*." By this truce, which was nominally established throughout nearly all Europe, warfare, plunder, and bloodshed were forbidden from sunset on Wednesday to sunrise on Monday; also during the great festivals; and during the Christmas holydays and Lent, no new defences were to be erected, nor old ones repaired. But this was not all. The provisions made for the protection of the laborer, and for the produce of labor, were far more characteristic of the dawning of a new era, — the era of church power, and of the arts of peace. Peasants in hostile territories were not to be injured or confined; the tools of agriculture, the hay and grain stacks, the cattle, were all taken under the protection of the Church; if seized, it must be for use, not destruction. He that violated this truce was placed under censure of the ecclesiastical power.

This was about the year 1041, in the pontificate of the wretched Benedict the Ninth, when pilgrims dared not enter Rome for fear of robbery, and just before the great quarrel, when the rivalry of three claimants to St. Peter's chair obliged Henry of Germany to interfere. It was not then the Roman Church, which strove to civilize Europe through the "Truce of God," but the bishops of Spain and France. The Church, indeed, as yet was not a hierarchy, but rather an aristocracy. But let us look more narrowly at the position and past efforts of the Church; for, in truth, its history is the history of Europe from the fourth to the fifteenth century.

In the last days of the Empire, the only active, energetic officers were those of the great Catholic body. When the barbarians came, the bishops met and tamed them. They became in part barbarous, in order to make the Franks and Lombards in part Christian. Thus were impurity and worldliness carried into the Church. When the Roman ideas died with Charlemagne, and individualism destroyed all political unity, the unity of the Church, in part at least, was lost too. Then the worldly tendency increased, and men, devoid of all learning and spiritual graces, sought to

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profit by the Church revenues, either directly or indirectly,—by becoming bishops and abbots, or by selling those places to others, equally worthless. As the feudal relation spread in reference to all else, it seized upon the Church, and subordinated it to the power and pleasure of the suzerain. Still, though seemingly enslaved, the Church was in reality the life of Europe, the one feeble bond which upheld society. She was the refuge of the distressed, the friend of the slave, the helper of the injured, the only hope of learning. To her chivalry owed its noble aspirations; to her art and agriculture looked for every improvement. The ruler from her learned some rude justice; the ruled learned faith and obedience. Let us not cling to the superstition which teaches that the Church has always upheld the cause of tyrants. Through the Middle Ages she was the only friend and advocate of the people, and of the rights of man. To her influence was it owing, that, through all that strange era, the slaves of Europe were better protected by law than are now the free blacks of our United States by the national statutes.

The Church history of the tenth and eleventh centuries especially is an epitome of the history of Europe. While it was all that we have described, it was, at the same time, filled with the records of rapine, lust, ambition, and evil. Cautiously, but widely, the effort was commencing on the part of ecclesiastics to govern the nobles by means of mingled argument and artifice. Of this effort we have some curious evidences in the earlier history of that same old Foulques who saddled his rebel son. It was then, also, that the wonderful stories of the fate of those who took Church property had their rise; for example, that of the knight who, having made free with the property of St. Clement, was attacked by rats. All day he fought against them, sword in hand; but it was useless to slay them, for new crowds constantly came. At length, when evening drew near, the poor, wearied knight was forced to have himself hung up in a cage, suspended from the wall, thinking he was there safe from his enemies. But he mistook. When his attendants in the morning opened the cage to congratulate him on the disappearance of his foes, they found only his well picked bones.

But while more of policy begins to appear in the Church during the first half of the eleventh century, there were yet crowds of churchmen who bore the broad stamp of barba-

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rism. We may refer, as an illustration, to the case of the Abbot of Fulda and the Bishop of Hildesheim, as late as 1063. They contended for precedence; and the bishop, upon a certain occasion, anticipating trouble, concealed a body of soldiers in the church where the quarrel was likely to break out. These men, when it did break out, fell upon the unarmed followers of the abbot, and began a slaughter. The friends of the Fulda cause rushed in then, sword in hand, and the church was a battle-field. Standing on high, the bishop cheered on his men, bidding them forget the place and its character, and by his energy he carried the day. And this was done by churchmen, not only in the house of God, but also in the presence of their young monarch, Henry the Fourth of Germany. The abbot was heavily fined. To raise the money, he used the property of his convent unjustly, and starved his monks. The monks rebelled, the abbot was forced to fly. The monks pursued him to the king's feet; but Henry took his part, and the rebels were brought to reason by a detachment of soldiers.

A better idea, however, of the chaotic character of the age may be formed by observing the conduct of two of the chief prelates of the Empire, the Archbishops of Cologne and Bremen. The young king was under the care of his mother, Agnes, whose chief counsellor was the Bishop of Augsburg. The two archbishops, together with him of Mayence, were determined to get the boy into their hands by any means. The Archbishop of Cologne, accordingly, in 1062, contrived to meet Henry on an island in the Rhine, where the young monarch was feasting. One day the prelate told the prince, as he walked with him, that there was a most beautiful bark at the shore, which he had caused to be built. This was the fact; he had prepared it for the occasion, adorned it with tapestry, gilding, carved work, and painting. So eloquent was the account he gave of it, that Henry was readily persuaded to go on board. Instantly, on a signal, hidden rowers swept the vessel from the shore. The despairing Henry cast himself into the Rhine, but was saved and brought on board again; and, followed by the curses and threats of the party of the queen-mother, the reverend robber bore away his prey to Cologne.

But Anno of Cologne was far inferior to his associate, Adalbert of Bremen. Nobly born, well educated, with a

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fine person, a strong mind, an unbending will, and boundless ambition, Adalbert came into the world a predestined ruler. Determined to obtain control of the young Henry, and to extend his own wealth and power, until he should be the Pope of the North, — he gave the rein to the prince's passions, and stopped not either for truth, justice, or mercy. Engaged in wars and spoliations which loosened all moral control throughout Germany, he still ruled monarch and people until 1067, when the nobles of the Empire plainly told Henry, that he must leave Adalbert, or abandon all claim to the throne. Then for a season he left the court, but soon returning, remained in power till his death in 1072.

Into such a world of fierce barons and scarcely less fierce churchmen — a world which to those of its own day seemed so bad that they thought it must soon end — was born the boy Hildebrand, at Soano, in Tuscany. The year of his birth is not known. His father, an honest carpenter, saw the lad's parts, and gave him the best education that could be had; his master was John Gratian, afterwards Gregory the Sixth, one of the three popes deposed by Henry the Third in 1046. At some unknown period, Hildebrand crossed the Alps, and became an inmate of the monastery of Cluny, near Macon, in France. In this celebrated house, surrounded by highly cultivated gardens, the young man's mind and soul were watched over by the fathers of the institution, who understood his capacity, and expected great things of his future career. No less was thought of him at the court of Germany, whither he went at a later period. The reigning emperor, Henry the Third, said that he preached God's word with more power than any one he had ever heard. But a court was not the place for Hildebrand, and he soon reached his true position as Prior of Cluny. In this part of his life, the dates are so uncertain and tangled, that we will not undertake to say any thing about them; the first sure point, chronologically, that we meet with in his life, being his entrance into Italy in 1048–9, with Bruno, who had been appointed pope.

Before that time, however, the vast plans to which Hildebrand devoted his after life were formed. In those gardens of Cluny he sat in thoughtful solitude, meditating on the chaotic world about him, and praying for God's spirit to move upon the face of the waters. Can we enter into his

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thoughts? Can we see the evil and the remedy as he saw them? If we can, we find the key to his life, and to the history of Christendom.

From the shades of his mountain-cinctured retreat, Hildebrand looked out upon a world filled with ignorance, violence, and evil; upon a world, wherein God's image was effaced from man's soul. The old divisions between Roman and German had melted away, and the people and their language were new and shapeless. Order or supremacy there was none, or but the faintest signs of them. In every land he saw the same scene; everywhere the material of society, but no hand busy in the manufacture. And what hand ought to reform and create anew the moral world, but that which formed the earth and the sun? And would he not do it? Could it be God's will, that men should groan in the agony of that day for ever? Surely, he would change the whole structure of society, and make justice and peace once more known among men. And how? How, unless through his Church? But had not the Church always labored against these evils and iniquities? Why was she so weak? — In silent, solitary meditation, Hildebrand weighed all these points; and as he thought, saying nothing, listening to every thing, the problems one by one were solved by the mysterious power which works in earnest meditation. He saw that the Church, to do God's will, must become far more efficiently one; must lose its independent, feudal, aristocratic character, and assume the form, substance, and strength of a despotism, — whose head should be Rome, whose agent should be the successor of St. Peter. But that, though much, would be as nothing, unless the Church were independent of the nobles, of the emperor, and of all the world. Not only the Church must be independent, but, above all, the pope must be so. Even if all were as he wished in respect to the independence of the Church, would the wild, proud, fearless, feudal nobles obey the advice of God's representative on earth? Must not that representative be prepared to order and enforce obedience, as well as to advise? And how could this be done with power and effect, — how could God's aid be looked for, unless the Church were pure, as well as independent and united? Thus there rose up in the mind of the solitary thinker in those Cluny arbours four great guiding ideas; that God's Church should be one, and Rome

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its efficient head ; that it should be free ; that it should be pure ; that it should assume the tone due to it as God's inspired organ, and command the princes and powers of the earth.

Calmly impatient, Hildebrand sat revolving his great plans, and biding his time. He opened his plans to the abbot in part, and with care. The good abbot saw the evil, and trusted that God would terminate it ; he knew the Church ought to be free, and prayed that it might become so ; but in the great work what could they do ? Pray ; trust in God ; live pure, and hope for the best. And truly, such a world-making as the Prior of Cluny dreamed of was no slight task. To free the bishop from the baron, and the pope from the emperor ; to stop all simony, and all priest-marriages ; to unite the ecclesiastics of Europe under one despotic head, and make monarchs and warriors bow to that sacred power : — would not most abbots and men have said, " Pray and hope for the best, for what can we do " ? Not so thought Hildebrand ; to him it was clear that the work might and must be done. It would take scores of years, perhaps centuries ; his dust would return to the earth long before the Herculean task could be accomplished. But what then ? It did not follow that he must die before it was *begun*.

And now, in 1048, for the third time, messengers from Rome sought the emperor to ask from him a holy pontiff. At a full synod at Worms, the excellent Bruno was unanimously agreed on, as the most worthy and fit for the chair of the Apostle. Pious, learned, pure, and mild, Henry and his counsellors thought he could reform the Church, and yet not take airs upon himself; could be made to work as they pleased, to reform up to their point. The choice was made known to him, the place accepted, and, as Leo the Ninth, he left Worms, and by easy journeys through the Vosges, reached Toul, of which he had been, and still remained, bishop ; and then, in full pontificals, admired by all men, passed on his southward way toward Rome. It was Christmas day when he drew near to the far-famed monastery of Cluny ; whose abbot and prior hastened out to meet the great Christian father, and to invite him to spend with them the great festival of the Church.

In prayer and sober rejoicing they commemorated the com-

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ing of their Saviour. In friendly conversation they brought before them the world, the Church, the infinite evils of Christendom. Did Jesus then come in vain? Did Peter found his Holy See in vain? Had God deserted that Church with which he promised to be while the world stood? God had not deserted it; it needed an effort on man's part; it needed faith in Christ and Christian principle; it needed self-sacrifice and courage on the part of God's representative among the nations. The excellent Bruno felt and acknowledged his duties and his difficulties; he had been chosen by the emperor, who wished truly to aid in reforming the Church, and he was bound by gratitude and honor to consult that emperor's wishes. And these wishes might clash with the true interests of Christ's people; how melancholy that the head of Christendom could not be truly and in power its head! "There was a time," said Hildebrand, "when these things were not so; when the Bishop of Rome was chosen by the people and clergy of Rome, and stood as free of the emperor as of the Caliph of Bagdad." "There was," answered the mild father of the Church; "but alas! it can never be again!" "Can it not be?" asked the Prior, earnestly; "is your Holiness sure it can never be? May not God be waiting even now for you to take the first step in a revolution which shall not merely reform, but recreate, his Church? O most venerated Father, has not Christ called you that you may serve him, and not an earthly potentate? He, by his appointed means, will make you head of his Church, but no emperor can do so. These robes, pardon me for my boldness, are not truly the insignia of Peter's successor; for never did Peter, or his Master, give to earthly monarch the power to choose the Shepherd of the world." Bruno listened; his soul kindled at the words of the bold prior; he saw history by a new light, saw duty by a new light, and was shaken as from a sleep of years.

The Christmas revels were over. The report went forth, that the pope would resume his journey toward Rome. The villagers flocked forth to see the show; the house-tops, even in that cold season, were covered with anxious spectators; the Rhone, far eastward, swarmed with barges; nobles in mail-coats, bishops in rich robes sweeping the earth, ladies in jewelry and gold, — all came to see

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the newly chosen head of Christendom. The monastery gates unclosed ; all eyes strained to catch a glimpse ; Leo came forth, — but no longer in the robes of a pontiff, with the pomp of a prince ; in pilgrim weeds, and with a pilgrim's staff to support his steps, Bruno, Bishop of Toul, was on his way to ask of the Roman people and clergy confirmation of the otherwise empty imperial nomination. How noble looked at priest, and priest at peasant, and women's tongues were silent from wonder, and all the world seemed astonished for a moment, is nowhere recorded, but is easily imagined. And who walked by Bruno's side ? The Prior of Cluny, henceforth manager of popes, and recreator of Europe. The Herculean task was visibly begun, and a demonstration given that something might be done by man beside praying and hoping for the best.

The strange procession reached the Eternal City ; barefooted, Bruno walked the streets, and asked confirmation of the emperor's choice. It was given with full hearts and eyes. On the 2d of February, 1049, he was consecrated. Thus had Hildebrand entered his wedge ; he had made his protest against the imperial appointment to St. Peter's chair ; he was next to open his church batteries against the other great evils of the day. In the same year, therefore, in which he was consecrated, Bruno held at Rheims a council, wherein simony, the dependence of priests on laymen, the unlawful marriages of priests, their more unlawful custom of concubinage, their yet viler crimes, — their habits of violence, of warfare, of robbery, of injustice, — were all condemned. The Church must civilize Europe, and it must first purify itself. In twelve canons we have Hildebrand's protest against the iniquities of churchmen.

But a mere verbal protest, though very needful, was not all ; an example was wanted. When Leo had made known to the king of France, that he proposed to hold a council at Rheims to look into the matter of simony, efforts were made to prevent the visit ; but they were made in vain. Even if Bruno would have listened to requests, evidently made by fearful and guilty men, his sub-deacon Hildebrand would hear no such prayers. And good cause had the guilty to fear ; one by one, archbishop, bishop, and abbot, — all the prelates, — were called up to state under oath whether

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they had ever, directly or indirectly, been guilty of simony. Two archbishops, six bishops, and one abbot could not swear that they were innocent; six of the nine were deposed.

And now, notice having been given to the emperor and the world, that the imperial nomination of the head of Christendom was nothing, unless confirmed according to old usage by the Romans; and the priesthood having been roused to the danger of buying and selling church dignities; Hildebrand, as soon as temporal matters would allow, turned Leo's mind to the final adjustment of the old quarrel with the patriarch of Constantinople. Rome, by distinct acts, must avow herself sole head of the Church. Accordingly, toward the close of 1053, legates from Rome presented themselves before the proud ruler of the Eastern Church, Michael Cerularius, and demanded the recognition of Rome's claim to be the only orthodox and supreme spiritual power on earth. Michael refused the recognition. Turmoil and threatened violence ensued. Rome would abate no jot of her claim, and her pride was met by equal pride. Her messengers then raised their voice, and in the church of St. Sophia excommunicated the patriarch and all who adhered to him; they placed a copy of their anathemas upon the high altar of the church, shook the dust from their feet, and returned to render an account of their doings. But he, to whom they should have accounted, the good Bruno, had fallen asleep in the month of May, 1054, and Hildebrand was even then seeking for his successor.

In this search he had a delicate part to play; his problem was to prevent the emperor from nominating the pope, and yet not to offend the emperor. Historians differ as to the mode which he adopted, but there seems to be no doubt as to his success. He chose his man, Gebhard; compelled the emperor to nominate him, and then had the election made, as in Leo's case, at Rome. Thus, again, he openly protested against the imperial appointment as conclusive, while, at the same time, he managed not to break with the wise monarch of Germany. Gebhard, as Victor the Second, went back with Hildebrand to the Holy City. Victor lived but two years, but during those years the great plans of the sub-deacon went steadily forward. In two matters especially did he gain strength and success. The one was in the result of his mission to France to repress

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simony ; he induced seventy-two bishops and dignitaries of the Church to confess their guilt and abdicate their places ! It is said that he brought about this result by miraculous means, for that, when the first one accused presented himself boldly, and defied inquiry, having previously bribed the witnesses, — Hildebrand asked him to say, " Glory to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost " ; and the false prelate, finding himself unable to pronounce the words " Holy Ghost," fell on his knees and confessed his bribery and his falsehood.

But without stopping to discuss this story, let us look at the other case of success, in which our world-changer laid the foundation for the supremacy of the Roman Church over kings and emperors. Thus far he had striven to free the pope from imperial power ; to free the Church from baronial vendors ; to purify the priesthood, and assert Rome's supremacy. The year 1055 witnessed the first step taken in the most difficult labor he had yet to perform, — the subordination of temporal to spiritual power. The circumstances were these. Ferdinand of Castile had refused to pay due homage to the emperor, and had hinted an intention of assuming that title for himself. This matter was laid before one of the synods held by Hildebrand, who agreed that the conduct of the Spanish prince was a wrong done to the imperial dignity, and through it to all Europe ; but at the same time he contended, that it was easier and better to settle all such matters peaceably, and offered the intervention of the power of the pope. Henry, seeing little of the future, agreed to employ the Church to bring the rebel to his senses. Accordingly, legates set out for Spain, bearing the recognition by the ecclesiastical power of the wrong done to the emperor, and calling upon the usurper to return to his duty, and renounce all claim to the imperial title, under pain of excommunication. Ferdinand called together and consulted his own great prelates, and finding their voice to be in favor of submission to Rome, he announced to the messengers his willingness to obey the papal command. By this action, the Spanish bishops definitely admitted the idea of unity in the Church, and of Roman supremacy ; while Henry and Ferdinand united to teach the princes of Europe, that the imperial dignity, the highest known in the West, was in some sense dependent upon the successor of St. Peter. Thus had Hildebrand, within seven years, promul-

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gated widely the four great leading ideas which had risen before his mind in those Cluny arbours.

Victor died; to him succeeded Stephen the Ninth, who reigned only seven months. His view of the monk of Cluny may be gathered from his last words: "Make no choice of my successor," said he, "till Hildebrand returns." The sub-deacon was then absent in Germany, whose emperor was dead, and whose young prince was in the hands of his mother, Agnes. Before his return, however, by means of bribery, the Bishop of Velletri, under the title of Benedict the Tenth, ascended the papal throne. What course, then, was the reformer to pursue, since corruption had thus again dared to lay hands on the Holy See itself? His partisans were driven from Rome, where Benedict, supported by the nobles, ruled supreme. If he turned to the empress, he lost all he had gained toward insuring the pope's independence of the imperial power. The clergy of the North of Italy were opposed to him, because he had caused Stephen to war against their continued habit of marriage. Whither should he turn? Leaving Germany, with the consent of the empress, he called a council in Tuscany, having already fixed in his own mind on Gerard, Bishop of Florence, as Stephen's successor. At this council, he first caused Benedict to be excommunicated, and next caused the nomination of Gerard to be made. At the same time, before the council had named any one to the vacant pontificate, he had sent messengers to the young German prince, expressing the wish of the Romans, that he and his advisers should name whom they thought most fit, but recommending, in a way which Agnes understood, the Bishop of Florence, who thus, by virtue both of the imperial nomination, backed by imperial lances, and of the choice of a proper council, could lay claim to the tiara. Early in 1059, under the title of Nicholas the Second, Gerard entered Rome, while Benedict was forced to retire, crestfallen and powerless, a deposed usurper, to Velletri.

The crisis which had just passed, we may be assured, had been foreseen by Hildebrand. He knew the history of the previous century too well not to perceive from the outset, that it was as needful to set the pope free from the Roman nobles as from the German monarch. It was with pleasure, therefore, in all probability, that he regarded the futile at-

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tempt of the factious aristocracy of the Eternal City to oppose the spiritual power; for it would, of course, afford an excellent opportunity to place the election of pope beyond their control, in part at least, if not entirely. No sooner, therefore, was Nicholas fairly seated, than a council of one hundred and thirteen bishops met at the Lateran, chiefly to consider the momentous subject of papal elections. By them it was determined, that wisdom would not teach an entire and immediate abrogation of the share either of the nobles or the emperor in the choice of the Roman bishop; but that the difficult matter should be arranged thus. On the death of a pope, the cardinal bishops, — that is, the seven bishops within the Roman territory — were to meet, and consider who should succeed him. They should then call in the cardinal clerks, — or twenty-eight presbyters of the chief Roman churches, — and by these thirty-five, forming the College of Cardinals, the election was to be made, subject, however, to the agreement of the rest of the Roman clergy and the people of Rome, and impliedly to the consent of the emperor; the emperor's voice in the matter being a personal right, which the Church might withhold from any one it pleased. Thus was arranged a system, which, almost of necessity, would result in the complete supremacy of the College of Cardinals, and which, in fact, did so in the year 1179. It secured perfectly Hildebrand's first object, the independence of the papal power.

This independence was not to be left without substantial support. We have not time to enter into the details of the Norman invasion of Italy; it will be enough for our purpose to remind our readers, that, when those wild, gallant pirates conquered the whole south of the beautiful peninsula, and defeated and took prisoner the good old Bruno in 1053, they bowed before him and asked his pardon, and bound themselves to be his vassals. The relation then established between Rome and the Normans of Italy was made yet stronger in 1059, when, by the influence of our pope-guiding sub-deacon, Robert Guiscard became the soldier of the Church, and bound himself to fight her battles; thus insuring the independence of the Roman bishop by the aid of the best lances of the South. Nor was it by the wild Normans alone, that the Holy See was defended. Beatrice, wife of Godfrey of Lorraine, and mother of the celebrated Countess

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Matilda, was also ready to throw her power, as Marchioness of Tuscany, in favor of the Roman pontiffs, and with men and arms to aid them. And well was it for Hildebrand that he had secured these stout defenders, for now the time drew near that was to make or mar his plans for ever.

In 1061, Nicholas the Second died, and the canons respecting the mode of choosing his successor were to be enforced, in opposition, probably, to the nobles of Rome, and to the empress of Germany. The cardinals met, and nominated Anselm of Lucca, who was chosen under the name of Alexander the Second. It was supposed, that his great merits, his piety, goodness, and learning would cause all parties joyfully to agree in the election, if agreement in any case was possible. But such was not the case ; a faction arose, opposed to the action of the cardinals ; messengers were sent to the empress ; the Lombard bishops, always hostile to the wife-banishing Hildebrand, crowded to Basle ; the canons of Nicholas the Second relative to the choice of pope were condemned and disavowed ; and soon the Bishop of Parma, as Honorius the Second, was declared the true successor of St. Peter. It was the crisis of the plans of our monk of Cluny. Should the licentious and mercenary priests of Lombardy succeed, simony and concubinage would again be the order of things, and the power of the Church be lost, perhaps for ever. The pope's chancellor, for such had Hildebrand become, girded up his loins for the struggle ; Heaven would not desert him. The profane anti-pope, Honorius, commenced his march on Rome ; many hands there beckoned him forward ; behind was the power of the Empire. Still Hildebrand said, "Heaven will not desert us"; and through the South of Europe, earthquakes, lightning in mid-winter, fearful tempests, and fatal diseases announced to all that Heaven was not unmindful of the doings upon earth. On the 14th of April, 1062, the watchers upon the walls of Rome saw in the distance the lances of the unholy armament. Gold, for two months tried upon the friends of Alexander and his chancellor, had failed ; the fate of Christendom must be decided by iron. In the field of Nero the two armies of the followers of Jesus met ; with stubborn will the usurper and his troops pressed onward, and it seemed certain that they would win the fight, when Godfrey, husband of Beatrice, appeared with fresh troops upon the field. The forces of

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Honorius, wearied and surprised, gave way, and Hildebrand triumphed by the arms of Tuscany. But Honorius, though defeated, was not dismayed ; and it was not till Anno of Cologne, as we have related, stole young Henry from his mother, and in a large council of German and Italian prelates espoused the cause of Alexander, that the anti-pope was wholly disabled, by being deprived of the support of the Empire. This occurred in the autumn of 1062. Even then he did not cease his efforts, and in the following year, by the aid of friends in Rome, he was even enabled to enter the city, and seize upon the Vatican itself ; from which he was driven, however, the next day, by a rising of the people. His partisans, even after that, continued active ; and it was not till the Council of Mantua, in 1066, decided the question, that it could be regarded as at rest.

But we must hasten on to the close of the reign of Alexander the Second. In 1067, the leading men of Germany counselled the king's marriage, hoping thereby to diminish the mischievous consequences of the early training Henry had received from Adalbert the Evil ; for a wilder, wickeder boy-monarch has not often afflicted Europe. * But the marriage did no good ; the royal couple soon entertained an honest hatred for one another, and in the very next year, Henry proposed a divorce. In the midst of civil commotions, therefore, a meeting was held at Frankfort to consider the proposed measure. Henry came to the meeting unwillingly, for he had heard that a Roman legate was there to forbid the divorce. And truly there was one there, — of all men in Europe, the one best fitted for such an occasion : Peter Damien, — Peter the Hard, — the boldest, most inflexible of mortals, who reprimanded bishops as if they were schoolboys, and knocked Hildebrand himself over the knuckles without ceremony. Peter, the hater of all the voluptuous and licentious, was a special hater of an immoral king, guided by an unprincipled churchman. When, therefore, the meeting was convened, he delivered the message, with which he was charged from Rome, in the spirit of pride in which it was conceived : — " The measure contemplated by the king," said he, " is full of evil, unworthy not only of a monarch, but of any Christian. If this prince

* In 1067, Henry was seventeen years old.

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will not be bound by laws and canons, let him at least spare his reputation, and save himself from the scandal which so vile an act must cause. Let him not do that for which he would punish another. But if he will not renounce his evil purpose, the Holy Church must speak with her God-given authority, and never will the sovereign pontiff crown him emperor who dares thus to outrage the Christian faith." The bold messenger of Rome was sustained by the discontented nobles of the Empire, and the angry prince could do nothing but submit, and bear as he best could the matrimonial burden they had loaded him with.

Four more years passed by; the evil Adalbert returned to power; sin and corruption, discord and tyranny, ruled the court and the country of Germany. Alexander was drawing near to his tomb; but before he passed away, he determined to hold the language of a master to the young monarch who would not listen to the tones of a father. The Empire was in a ferment; the Saxons and Thuringians were in rebellion; the royal treasury was stripped to build strongholds to overawe the wild, fierce people; the nobles openly murmured; all good counsels were lost upon the reckless Henry. In want of money, he despatched Anno of Cologne and Herman of Bamberg to Italy, to obtain his dues from that land. They went, and came again, with his dues indeed, but not such as he sent for; they came with letters from the Holy See calling on Henry to appear before St. Peter's tribunal, there to give an account of his past life, and justify himself from the charge of simony, and other equally grave crimes. Thus had the day at length come, when Hildebrand's conception of the tone which the Church should assume was realized, and the spiritual openly claimed supremacy over the temporal head of Christendom. It had wisely been withheld till then; and then it was wisely used. The German people, who would have rushed *en masse* against Rome, had she asserted such a power against a favorite ruler, rejoiced to hear the voice of the pontiff threatening the mad-cap tyrant then upon the throne; and so little sympathy was expressed for Henry by his people, that, rash and foolish as he was, he could not but tremble, and promise to reform. His promises and his fears were soon forgotten, however; for on the twenty-second of March, 1073, Alexander breathed his last, and no prophet stood by Henry to tell him, that the man,

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who, as a guiding spirit, had for twenty-four years ruled the court of Rome, was about to ascend the throne himself, and to wield the thunderbolts he had been forging.

The pope was dead; the good, almost great, Alexander had gone to render his account. From mouth to mouth, on that March morning, the news spread through Rome; and every street-group buzzed with praises of the lost pontiff. The artisan had lost a patron, the poor widow a supporter, the scholar a generous friend, the churchman a model of piety; when would Rome see his like again? "And who shall succeed our most excellent Alexander? Hildebrand knows; Hildebrand will choose; we may trust the chancellor; he will arrange it for us; has he not done so since the time of meek old Bruno?" All eyes turn to Hildebrand. The wise, cold, calm archdeacon — cold and calm like Hecla in repose — ordered a fast of three days. Meantime, the last honors should be paid to the body wherein once dwelt Anselm of Lucca, Alexander the Second. Cardinals and bishops, abbots and deacons, priests and monks, in long-drawn, solemn files, enter St. Peter's church; the heavy, wavering crowd sways this way and that, striving to open and admit the sacred throng. Slowly the throng passes in, Hildebrand in the midst of them. Murmurs run through the crowd, — "Let us name our bishop"; "Choose Hildebrand for our shepherd?" "Yes, name him, — the archdeacon, — St. Peter wishes to have him for a successor." In ever louder murmurs, the inarticulate bass of a thousand voices swells toward clear, individual utterance, when Hildebrand springs to the pulpit. The murmurs die away; he bids them to be calm as he is, and to abandon all thought of him as the successor of their sainted father, whose burial they were to celebrate. But the ground-swell of popular feeling is not to be calmed, and the deep ocean tones begin again. A cardinal rises: — "Brethren, this is the man; from the time of sainted Leo, he has guided and defended us; no one can be found so fit to rule; and in unison with your wish clearly expressed, we, cardinals and bishops, with one voice, choose Hildebrand the archdeacon for our lord and pope." The multitude reply "Amen." And now bring forth the robes and the sacred crown, clothe him, and, as Gregory the Seventh, salute him head of Christendom.

For long years had Hildebrand looked forward to that

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day, and yet he shrank and trembled when it came. Was he a coward, then, — willing to fight from behind popes' backs, but fearful of being in the front? Surely his own pontificate disproves that suspicion. Was he truly modest, and afraid of his own power and goodness? Few recorded lives show more of self-reliance and dauntless pride. Did he doubt whether the hour had come for the blow to be struck which he had so long meditated? Or did he tremble with excitement? Or was his conduct all hypocrisy? Whatever the motive may have been, he shrank, as we have said, when the power was pressed upon him. Trembling, he ascended the steps of the pontifical throne; mildly and peaceably he asked the approval of the German prince, as was proper by the canons of 1059; with real or assumed humility, he declared his wish to be free from the cares and burden of the papacy. But when once seated firmly, and beyond cavil made the spiritual ruler of Christ's Church, all trembling ceased, and the most fearful outbreaks of popular or regal displeasure could not move his fixed purpose. He had planted himself on eternal truth, and the wind and the rain might beat upon, but they could never stir him. He ascended the throne; European unity began again, and the sundered nations were reunited by a new idea.

Let us look with Gregory, from that throne of his, over Europe, and see, as he saw, what had been done, and what remained to be accomplished. For twenty-four years had he been laboring, since that holyday evening when Bruno yielded to his eloquence. Which of his ideas had been realized? Neither of them. The pope was not free from the emperor; the Church was not free from the laity; Rome was not absolute; the priesthood was not pure. And yet, something had been done. Did the far-seeing dreamer in those Cluny gardens expect to see all realized within one quarter of a century? Was he disappointed, when he looked at the world as it yet lay about him? Confidently we may answer, No. He knew the work he had undertaken, and knew that his dust would mingle with the earth again before one half that meditated work was done. The spirits which bring despondency may have haunted the throne of Hildebrand, but his pride and his faith strove with and vanquished them. His ideas were not yet realized; an unregenerate

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Europe yet heaved beneath him; so much the more need of firmness, boldness, and trust in the Most High.

In the far Northwest, William the Norman, with mailed hand, was crushing the last free hearts that struggled for English independence. And yet from that far land had the old Lanfranc come to Rome to ask of the pope his *pallium*, his robe of office; Rome was becoming wholly supreme in the island of the Atlantic.

In France and Germany, Philip and Henry, ignorant and scatter-brained boys, set an example of simony and immorality that could not fail to corrupt all who dared to be corrupted. In those lands, Hildebrand saw clearly, the battle was to be fought; the pope, single handed, against the two strongest monarchs of Christendom. And he saw, too, that the time for half-measures and winning words was gone by; with distinctness, and as Heaven's vicegerent, he must speak and act, and leave the consequences to the God of battles. Spain, rent and chaotic, was not yet the field for the Church to act in; one day it would be preëminently the arena; for the present, he would only claim it as subject to Rome. In the North, the reverence for Rome was growing, slowly and with difficulty; Scandinavia was not yet to mingle in the religious wars of Europe.

Russia, Poland, Hungary, and the East — half pagan and half heretic — were to be regarded only as a region in which to employ and educate missionaries, and as a pathway to that Holy Land where the Moslem stood triumphant. "Would it be possible," thought Hildebrand, as he looked into the future, "to unite the whole of Christendom in an effort to drive the heathen from that blessed soil? That were indeed a bond of union, and an effort in which the Church must lead." In his busy, restless mind, he dreamed of the Crusades, and fashioned the way for them.

But France and Germany, Philip and Henry, were nearer than Palestine and the Moslem; they were first to be looked to. In March, 1073, Hildebrand became Gregory the Seventh; in December of the same year he wrote thus to the Bishop of Chalons: —

"Among all those princes of our day, who, urged by a shameless love of lucre, sell the Church of God, and thus enslave and soil the Mother to whom they owe all honor, we learn that Philip, king of the French, ranks first. . . . . He, there-

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fore, must know that we will no longer tolerate this ruin of the Church, but with the authority derived from the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, we will repress his impudent disobedience. The king must renounce this shameful, simoniacal trade; or the French, trembling beneath the edge of a universal excommunication, must decide whether they will refuse obedience to him, or abandon their Christian faith."

The Frenchman trembled and obeyed, and another rivet was fixed in the yoke with which the monk of Cluny was binding the monarchs of Europe.

Toward Henry, Gregory, in the month of April, immediately after he had ascended the throne, had assumed a tone of mingled kindness and firmness, which, united with the internal troubles of the Empire, induced that fiery young monarch to write to him in a most respectful and friendly manner; so that, at the close of the first year of Gregory's power, 1073, the appearances were of submission on the part of the two princes from whom most opposition was anticipated. But Hildebrand knew men too well to think that his end was obtained on account of this apparent submission. He understood the state of Germany, and heard of all its secret dissatisfaction; to his mind there was but one object worth living for, and he perfectly appreciated how much might be done toward attaining that object by taking advantage of the strong feelings of disgust generated by the folly of Henry. He had heard in due season of the insult offered by that prince to the counts, dukes, and bishops of Saxony, whom he invited to his palace at Goslar, and left to wait for him all day, saying that he was engaged in a game, — and who went away at last without seeing him at all. He knew also of the midnight meeting in the Goslar chapel, where the fierce descendants of those who had baffled Charlemagne prepared the means for baffling his unjust and insulting successor. The winds from beyond the Alps had borne the murmur of that great multitude, who, called together by their lords, were informed of the perfidious purposes of their king.

"Brave Saxons," cried Otto, the Bavarian, mounting a hillock, "you see there castles crowning every hill, gorged with soldiers; for what are they? To defend your country, they tell us. Defend your country here in its very centre! Defend it where there is no foe! Believe not one word of it; they are to

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overawe and enslave you; to them you will see your wealth carried, your daughters dragged, by the agents of this faithless king. King! no, brave men, he is no king; he has ceased to be such, for he has violated every duty of a monarch. He is the enemy of our liberty, the enemy of our country, and we must be prepared at the sword's point to defend that liberty and country!"

Then rose up those that had been already robbed, princes and bishops, and accused he sovereign of Germany. Their hearts kindled more and more under the recital, till at length the multitude arose as one man, and with lifted hands swore to lay down their lives for freedom. This threatened outbreak Henry met by insult and renewed injustice. Hildebrand heard, as news he had expected, of the attack on Goslar by sixty thousand excited men; of the king's flight to Hartzberg; of the siege of that fortress; of the demands of the besiegers that the castles throughout their land should be destroyed; of Henry's farther flight in the night-time, through woodland paths where he had often chased the deer, over mountains and across rivers, drawing not his bridle for four days. The enthusiastic, noisy rising of the Thuringians, and the more silent discontent of the Swabians and Franconians, were all talked of in the Vatican; even the secret determination of the diet of Gerstungen to dethrone Henry, and substitute Rodolph of Swabia, was whispered at the pope's table. But Gregory himself was not there to hear these later news. Since midsummer of 1073, he had been journeying, receiving embassies from Constantinople and elsewhere, trying to obtain of the Greek Church submission to Rome, regulating Italy, interfering in the Church quarrels of Africa, and writing to France the letter, which we have already quoted, threatening Philip. He turned over in his mind the affairs of the Empire, all which he was duly informed of, as we have said, by the very best authority, — probably by Rodolph himself. Long and earnestly he meditated on his proper course as the representative of God on earth, while he journeyed through the whispering valleys of the Apennines, under the clear December moon. And much did he need wisdom; for in Germany every thing seemed verging to chaos.

In the dry, clear cold of that winter of 1073–4, Henry, bent upon effecting the reduction of the Saxons, had gone

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forth from Worms, his soldiers covered with bucklers whereon were painted the great deeds of their forefathers. Over the crackling earth, across the bending ice-bridges, they plodded on hungrily, not half liking the business they were on. Bread was scarce; the mill-wheels, covered with ice, refused to turn. The days passed in murmurs; at night, supernatural arches and columns in the clear sky shook men's souls. The Saxons, on their part, were pressed with hunger too; the rude masses said to their lords, that they must make peace, fight, or go home; freeze and starve any longer they would not. The king's friends grew ever colder, — the Saxon boors waxed fiercer; negotiations and threats, threats and promises, passed back and forth through the mountains. Spring was coming, and the boors must be at home; so it was "fight or treat at once." Henry treated. He gave up his forts; promised to right all wrongs, to restore all stolen goods, to forgive the rebels, and to behave more like a king and a Christian. The streets of his old court city, Goslar, were filled with shouting multitudes; the windows beamed with beauty; the young, handsome, daring king had yielded to his subjects' just demand, and the civil war was over. Peace and plenty, joy and virtue, must reign thenceforward. With smiling face, half angry and half pleased, the monarch rode through the happy throng, confirmed to the citizens their old grants, gave them new ones,

"And all went merry as a marriage bell."

But the golden age had not come. The king had promised to give up all his castles; but he could not bear to do so; his pet château at Hartzberg he must keep, if it were only for the sake of the church there, founded by Charlemagne. Instantly the applauding voices sank into threatening growls; his life was in danger. He must yield, then; and he did yield, so far as to destroy the outer walls. This calmed the multitudes, but only for a season. Henry left Saxony for the Rhine, and, as he crossed the frontier, grinding his teeth, he vowed never to return thither till he could do so as a master, and ride his rebel subjects with boot and spur. He said this, or was reported to have said it. Every man at Goslar told it to his neighbour, and from the city the news of the threatened tyranny spread up the wooded hill-sides, and reached the peasant in his field, and the hunter in his

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mountain covert. The garrison at Hartzberg mourned the absence of the merry king, almost a week gone; lazily they paced the court-yards, or clambered over the fragments of the razed outer-wall, and whispered of the day when the hill would wear a prouder crown than ever. Night came; the forest-moanings were mingled with the sound of peasants' horns and distant voices. The knights of the castle listened in doubt and fear. Doubt soon fled; for nearer and nearer came the sounds of a great multitude, pressing on without order, without a leader, without military music or knightly array. The wild, fierce Saxon peasantry, in their blind wrath, are upon them. By fire or force, every thing goes down; church and altar, the royal sepulchre and the martyrs' relics, the golden chalice and the lawn robe, are doomed to the same destruction by the raging offspring of the old pagan manslayers. A few hours, and the mountain stands as bare as God made it.

Let us pass to Cologne, — the rich, happy city of the Rhine, where old Anno, the king-stealer, still presided in 1074. In the late troubles, he had taken part against Henry; but the people of Cologne loved the prodigal monarch. They also had a grudge against their archbishop, who was of a somewhat hasty and overbearing temper. A Westphalian bishop, a friend of his, had come up to spend a church festival with Anno in the spring of this year. The festival was over, and the bishop proposed to return home. He wished a boat for this purpose, and the archbishop, having none at hand, sent his men to find one. They seized one belonging to a rich merchant, which was filled with goods, throwing out the goods without leave or ceremony. Of this the merchant's son got word, and in his young haste, followed by the house-servants, he went and demanded the instant restitution of his father's bark. The prelate's servants refused it; words were soon followed by blows, and a crowd gathering, the tumult swelled rapidly.

The archbishop, who was sitting at the table with his friend from Westphalia, hearing of the difficulty, sent word that the young law-breakers who had made the trouble should suffer at the next session of court. This was putting out the fire with oil; the young merchant instantly advocated open resistance; Worms had driven out her bishop, why not Cologne her archbishop? they were both ene-

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mies of the noble, generous young Henry! Men armed themselves, the shops were closed prematurely, window-shutters were carefully bolted, the great thoroughfares were deserted, and the by-ways filled. As evening came on, the masses moved toward the episcopal palace in silent determination. Anno, with the parting cup in his hand, his head half-bent in salutation to his guest, heard the muffled sounds, and paused. All around the table listened with open ears, when, as from a military engine, arrows and stones, flung from a thousand stout arms, broke through every window, wounding and killing those within. Horror and despair dispersed those who were about the festal board, and the prelate with his friends fled to the church of St. Peter, which he barricaded. The palace was stripped, its treasures cast to the mob, the wine-casks were staved, so that the cellars were flooded, and men were drowned in them. The chapel was ransacked, the altars overturned, and holy vessels and vestments were no more respected by the mad citizens of Cologne than by the mad boors of Saxony. For three days the tumult continued, and the former quiet city scarcely knew itself. Anno, meanwhile, had with difficulty escaped from the church in which he had taken refuge; he had thrown himself upon the country, where his friends were found; and not a week had passed, before the burghers saw coming near an army which they knew they could not resist, — an army composed of men marching against the sacrilegious enemies of the Holy Church. The despairing citizens attempted no defence; the violators of the chapels were excommunicated, the leaders of the mob were blinded or beaten, and while the forces of the prelate began an indiscriminate plunder, six hundred of the richest citizens fled in one night to the king. The rich, bustling city became a lifeless solitude. Such were the scenes which Germany presented in 1074.

Upon such a Germany, filled with violence and misrule, with married priests and simoniacal nobles, a land of disorder, ruled by a king who could create only disorder, Gregory looked anxiously, and with doubt as to the course which his duty required of him. In that year, 1074, he met his first council; simony and marriage among the clergy were denounced in the strongest terms, and in connection with the condemnatory canons the doctrine was pro-

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mulgated, that every Christian owed a stronger allegiance to the Roman than to his own peculiar bishop. The canons were instantly sent to Italy, Germany, and France, and every means were brought to bear upon the higher ecclesiastics to induce them to enforce the penalties of simony and incontinence. Legates from Rome also beset the German king, while his mother, Agnes, poured her remonstrances into his unwilling ears. The bishops of Bremen and Bamberg were suspended, until they should appear at Rome, and prove themselves innocent of the charges of simony; and Germany at large advised that the decrees of the Church should be obeyed. But it was easier to give this notice than to obtain obedience. When the Archbishop of Mayence attempted to carry out the canons relative to marriages, he was resisted by bishops, clergy, and people, and nearly lost his life in the tumult. But Gregory paused not a moment; to bishops, princes, archbishops, and the king himself, his letters were unceasing, and the constant burden was, — "Fear not, despair not; extinguish simony and enforce celibacy, and God will uphold you." The Crusade, long lying near his heart, he also wrote of, and prepared the way, in the minds of men, for that great enterprise.

Turning from Henry to Philip of France, he dealt that prince the hardest blows, so far as words can strike. He distinctly informed both king and people, that, "with God's help, he would deliver the kingdom of France from his oppression," unless he radically changed. In England and Spain, also, his letters and legates asserted the supremacy of Rome.

But the great moral evils of the Church were not yet done away; never had they been more prominent. Was Gregory, then, wholly defeated and disappointed? We think not. He must have known that mere words could not overturn the corruption of ages; what good, then, in using them? They attracted men's minds to the subject, raised a papal party everywhere, and gave courage and a voice to the heretofore silent advocates of reform. His words were seeds; they fell, and were apparently lost; but they were lost in human bosoms, where in silence they germinated, and made possible that perfect papal despotism which they taught, and which later generations witnessed.

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Into the details of events in the year 1075 we cannot enter; with one exception, they were like those of the previous year. Gregory pressed his canons unceasingly, the priests and nobles resisted, legates and letters passed to and fro, from January till August. Henry and the Saxons were again at war, and at length he was victorious. Then his true purposes and character showed themselves; thus far he had been pliant and yielding; now he became fiercely opposed to Hildebrand. He stopped not at the grossest simony, and cared not for the most barefaced injustice. Yet, at this very time, he had the impudence to ask of Gregory the deposition of the bishops who had opposed him. At the same moment that the emperor thus appealed to the Holy See, the Saxons did the same; and the pope saw that the hour was at hand when he must cease speaking and act. One more letter he wrote, to tell the monarch, that, unless he obeyed the orders of the Church, he should be excommunicated. Then followed legates summoning him to Rome to clear himself of the crimes charged, under pain of an instant separation from the Church of Christ. Henry's hot blood leaped at the insult; with flashing eyes he expelled the legates, and summoned an immediate council at Worms. Hither flocked all the discontented; the houses were crowded with priests' families, and buyers and sellers of holy offices; the streets echoed with curses upon the monk of Cluny, the carpenter's son who dared outlaw a monarch. The pope was accused of every crime, even of murder and necromancy. In the council, the most violent charges were made against him; and at length, a messenger took horse to cross the Alps, bearing a letter from Henry to the Romans, calling on them to expel the false monk Hildebrand from the papal throne.

The messenger reached Rome, entered the synod where Gregory sat on high, and called upon him to come down from the place he had usurped. The Romans could scarce believe their senses; the prefect drew his sword, but the pope shielded the bold speaker with his own body. He calmed the tumult, showed the gathering crowd the necessity of cool determination, explained the inevitable contest that was before them, and, taking from the person of the messenger the letters which he bore, read them aloud. Couched in the most insulting terms, they raised the fury

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of the listeners almost beyond control; and when Gregory told them how mildly he had treated Henry, until he showed himself utterly inimical to the Holy Church, — when, with tearful eyes, he described his own struggles, his efforts to keep peace, his kind remonstrances, his fatherly admonitions, his long-suffering and patience, — the whole assembly rose and demanded in the name of God's justice the instant promulgation of the anathema against the perjured and tyrannical king of Germany. Gregory stood forth, calm and resolute, with uplifted hand and upturned eyes, appealing to Heaven. One short prayer he uttered, while the stillness of death sank down upon the assembly.

"Blessed and holy Peter," the calm, deep voice began, "hear thy servant whom thou hast brought up and delivered from the hands of wicked men, who have hated me because I have been faithful to thee. Thou art my witness, thou and the blessed Virgin, that the Roman Church has called me, despite myself, to govern her, and that I had rather end my life in exile than usurp thy chair by unworthy means. But finding myself, by thy goodness and not my own merit, thy successor, I cannot but believe that it is thy will that all Christians should obey me, God having given me, as in thy place, power to bind and to loose upon the earth.

"In that faith, for the honor and safety of the Church, in the name of the all-powerful God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and by thy authority, I forbid Henry, son of the Emperor Henry the Third, who through unheard-of pride has placed himself against thy Church, to govern the kingdoms of Germany and Italy; I absolve all Christians from the oath which they have taken or may take to serve him, and I forbid all men to obey him as king. And since he has refused to act as a Christian, and has persisted in living with evil, excommunicated men, in thy name I load him with curses, that the world may know that thou art Peter, and that upon this Rock the Son of the living God has built his Church, and that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

The deep voice of Hildebrand, so earnest, solemn, and collected, ceased; but the silence of the hundred and ten bishops remained unbroken; they dared not move. And when this solemn act was followed by the excommunication of archbishops, abbots, counts, and nobles, almost without number, they trembled at the boldness of their master; in upper Italy, he left but two bishops undeposed.

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Such were the labors of the Synod of 1076; they cast a thunderbolt among the nations. All Germany, all Western Europe, was divided; no ears could be longer closed to the quarrel; every peasant with his plough, every wife with her distaff, must thenceforth be for Pope or Emperor. At first, men were against the newly asserted spiritual power; but had not Christ given Peter all power, and was not the Roman bishop Peter's successor? The dim, wavering forms of superstition became the ready allies of Hildebrand. Sounds were heard in the night-air; sights of horror passed across the sky; the adherents of Henry died fearful deaths. Then rose the Saxons again; every day saw the mere temporal prince weaker, every day the undefinable dread grew stronger and spread wider. Walls would not shut it out, dungeons would not hold it; the curse of the Church, the anathema of God, like a terrible ghost, haunted men. In the midst of their revels, while they pledged the king, the clinking of the goblets was mingled with the echo of God's voice forbidding them; they dreamed of the excommunication, they woke to hear it reiterated. Every day, Henry lost adherents. Nor were the deserters merely those who were urged by superstition. Germany was of old ruled by its several princes; these the great emperors had subjected, and made the imperial power all-powerful. The emperor and the princes were opposed, and the latter defeated. They now saw, by a union with the pope, the means of rising again in the political scale, and overthrowing the central force which had subjected both Church and feudal sovereigns. Thus they were led to incline strongly in favor of Gregory's pretensions, and the Diet of 1076 was willing, in connection with the pope, to depose the excommunicated king.

Henry, who, with all his hot-headed inconstancy, could act with decision when necessity called, and who saw himself literally deserted, determined to submit, and to obtain the pope's forgiveness. We need not dwell upon the particulars of his journey to Canossa. All have heard of his climbing the snowy Alps, with danger and difficulty feeling his way along the precipices and among the glaciers, and sliding in a sled of hide, lowered carefully by peasant hands, down to the plains of Lombardy. All have been told of his three days' waiting, bareheaded and barefooted,

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in the bitter cold, for admission to the presence of the carpenter's son; and all know how hardly he obtained forgiveness at last. And when he did obtain it, it amounted to nothing. He was not reinstated in his regal rights, and had disgusted and cast off, by his humiliation, those that had clung to him. His very guards called aloud for a new emperor; the common people scoffed at him; the cities would not receive the mean-spirited monarch; encamped in the fields, he found himself shivering and starving in the midst of a universal hiss of contempt. Who can tell the rage of that proud, inconstant, undisciplined soul? He knew not where to turn, or how to give his anger and agony vent. Foiled in an attempt to make Gregory his prisoner, he turned, like a loosed lion, upon Germany. His character seemed changed; with unlooked-for energy and decision he gathered an army, swept like a tempest through Swabia, Franconia, and Bavaria, leaving behind him a desert, nor ever ceased his mad career of revenge, until, seven years after his miserable humiliation at Canossa, he entered Rome in triumph.

We need not dwell upon those years. They offer us nothing but the rage of the emperor, the immovable courage of Hildebrand, and the devotion of the Countess Matilda to the Holy See; of the two first our readers know enough; of Matilda we cannot say sufficient to give any just idea of her peculiar and noble character.

The year 1085 opened amid a chaos in Germany and Italy; war, famine, pestilence, and floods made all men bow in misery and fear. Gregory, from his stronghold in Salerno, looked down upon the crooked, narrow, lava-paved streets of his last refuge, and off upon the blue gulf, dimpled by wandering winds. How beautiful the works of God looked to the worn combatant! — so calm, so pure, so divine! His mind turned to the world of man, rent and blood-stained, and his heart was sick within him. What had he accomplished toward that regeneration of Europe which he had so long dreamed of? Were his aims attained? Was the Church free, pure, united, acknowledged ruler of rulers? He felt within him the failing of his overtasked nature; his heart beat languidly; his time had nearly come, and how had he sped with his work? Never, perhaps, had there been a period of greater confusion and discord within and without the Church, and seldom less purity or union. As

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for the supremacy of Rome, — alas ! the chief of bishops, betrayed by Romans, pursued by Germans and Italians thirsting for his blood, at variance with France, Spain, and England, was dying a forsaken exile. Had Hildebrand's sick heart failed him then, it would not have been strange ; but he looked at his crucifix, at the image of his forsaken, dying, and yet victorious Master, and grew strong ; for that told him how little the final triumph of a moral truth can be judged of from immediate success or failure. " And I, too," he murmured to himself, in words which, a few weeks later, were the last upon his lips, — " and I, too, have loved justice and hated iniquity, and I die an exile." The future, in which all his great principles triumphed, was hidden to him ; but he knew that God ruled, that the great thoughts which by his struggles he had made familiar to men rested not on his strength, but on an eternal basis ; and that, though he was passing away, the Omnipotent remained as the world's ruler ; — he knew that he had sown the seed, and that God would give the harvest.

The mild May weather lent daily new beauty to the outer world, and the languid eyes of the monk of Cluny loved to dwell upon the deepening verdure. Sometimes his soul mingled again with its old ardor in the contests that were raging ; he called his attendant bishops to remind them once more never to own any one pope who was not chosen according to the canons. Then his mind went back to the green valleys of the Apennines, to the shepherd's huts and the snow-fed rills of spring-time ; and it passed thence to the heaven he was approaching. Again he murmured, " I have loved justice and hated evil, therefore I die in exile." The aged bishop, who had risen from the pleasant window as he heard the voice, bent over him and said : " Not so, Holy Father, you cannot die in exile ; for God has given you all nations for a heritage, and the ends of the earth for a dominion." The calm, grave lips moved not in reply ; Gregory was not there ; the overburdened heart had ceased to beat ; the wise, fearless, immovable Hildebrand had gone into the presence of his God. Hildebrand had gone, but his words and struggles, as sown seed, remained ; and soon Europe saw his victorious enemy, Henry the Fourth, sink on a door-step and die of cold and hunger, because Rome had cast him off ; she saw a strong-minded Frederick, Emperor of the

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West, holding a pope's stirrup-iron ; she saw France and England quail beneath papal interdicts ; — in short, she saw, long after the dust of Hildebrand had mingled with the earth, each one of Hildebrand's ideas made practice ; she saw the Church independent, united, free from simony and priest-marriages, and the ruler of rulers. The visions of the Cluny arbours were realized ; Europe again was one.

ART. III. — *Narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition during the Years* 1838 – 1842. By CHARLES WILKES, U. S. N., Commander of the Expedition, &c. In Five Volumes, and an Atlas. Philadelphia : Lea and Blanchard. 1845. 8vo.

THE first feeling excited by the appearance of these volumes is that of national pride, — that our country, prosperous in her resources, and liberal and enlightened in the use of them, has made a contribution to general knowledge and the security of navigation worthy of her extended commerce, and her undoubted position among the cultivated nations of the world. In the number of the vessels, the number and character of the scientific corps, and the cost of the outfits, the United States Surveying and Exploring Expedition was quite equal to any similar enterprise either of France, England, or Russia. We say this in no boastful spirit. We fully recognize the imperative obligations of our government to devote a portion of its revenue to increase the safety of the mariner's path on the ocean, and to enrich the stores of learning by discoveries in distant regions. These obligations are by no means fulfilled by the equipment of a single expedition. So far from this, we trust that one of the benefits conferred by the successful cruise of the exploring squadron will be to strengthen our love of that noble renown which nations acquire by serving the cause of science and humanity.

The narrative of this expedition having finally been given to the world, it is a part of our duty to present a sketch of the course it pursued, to be accompanied necessarily by such remarks as will enable the reader to form a just estimate both of the results obtained, and of the manner in which these re-

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sults have been communicated to the public. The office of the reviewer here is not altogether superfluous. Few persons, probably, will be encouraged to peruse the whole of the "Narrative," where much that is irrelevant is combined with much that is deeply interesting, and where the latter, both in matter and form, exhibits more eagerness for accumulation, than skill in arrangement.

Following the excellent example of Captain Wilkes, we shall make no allusion to the early history of the outfit of the squadron, farther than to say, that the failure of its first organization had exposed the whole affair to ridicule, and had seriously impaired the confidence and ardor of its officers and friends. The energetic zeal of Captain Wilkes overcame every obstacle, and infused a new life into the service. The very short time required by him to equip the squadron for sea, to complete the trial of the instruments, and make preliminary observations, proved that he appreciated the responsibilities of his position, and was prepared to assume them. Justice demands that we should say this much. But in awarding to Captain Wilkes the praise he may fairly claim, we have no intention of expressing an opinion either as to the manner of his appointment, or as to the conduct of other officers temporarily connected with the expedition.

The instructions of Mr. Paulding, then Secretary of the Navy, marked out the course to be pursued by the explorers, the objects to be obtained, and the probable period each would occupy. They included such directions respecting the intercourse with the natives of the South Sea islands, as humanity and the experience of former navigators inculcate; and being written with his usual felicity of style, they were suited to inspire a love for honorable and useful enterprise.

In obedience to them, the squadron sailed from Norfolk on the 18th of August, 1838. The following day was Sunday, and divine service was performed on board the Vincennes, — the shores of the United States being still in sight. Leaving the store-ship Relief, a very dull sailer, to pursue her path alone, the remainder of the squadron, on the 16th of September, arrived at Madeira, where they stayed one week. This was a week profitable, no doubt, to the naturalists, who crossed the island, and penetrated into the almost inaccessible recesses among its lofty mountains, where are hidden treasures to reward the venturesome traveller for many years

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to come. Aided by Mr. Drayton's beautiful views, the "Narrative" does justice to the romantic scenery of the island, though it adds but little to our knowledge of its resources or its inhabitants. Captain Wilkes informs us, that "wine is the staple commodity of Madeira," and that "the language is Portuguese." He might as well have added, that the religion is Catholic, and the climate genial. Madeira is a familiar name, not only to the traveller, but to those also who

> "through his peering eyes
> Discover countries."

After leaving this island, the squadron pursued its course to Rio de Janeiro, stopping one day at Porto Praya. Between the northern tropic and the equator, and the longitudes of 20 and 35 degrees west, several rocks or shoals have disfigured the charts of the Atlantic ever since the earliest days of Spanish and Portuguese navigation, though their existence has long been considered doubtful. Passing through this zone, Captain Wilkes extended his vessels so as to cover the largest possible space without separating, and sailed over many of these reported dangers, keeping the lead constantly in the water. These spots will now be erased from the charts, and the seaman will sleep in security, where hitherto he has watched in dread of merchant-marring rocks. The luminous appearance of the sea in this region, the frequent cause of unnecessary alarms, is noticed in the "Narrative." On one occasion, the brilliancy was so great, that the sea "might truly be said to have the appearance of being on fire."

At Rio, it was found necessary to make some repairs, particularly on Captain Hudson's ship, the Peacock; and whilst these were going on, a series of pendulum, magnetic, and astronomical observations were made, and the scientific gentlemen were busily occupied in adding to their collections and journals. Mr. Hale, the philologist, obtained some curious information concerning the slaves of Brazil, showing the marks by which the African tribes are distinguished. This is accompanied in the "Narrative" by wood-cuts illustrative of the descriptions in the text, and well deserves attention. The value of the slave in the market is, ina measure, determined by these brands; for long familiarity with this accursed traffic has enabled the slave-dealer to ascertain with precision the characteristic traits of each tribe, and accord-

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ingly to determine the employments for which they are best fitted. Some of the officers accomplished the daring feat of ascending the Sugar-Loaf, — a conical rock at the entrance of the port, about 1,300 feet high, — in order to determine its altitude. Captain Beechey excuses the disagreement between his two determinations of the height of this rock, by saying that it is almost impossible to ascend it.

Captain Wilkes has devoted, very unnecessarily, as we conceive, two chapters of his work to a description of Rio de Janeiro, and an account of the political condition of the Brazilians. Seeing that he has made so liberal use of the facts of Mr. Armitage's history, he ought to have borrowed also some of that writer's liberality and candor. He says, the Brazilians are "patient under oppression," "suspicious," "selfish," "cunning," "presumptuous," and "timid." The presentation of the "Narrative," by our own government to that of Brazil, as it contains such language as this, has rather the appearance of an insult than a compliment, and its grateful acceptance would certainly be an indication of the "mental degradation" which Captain Wilkes has discovered in the inhabitants. This last seems to be a singular phrase to apply to a people who are in the full enjoyment of liberty of the press, trial by jury, a certain degree of religious toleration, a representative chamber that originates the money bills, and schools for elementary instruction established by public authority. It would have been more politic and amiable, not to say infinitely more just, in a work of this peculiar character, to have avoided language which is certainly very insulting.

At Rio, Captain Wilkes applied to Commodore Nicolson, the commander of the Brazil station, for an addition to his crew. The commodore met the request by calling for volunteers; his own crew having entered for a particular service, he had no power to *order* them to another squadron. Captain Wilkes was under no obligation to take these men, whom he describes as "a most worthless set, and almost the only persons it was necessary to punish during the cruise." The motive for casting this slur upon his superior officer was a difficulty which he had with the commodore, in which the officers of the Independence, the flag-ship of the Brazil squadron, thought that Captain Wilkes behaved like a man whose judgment and sense of propriety were very much disturbed by his sudden and undue elevation.

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During the stay of the squadron in this harbour, a seaman fell overboard from a lighter, and, being accidentally struck by an oar, was drowned. Passed Midshipman William May jumped into the water to his relief, but did not succeed in saving him. On the 6th of January, 1839, the squadron, without the Relief, which had been despatched in advance, left Rio de Janeiro, and steered to the southward. A week was spent in making an examination of the bar of the Rio Negro, and inquiring into the facilities of the place for trade. This service was attended with great fatigue, owing to the rapidity of the tides, and a storm, which compelled the vessels, on the 30th, to put to sea.

At Orange Harbour (Terra del Fuego), the next stopping-place of the squadron, preparations were made for the first cruise towards the Antarctic. The ample and exceedingly interesting accounts of the Fuegians by Captains King and Fitzroy have left but little novelty to be gleaned by future voyagers. One of the natives was detained on board the Vincennes a week, and was well clothed and fed; but he was constantly sick, and was glad to return to his savage state.

According to his instructions, Captain Wilkes removed to the brig Porpoise, and, taking with him the tender Sea-Gull, sailed on the 25th of February towards Palmer's Land, which he approached on the 3d of March. The weather was thick and tempestuous, the cold very severe, covering the decks and rigging with ice, and the vessel was so crowded with men that the state of the crew was in the highest degree uncomfortable. These circumstances, added to the lateness of the season, induced Captain Wilkes to return to the northward, which he did on the second day after reaching Palmer's Land. Having narrowly escaped being wrecked on Elephant island, he anchored in Good-Success bay on the 18th. Lieutenant Johnson, in the Sea-Gull, stopped at Deception island for a week.

On the same day that Captain Wilkes left Orange Harbour, the Peacock and Flying-Fish sailed together, steering towards the *Ne plus ultra* of Cook. The two vessels were soon separated by bad weather. Captain Hudson had the satisfaction of seeing the first display of the Aurora Australis on the 15th of March. The first iceberg was seen on the 11th; after this date, their continually increasing num-

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ber brought fogs, attended by snow-storms and heavy gales. Through the dense vapor, the noise of the sea was frequently heard beating upon icebergs close aboard, and loud sounds like thunder were occasionally heard, caused probably by the disruption, or change of position, of these floating islands. An icy barrier, extending over one quarter of the horizon, was in sight on the 22d. Several successive days were passed in sailing in a sea thickly studded with icebergs, and obscured by fogs and heavy storms of snow. On the 25th, a meridian observation was obtained, the first for six days; the latitude proved to be sixty-eight degrees south; and on the same evening, to the great joy of all, the Flying-Fish joined company.

This little schooner, a New York pilot-boat of less than one hundred tons, under the command of Lieutenant William M. Walker, soon after separating from the Peacock, had suffered from severe storms that swept the decks, split her sails, crushed her boats, and caused her to leak badly. Not daunted by these obstacles, Lieutenant Walker continued to thread his way through the narrow channels between the icebergs until the 22d, when he reached the latitude of seventy degrees south, the highest point attained by any vessel of the squadron in either of the southern cruises. On the night of the same day, Mr. Walker found his vessel entirely surrounded by ice, from which it was extricated with great difficulty. During the forenoon of the next day, it was again encompassed by ice islands, over which the sea was breaking to the height of eighty or one hundred feet. Mr. Walker thinks a ship could not have escaped from this peril, as his own easily managed vessel was frequently cramped for want of working-room. On the 24th, he was again very near being closed in, and was compelled to give up the hope of penetrating further to the southward. When the two vessels met, Captain Hudson directed Mr. Walker to return to Orange Harbour, and shaped his own course to Valparaiso.

In the mean time, the store-ship Relief had been ordered by Captain Wilkes to enter the Straits of Magellan, through Brecknock Passage and Cockburn Sound, taking with her the greater part of the scientific corps. One duty assigned to Captain Long was to survey Useless Bay, of which Captain King says, "It affords neither anchorage,

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nor shelter, nor any other advantage for the navigator." He also remarks of the Cockburn and Barbara channels, "Such a complicated mass of islands and rocks I never before saw." The selection of the dullest sailer, and heaviest and worst-working ship of the squadron, containing all the stores and most of the scientific gentlemen, for a service suited only to a small vessel capable of quick movements, turned out better than could reasonably have been expected. The Relief, after her cables had all parted, was providentially saved from wreck under Noir island by the set of the current, which carried her clear of a reef, where, if she had struck, every life must have been lost. Captain Long made the best of his way to Valparaiso, and on his arrival was kindly supplied with an anchor by Captain Locke of the British ship Fly.

On the 17th of April, the Vincennes and Porpoise sailed from Orange Harbour for Valparaiso, leaving the Sea-Gull and Flying-Fish to follow. The Sea-Gull, as is well known, was lost off Cape Horn. The day after she put to sea in company with the Flying-Fish, a furious gale arose, and the latter vessel returned to a safe anchorage; but the Sea-Gull was never seen again. Two young officers of great merit were lost in her; Passed Midshipman James W. E. Reid, son of the late Governor Reid of Georgia, and Passed Midshipman Frederick A. Bacon of Connecticut. Captain Wilkes bears honorable testimony to their high characters, and ardent zeal in the service of the expedition. A cenotaph at Mount Auburn commemorates the sad event which deprived the navy of two of its most promising young officers.

We shall pass hastily over the chapters relating to Chili and Peru. The naturalists and some of the officers visited Santiago, and Mr. Couthouy and Mr. Dana made a hasty trip to the mines of San Felipe. The account of the excursion of Mr. Pickering and Mr. Rich into the interior of Peru presents a lively picture of the inhabitants, and of the difficulties that beset the traveller in that country, reminding us of the journal of Lieutenant Smythe. At the village of Baños, their eggs were cooked in three minutes in the hot spring from which the town derives its name. The heat of the water must have been near the boiling point at that elevation, the place being ten thousand feet above the level of the sea.

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The chapters upon the political histories of Peru and Chili are evidently written by very intelligent persons, well acquainted with the country, and, in liberality and moderation of tone, as well as in literary merit, they afford a welcome contrast to the arrogant and disjointed abuse of the Brazilians. But we must observe, that it is difficult to see the connection between the histories of well known countries, like Brazil, Peru, and Chili, and the events of the Exploring Expedition, particularly as these histories are probably not written by Captain Wilkes, or any other person connected with the squadron. Both here and elsewhere, the only office of the transcriber seems to have been to corrupt the Spanish. We find "*sequenda in* Lima" instead of *se queda en* Lima (Vol. I. p. 239); "Adios *per* Dios" for *por* (p. 274); "*Guacho*" for *Gaucho* (p. 276); "*Aumdamiento*" for *Ayuntamiento* (p. 291); "*Bouqueron*" for *Boqueron* (p. 230). The same carelessness pervades the whole work. Of the Spanish words introduced into the text, at least two thirds are misspelt, — a fault the less pardonable, as it might easily have been avoided by reference to a dictionary, or a kind friend.*

On the 15th of July, 1839, the squadron left Callao, where, as well as at Valparaiso, the magnetic and astronomical observatories had been set up, and the scientific corps had pursued their investigations with unceasing industry. The number of the vessels was now diminished by two; the store-ship Relief had been sent home by the way of the Sandwich islands and Port Jackson; and the little Sea-Gull,

> "Familiar with the wave, and free
> As if its own white foam were she,"

had drooped her wing under the fierce tempest.

A month, ending in the middle of September, was employed in a survey of the Paumotu cluster, or Low Archipelago,

* In this part of the "Narrative," Captain Wilkes has the bad taste to introduce a defence of the *illegal* punishments in Callao, for which he was reprimanded by the sentence of a court-martial, on his return to the United States. He tells us, that the "honor of the navy and the glory of the country" were saved by inflicting upon two deserters the punishments respectively of thirty-six and forty-one lashes. Such unpleasant details in a book of this nature only furnish a pretence, to be used both at home and abroad, for opprobrious remark upon our naval discipline; and the idea is sufficiently ludicrous, that "the glory of the country" depended in any way upon the shoulders of poor Blake and Lester.

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a cluster to the eastward of the Society islands, and forming, indeed, a part of this group. The attention of our surveyors had been drawn to it by that distinguished navigator, Admiral Krusenstern, whose notes made a part of Captain Wilkes's instructions. Clermont de Tonnerre was the first island visited. The natives resisted all attempts to land. Captain Wilkes spoke to them through an interpreter, but "the only answer he could get from them was, several of them crying out at the same time, 'Go to your own land; this belongs to us, and we do not want to have any thing to do with you.'" Mr. Couthouy landed unarmed, with presents; but was driven into the water by the inhabitants, who thrust at him with their spears. A useless landing was forced, however, by firing at them with mustard-seed shot, "which caused the chief and all the rest to retreat, rubbing their legs," as the "Narrative" expresses it. Having no skilful surgeon among them to extract these shot, they may be still "rubbing their legs." We learn elsewhere, that one man was shot in the face, and another was wounded twice, once in the breast. Every one must regret to see the first intercourse of Captain Wilkes with the natives of the island marked by an act of unnecessary hostility, that must increase the difficulty of future intercourse. He speaks of the inhabitants as a "fine, athletic race, much above the ordinary size." Communication was held with the natives of several other islands in this group. The people of Raraka were found to be modest, kind, and confiding; and those of Aurora island have been much improved by the missionaries in behaviour, and in the comforts of living. Many could read and write well, and printed copies of several portions of Scripture were seen among them. They were without arms of any kind; a permanent peace, under the missionaries' influence, seems to have succeeded to the constant wars that formerly raged. Two islands were discovered in this group, that were not laid down on the charts; the locality of another marked on the charts of Arrowsmith had been previously passed over, and the supposed land proved not to exist, — a fact in navigation second in importance only to a new discovery. In the middle of September, the squadron was united in Matavai Bay, in the island of Tahiti, where Captain Wilkes again set up the observatories.

The time passed at Tahiti was engrossed by the multi-

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plied and arduous duties of the service on which the squadron was sent. Though, in a hasty review, these must be dismissed with a bare mention of them, yet they are never to be lost sight of by the reader. This was no holyday service; every hour, not excepting those commonly devoted to sleep, brought its appropriate work; and Captain Wilkes himself appears to have set an example of extraordinary energy and zeal. Boats and vessels were despatched upon surveys, the officers and naturalists explored the interior of the islands, and collected facts and specimens, and the labors of the magnetic and astronomical observatories, of the tidal and meteorological registries, were never omitted.

Captain Wilkes gives a long description of Tahiti, its society, government, laws, productions, and physical features. In a passage * replete with interesting information, and written with apparent candor and liberality, he defends the missionaries against the reproaches of their enemies, and points out the great good they have done in their attempt to civilize this savage region, and to root out the crimes and excesses of barbarism, so as to make room for the virtues and graces of Christianity. The missionaries never failed to command his attention, sympathy, and assistance. Though sometimes he blames their conduct, his general manner affords proof that he does so from sincere conviction. Respecting the present profit and future promise of their labors and great sacrifices, a subject regarded by all Christendom with an anxiety proceeding from "the ground of the heart," he holds a language equally creditable to his judgment and his feelings.

The missionaries have introduced the manners, as well as the forms of education and religion, of their own countries. A party travelling in the interior passed a night at the village of Otapuna, in the house of Utami, a principal chief, and governor of the district. His table was set in the European fashion, and he gave them tea made of a native herb. Before retiring to rest, he "read a chapter in the Bible, and made a prayer with much apparent devotion."

The Society islands are so well known, through Mr. Ellis's "Polynesian Researches," that we shall pass at once to the Samoan group, the next scene of the combined labors of the

* Vol. II. pp. 12–18.

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squadron. On the passage thither, Bellinghausen's and Rose Islands, both uninhabited, were visited; the birds were so tame at these places as to suffer themselves to be removed from the nest by hand.

The survey of the Samoan or Navigator's group was begun in the early part of October. The Vincennes anchored in Pago-pago, in the island of Tutuila, a harbour remarkable for its safety and beauty. This spot was the scene of an attack upon the boats of the unfortunate La Perouse, which resulted in the massacre of M. de Langle, and several of his men. Captain Wilkes speaks well of the inhabitants.

"The women are far from good looking, with the exception of some of the younger ones. They are remarkably domestic and virtuous, exhibiting a strange contrast to those of Tahiti. Here the marriage tie is respected, and parents are extremely fond of their offspring." — Vol. II., p. 73.

The idea of comfort of an inhabitant of Tutuila is by no means limited.

"According to old Toa [a principal chief], a native is in a comfortable condition, when he has a good house; a well-made visiting canoe; a neat, handy, large, and well-formed woman for a wife; a taro-patch with a good fence; cocoa-nut, and bread-fruit trees, with a reasonable number of pigs." — p. 78.

The happy state of the island is due to the exertions of the Rev. Mr. Murray, who is represented by Captain Wilkes as "an amiable as well as a truly pious man," and eminently prosperous in his mission. "He is one of the missionaries engaged in translating the Bible, many parts of which are now completed, and extensively used by the natives, many of whom read and write well."

At Upolu, a native called Tuvai, charged with the murder of Edward Cavenaugh, of New Bedford, had been arrested by Captain Hudson. He was brought to trial before the chiefs, and his guilt being fully proved, he was taken on board the Vincennes as a prisoner, and subsequently landed upon Wallis island. The proceedings of the council are interesting and agreeably told.

The primitive dress of the Samoans is merely a short apron, and a girdle of leaves tied round the loins. Tattooing, the chief ornament, is almost exclusively confined to the men, the females being permitted to have only a few lines printed on the hands and body. The women are regarded with

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great consideration, however ; a remarkable proof of which is to be found in the law that formerly punished adultery with death. The narrative describes the Samoan games, dances, and songs ; one of the latter celebrates the arrival of the Papalangi, or white men.

Captain Wilkes concludes his very interesting notices of these people by an account of their *fonos*, or meetings of business, which are conducted with much dignity and decorum. In order to prevent a waste of time or words, a prompter at the side of the speaker occasionally reminds him of the subjects to be debated. So useful a practice might be advantageously imitated elsewhere.

At Upolu, Captain Hudson made an unsuccessful attempt to capture a noted chief, Opotuno, who had taken possession of two boats belonging to the whale-ship William Penn, of Nantucket, killing the first mate and two boat-steerers. The second mate was left upon the beach as dead, but was removed to a hut by some native women, through whose benevolent care he recovered. In the year 1835, Captain John H. Aulick, then in command of the Vincennes, arrived at these islands, shortly after the murders were committed. He also endeavoured to seize the murderer, and for this purpose disguised his ship, and landed at the village of Opotuno at early daylight. But the chief had taken the alarm, and fled to the mountains. Captain Aulick destroyed his property wherever it could be found, taking care to save the innocent inhabitants from any share of the punishment inflicted upon the criminal chief. They felt and acknowledged the justice of his discrimination. In February, 1841, Captain Hudson made a second attempt, with no better success.

After leaving the Samoan group, we find the squadron again assembled in Sydney (New South Wales), in the latter part of November, where preparations were made for the second Antarctic cruise. In this port the officers experienced the utmost kindness and hospitality from the governor, Sir George Gipps, from all the officials, civil as well as military, and from the citizens generally. Every aid was given to advance the objects of the expedition,* and supply

* "The use of Fort Macquarie," says Captain Wilkes, "was immediately granted *me* for an observatory, a position which, being within hail of *my* ship, gave *me* great facilities for conducting *my* experiments, and at the same time superintending *my* other duties"; an acknowledgment which exhibits, if nothing else, the politeness of the governor in lending *his* fort.

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its wants, and the hours of leisure were fully engrossed by balls, parties, and clubs. While the preparation of the vessels for the southern cruise was going on, the gentlemen of the scientific corps explored the country in the neighbourhood of Sydney, and added to the vocabularies of the philologist and the stores of the naturalist.

It was very evident that no repairs, which could bemade on the Peacock in time to save the passing season, would render her fit to perform a dangerous cruise. The report of the carpenter proves her unseaworthy condition. "Against these defects, however," says Captain Hudson, in his letter to Captain Wilkes, "I feel it my duty to contend, without anticipating any thing but favorable results, but at the same time prepared for the worst that may occur." It appears from this letter, and from other accounts, that Captain Hudson, actuated by an honorable ambition to fulfil the expectations of his country, exposed himself, his officers, and his crew to perils, from which, as we shall see, they escaped almost by a miracle.

As the vessels were separated by storms soon after leaving Sydney, it will be most convenient to follow each one in distinct course. On the night of the 11th of January, 1840, the further progress of the Vincennes and Porpoise to the southward was arrested by a compact barrier of ice, inclosing large, square icebergs. The Peacock arrived at the barrier on the 15th. "On the 13th," says Captain Hudson, "there was no occasion to light the binnacle lamps, as newspaper print could be read at midnight." On the 22d, the Peacock was the first to obtain undoubted proof of the vicinity of land by sounding in five hundred, and afterwards in three hundred and twenty, fathoms of water, the lead bringing up mud and a stone.* Bottom was found again on the 24th, in eight hundred fathoms; but farther discoveries were arrested by a fearful accident, that threatened the destruction of the vessel. We will leave it to Captain Hudson to tell the tale of danger and escape, in his own unpretending and graphic language: —

"While further pursuing the object of our search in this vicinity, on the morning of the 24th, and endeavouring to clear some

* On the 30th, Captain Wilkes, in the Vincennes, sounded and found hard bottom in thirty fathoms. This seems to have been the nearest approach to the shore.

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ice ahead of us, the ship made a sternboard, and came in contact with a large piece of ice, which carried away one of the wheel-ropes, wrenched the neck of the rudder, and rendered it useless.

"We immediately commenced working ship with the sails and ice-anchors into a more open sea. In this we were successful for a time, until an increase of wind, and a change in its direction, brought in upon us masses of ice for miles in extent, which completely beset the ship, and finished the work of destruction on our rudder, and forced us into the immediate vicinity of an ice-island some seven or eight miles in extent, with an elevation equalling our topgallant-masthead, and its upper portion inclining towards the ship. In this situation, we furled all but the fore-and-aft sails, and hung by our ice-anchors. Fortunately, between us and a portion of this island lay a larger piece of ice, one end of which held us by the counter, until forced beyond it by the pressing masses of ice outside, which started our anchors, and set us stern on to the island, carrying away our spanker-boom and stern-davits, and forcing the starboard quarter-deck bulwarks in end some three or four inches, jamming a signal-gun hard and fast in the gangway, and breaking off all the bulwark stanchions on that side of the quarter-deck. We took this occasion to cant her, with the jib, into a narrow channel alongside the island, and with the help of other sails, passed by a portion of it without further injury to our spars, until an opportunity presented of forcing her into a small opening in the ice, with the head towards the sea. While doing this, and before the vessel had moved half her length, an impending mass of ice and snow fell in her wake. Had this fallen only a few seconds earlier, it must have crushed the vessel to atoms.

"Our rudder, which we unshipped and got in upon deck while wedged in the ice, came in over the side in two pieces, the head and neck entirely broken off, with the two midship pintles, and we shortly afterwards found the upper and lower braces gone from the stern-post.

"Towards midnight the sea was increasing, accompanied with snow, and every indication of a gale from seaward; and the ice, with which we were continually in contact, or actually jammed, more formidable in character, rapidly accumulating outside of us, and forming a compact mass. I found, as we were nearing the open sea, that we had been carried so far to leeward by the ice, as to be in great danger of taking up our last residence in the barrier, amongst bergs and islands of ice. There was, therefore, no choice left but to force her out, or grind and thump the ship to pieces in the attempt.

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"Aided by a kind Providence, we reached an open space on the morning of the 25th, after having beat off the gripe of the ship, &c., and at meridian, the carpenters had so far secured our rudder, that it was again shipped, in the two remaining braces left on the stern-post.

"We were yet surrounded by ice and icebergs, in a bay some thirty miles in extent, from which no outlet could be seen from the masthead. At midnight, however, we found a passage, about half a mile in width, between some bergs and field-ice." —Vol II., pp. 465, 466.

This accident compelled Captain Hudson to return to Sydney immediately, and on examination, when the ship was hauled up for repairs, it was found that she was much strained throughout, and that her stern was chafed to within one and a half inches of the wood-ends. Having a long voyage still to perform through a tempestuous sea, the safe return of the vessel under such circumstances was but little less wonderful than that of the Terror, Captain Back's ship, in 1836–7.

We return to the Vincennes. This ship had experienced a constant gale from the 28th to the 31st of January, with the land in plain sight, fortified by its impassable barrier of ice. More than one hundred icebergs, varying in length from one quarter of a mile to three miles, covered the sea in all directions; and at 8 P. M. of the latter date, a violent snow-storm limited the view to within three or four hundred feet from the ship.

"The cold was severe, and every spray that touched the ship was immediately converted into ice. At 9 P. M., the barometer still falling and the gale increasing, we reduced sail to close-reefed fore and main-topsails, reefed foresail and trysails, under which we passed numerous icebergs, some to windward, and some to leeward of us. At $10^{h.}$ $30^{m.}$, we found ourselves thickly beset with them, and had many narrow escapes; the excitement became intense; it required a constant change of helm to avoid those close aboard; and we were compelled to press the ship with canvass in order to escape them, by keeping her to windward. We thus passed close along their weather sides, and distinctly heard the roar of the surf dashing against them. We had, from time to time, glimpses of their obscure outline, appearing as though immediately above us. After many escapes, I found the ship so covered with ice, and the watch so powerless in managing her, that a little after midnight, on the 29th, I had all hands called. Scarcely had they been reported on deck, when it was

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made known to me that the gunner, Mr. Williamson, had fallen, broken his ribs, and otherwise injured himself, on the icy deck.

"The gale at this moment was awful. We found we were passing large masses of drift-ice, and ice-islands became more numerous. At a little after one o'clock it was terrific, and the sea was now so heavy, that I was obliged to reduce sail still further; the fore and main-topsails were clewed up, the former was furled; but the latter being a new sail, much difficulty was found in securing it.

"A seaman, by the name of Brooks, in endeavouring to execute the order to furl, got on the lee yard-arm, and the sail, having blown over the yard, prevented his return. Not being aware of his position until it was reported to me from the forecastle, he remained there some time. On my seeing him he appeared stiff, and clinging to the yard and lift. Spilling-lines were at once rove, and an officer with several men sent aloft to rescue him, which they succeeded in doing by passing a bowline around his body, and dragging him into the top. He was almost frozen to death. Several of the best men were completely exhausted with cold, fatigue, and excitement, and were sent below. This added to our anxieties, and but little hope remained to me of escaping. I felt that neither prudence nor foresight could avail in protecting the ship and crew. All that could be done was to be prepared for any emergency, by keeping every one at his station.

"We were swiftly dashing on, for I felt it necessary to keep the ship under rapid way through the water, to enable her to steer and work quickly. Suddenly many voices cried out, 'Ice ahead!' then, 'On the weather bow!' and again, 'On the lee bow and abeam!' All hope of escape seemed in a moment to vanish; return we could not, as large ice-islands had just been passed to leeward: so we dashed on, expecting every moment the crash. The ship in an instant, from having her lee guns under water, rose upright; and so close were we passing to leeward of one of these huge islands, that our trysails were almost thrown aback by the eddy wind. The helm was put up to pay the ship off, but the proximity of those under our lee bade me keep my course. All was now still except the distant roar of the wild storm, that was raging behind, before, and above us; the sea was in great agitation, and both officers and men were in the highest degree excited. The ship continued her way, and as we proceeded, a glimmering of hope arose, for we accidentally had hit upon a clear passage between two large ice-islands, which in fine weather we should not dare to have ventured through. The suspense endured while making our way between them was in-

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tense, but of short duration; and my spirits rose as I heard the whistling of the gale grow louder and louder before us, as we emerged from the passage. We had escaped an awful death, and were again tempest-tossed." — Vol. II., pp. 313 – 315.

Several similar scenes were passed through during this perilous navigation. On the 21st of February, Captain Wilkes decided to return to the northward, having traversed the sea along the icy barrier from the longitude of 158° to that of 94°, between the parallels of 62° and 67°, a distance of more than fifteen hundred miles. The land, the discovery of which has conferred a signal honor upon the expedition, was rendered wholly inapproachable by the icy barrier bounding its shores. It is laid down upon the map accompanying the "Narrative," as seen on twelve occasions, between the above-mentioned limits, at short intervals of space apart. Although it was not actually seen as a continuous line of shore, Captain Wilkes, for reasons which seem to us to be good and fairly stated, gives it the name of a continent. Future researches may either confirm or disprove the appropriateness of the title, but cannot materially affect the importance or extent of the discovery to the westward of 150° East. To the eastward of this meridian, the existence of land and its limits are rendered uncertain by the statements of Captain Wilkes himself. In his "Synopsis," read before the National Institute two and a half years after the Antarctic cruise was made, he claims "the discovery of land as far east as 160° longitude" (p. 21); and he says again, "The discoveries by the Exploring Expedition are the *Antarctic Continent*, from 160° East" (p. 49). But the "Chart of the Antarctic Continent" lays down "Ringgold's Knoll," the easternmost spot, in about 158½° East longitude, a discrepancy of between thirty and forty miles, which we are unable to reconcile with the idea of a determinate discovery. We learn also from the "Narrative," as well as from other equally authentic sources, that the discovery of land is not recorded in the log-books of the vessels and journals of the officers until about the 28th of January, though it is dated, upon other authority, on the 16th of that month. Captain Wilkes accounts for this unusual omission of the most important fact of the cruise in *every* record of its incidents by saying, that the discovery was not anticipated, and by asking, "Who was there, prior to 1840, either in this country or in

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Europe, that had the least idea that any large body of land existed to the south of New Holland ?" But in his instructions to Lieutenant Pinkney, he directs him "to note all appearances of land," and in the "Synopsis," we are informed by himself, that he traced on his original chart the *supposed* position of the "Bellany (Balleny ?) islands," or land. It would appear, then, that he was not altogether unaware of the probable existence of land to the southward of New Holland, on the borders of the Antarctic. The discoveries of Biscoe and Balleny had revived the expectation, once laid aside, that a large tract of land might still be found to exist near and within the polar circle.* Moreover, it is a fact quite as notorious as any connected with the early history of this expedition, that the discovery of land in the southern circumpolar sea was one of the principal objects that the explorers were expected to accomplish ; and that this object was not forgotten is apparent from the reports of Captains Hudson and Ringgold, in which the slightest appearance of land, or sign of its neighbourhood, is carefully noted, and minutely described, showing that these commanders, at least, were anxiously and watchfully expecting a discovery.

It would be useless to attempt to discuss the relative merits of the American, French, and English discoveries, or to decide the disputes to which they have given rise, until the journal of Captain Ross is published. Something has been said of this latter commander sounding over a part of the land laid down on Captain Wilkes's chart. It does not appear, from any statement hitherto made, that Captain Ross was at any time to the westward of 165° East longitude, south of 65 degrees. If it should be proved hereafter, that there is no excuse or pretext for this assertion, which has been circulated in the English newspapers, it will be incumbent on him to make an apology for suffering his name to be used for such a dishonorable purpose as the dissemination of a false report, injurious to the honor of a foreign officer, and to the character of his nation. We leave here the subject of the land for the present, merely adding an expression of our regret, that the inconsistencies of Captain Wilkes should have promoted and justified, both at home and

* *Journal Roy. Geo. Soc.*, 1833, p. 112, and ibid. 1839, p. 527.

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abroad,* such discussions and doubts respecting the date and extent of this discovery, as involve, though we trust they will not in the end impair, the national honor.

We left the Porpoise and the Flying-Fish still struggling with the dangers of this inhospitable climate. Captain Ringgold, in the former vessel, fell in with the French squadron under Captain D'Urville on the 30th of January. We give his own account of the meeting.

"At $4^{h.}$ $50^{m.}$, being within a mile and a half, the strangers showed French colors: the leeward and sternmost displayed a broad pennant; concluded now that they must be the French discovery ships under Captain D'Urville, on a similar service with ourselves; desirous of speaking and exchanging the usual and customary compliments incidental to naval life, I closed with the strangers, desiring to pass within hail under the flag-ship's stern. While gaining fast, and being within musket-shot, my intentions too evident to excite a doubt, so far from any reciprocity being evinced, I saw with surprise sail making by boarding the main tack on board the flag-ship. Without a moment's delay, I hauled down my colors and bore up on my course before the wind." — Vol. II., pp. 344.

It will be recollected that the unfortunate Captain D'Urville perished miserably, with his wife and child, at the burning of the railroad cars in France, about two years after his return from this expedition, in which he conferred upon his country the honor of participating in the recent Antarctic discoveries.

Captain Ringgold was enabled to carry out his instructions fully by sailing along the icy barrier as far as 100° of East longitude, or about 1,400 miles. He then retraced his steps to the 126th degree of longitude, or about 600 miles, with the hope of still finding an opening where he could penetrate nearer to the land. On the 24th of February, he turned his course to the northward, for his appointed place of rendezvous, the Bay of Islands.

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* *Bulletin de la Soc. Geo.*, Vol. XIX., p. 48. This is one of the foreign journals of authority which have discussed this subject with an apparent desire to be just and temperate.

The discoveries of Captain Wilkes, added to that of Palmer's Land, by Captain N. B. Palmer, in the sloop Hero, in 1820-21, revisited by him the following season in the James Monroe, entitle this country to rank as the principal contributor to geographical knowledge in this distant quarter of the globe.

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The adventurous course of the little Flying-Fish is still to be followed. She reached the icy barrier on the 21st of January. The next day, a large mass fell from an iceberg so near, that the swell produced by the immersion caused the schooner to roll the water in upon her decks. This vessel, utterly unfitted for the service she was on, soon began to leak so badly, that Lieutenant Pinkney, her commander, whose conduct during this cruise was characterized by a humanity even more attractive than his courage and perseverance, admitted the crew to the cabin, where they not only slept, but cooked, and ate their meals. The pumps, constantly at work, barely sufficed to keep the water below the cabin deck; if the men stopped but a short time to rest, the apartment was flooded. Out of a crew of eleven men, only four remained on duty, and two of these could not be trusted with the helm. From the 29th of January to the 5th of February, it blew a gale of wind, with but little cessation. The crew and officers, sick and exhausted with watching and labor, after many vain attempts, found it impossible to reduce sail. The vessel, strained at every seam, laboring alarmingly in a sea that had risen to an extraordinary height, and occasionally driven, by the excess of sail, with unmanageable speed, through drift ice, and among icebergs dimly seen in the thick snow-storm, appears to have been saved from the fate of her companion, the Sea-Gull, only by the special favor of Providence. On the 5th of February, Lieutenant Pinkney, by the advice of his officers, determined to give up the further prosecution of a hopeless voyage, and steered for the Bay of Islands.

Captain Wilkes speaks in enthusiastic terms of the kind reception extended to the officers, on their return from this Antarctic cruise, by the inhabitants of Sydney; and here and everywhere it will be the duty of Americans to acknowledge and reciprocate their civilities. We refer to them with pleasure as adding to the many ties that bind the two nations together, and as a proof of the Englishman's hospitality at home.

The Vincennes joined the Porpoise and Flying-Fish at the Bay of Islands on the 30th of March, leaving the Peacock in Sydney to complete her repairs. The writer of the "Narrative" displays his usual taste for accumulation by making some laborious compilations concerning New Zealand.

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Some of the scientific gentlemen arrived in time to witness the conclusion of the English treaty, by which the chiefs ceded their lands and authority to Queen Victoria, Captain Hobson representing the government of Great Britain. According to Captain Wilkes, this transaction seems to have been any thing but honorable, and the New Zealand Company manifested great cupidity and injustice.

We leave this part of the narrative to accompany the Explorers to Tonga, one of the Friendly islands, where the whole squadron met again on the 1st of May. Here they were struck with the superiority of the natives over the New Zealanders, with their cheerfulness, the number and healthy state of the children, and the beauty and correct deportment of the women. Captain Wilkes found the Christians and "Devil's men" about to make war with each other, and offered his mediation, which was gladly accepted. This led to the convention of a council, the description of which, and of the two kings, Josiah and George, is very interesting. The commander was unsuccessful in his efforts to preserve peace, which he attributes to the intolerance of the missionaries, who were "evidently more inclined to have the war continue, than desirous that it should be put a stop to; *viewing it, in fact, as a means of propagating the gospel.*" The "Narrative" speaks well of the prosperity of this mission. A printing-press has been in operation since 1832; "great numbers of both sexes read and write, and a few had been taught the rules of arithmetic, and the principles of geography." But some instances of narrow-mindedness and religious intolerance are related, which, if not exaggerated, certainly dishonor the sacred cause of the preachers, and the name of the Master who sent them.*

The population of the Friendly islands is about 18,500, of whom 4,500 are converts, and 2,500 members of the church.

We now approach the Viti, or Feejee, islands, to which the squadron devoted much more time and labor than to any other of the Polynesian groups; more than three months, counting from May to the middle of August, 1840, having been occupied with the survey of the several clusters combined under this name. It is a very important and interest-

* This is a Wesleyan mission.

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ing part of the cruise, not only on account of the work done, but for the events that occurred there. Captain Wilkes has well improved the means afforded by his long stay at these islands, for becoming acquainted with the character, habits, and social condition of the people. Our hasty and brief notice cannot do justice to his full and very entertaining narrative ; but we will endeavour to present a slight sketch of this group, and of the most prominent events that occurred during the stay of the squadron.

The Viti, or Feejee, group, situated between the latitudes of 15½° and 19½° South, and the longitudes of 177° East and 178° West, comprises, besides numerous reefs and shoals, one hundred and fifty islands, sixty-five of which are inhabited. The inhabitants number about one hundred and thirty thousand. They are distinguished above all the Polynesian tribes, excepting, perhaps, the inhabitants of Byron's and Drummond's islands, for treachery and cruelty. They are described as generally above the middle height, the chiefs being tall and well made, but the lower classes exhibiting the meagreness of frame and meanness of appearance belonging to a state of slavish vassalage among a rude people. The common complexion is a shade between the black and the copper-colored ; but both extremes are to be seen. The hair and beard of a Feejee chief are carefully preserved, and when dressed constitute his greatest pride. The office of barber is one of dignity ; his hands are tabooed from all other employments, and he is not even allowed to feed himself. The household of a great chief comprises several of these important personages. The hair is frizzled and made to stand erect, extending several inches from the head ; a piece of tapa, as fine as tissue-paper, is then wound round it, as a protection from dust. When to this is added the tapa round the loins, the ordinary dress of the men is complete. Instead of the tapa, the women wear round the waist a band made from the bark of a tree, the fibres of the lower part being separated. Contrary to the customs of the other islands, tattooing is confined to the females, who regard it as a passport to the other world. They also adorn their persons with flowers. Both sexes disfigure their bodies with black and red pigments, anoint themselves with the offensive cocoa-nut oil, and bore the lobes of the ears, distending the loose flesh by inserting rolls of tapa, pieces of wood, or

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shells, into the holes. The chiefs wear around the neck a shell, or a necklace made of beads, whale's teeth, or the human teeth taken from the victims of their cannibal feasts. They spend much time in ornamenting their persons, and "will sit for hours with a small sixpenny looking-glass, admiring themselves with great delight."

The Feejeans are divided into a number of tribes; and in each tribe there are five distinct orders of society, — kings, chiefs, warriors, landholders, and slaves, the last being in a most abject condition. War is the most honorable occupation, and is declared in a formal manner by a herald whose office is held sacred. He is received with great ceremony by the adverse party, to whom he says, on taking leave, "Good bye, it is war"; the usual reply is, "It is well, return home." Then the hostilities commence, and are conducted with all the treachery and cruelty of savage warfare. The successful party brings home the victims who are to supply the sacrifices to the gods, and furnish the cannibal feasts.

Captain Wilkes insists, that "the eating of human flesh is not confined to the cases of sacrifice, but is practised from habit and taste"; and he supports this opinion by some disgusting details, which we will spare the reader. We have no intention of calling in question his statements concerning all that passed under his own observation; but we do not perceive that he cites any authentic case, where the subjects might not be regarded as enemies captured or slain in battle, or as religious sacrifices. To dwell upon the religious opinions of these people would be merely to repeat what is well known. There is a belief, common to all savages, in good and evil spirits; the power of each, and the manner and extent to which the latter are propitiated, depend upon the native character. As the Feejeans are remarkably fierce and cruel, their religious ceremonies are attended with practices even exceeding in horror those of which we have such a thrilling picture in the history of the native Mexicans.

The idea, that, after death, they will retain the condition of body and health enjoyed at the time of their decease, leads to the customs of killing aged people, and of self-immolation to escape from decrepitude and disease. Parents, when they are advanced in years, notify their children that the period has arrived when they ought to die. A feast is prepar-

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ed, the friends bringing presents, and the ceremonies of mourning customary at a funeral are performed. The victim selects the spot for the grave, and the mode of his death, which is generally strangling or burying alive. A parting kiss from all the friends is the signal for placing him in the grave, which, after being covered with sticks and earth, is trodden down. The son visits the spot at night, and lays upon it a piece of ava-root, called the "vei-tala," or farewell. Notwithstanding all this, Mr. Hunt, the missionary, assured Captain Wilkes, that the Feejeans were dutiful and kind to their parents, and that this custom was regarded as so great a proof of affection, that the children alone were permitted to perform it. A voluntary death is preferred to the prospect of a life afflicted with disease. Persons accidentally maimed, and deformed children, are generally destroyed. Messrs. Hunt and Lythe, missionaries, said they had known only one instance of a natural death during their residence on the island. The death of a chief is celebrated by the sacrifice of his wives, his slaves, and even his children. "At the funeral of the late king, Ulivou, which was witnessed by Mr. Cargill, his five wives and a daughter were strangled." The rites attending the death and burial of a great chief are related by Captain Wilkes in minute detail. Here, as at most of the islands, the infliction of some lasting injury upon the person, the loss of a joint for example, records the permanent grief of the individual.

The traits and customs to which we have hastily alluded are illustrated in the "Narrative" by anecdotes and circumstantial relations of the deepest interest. Our principal purpose is to excite the curiosity of the reader, by giving an outline of this novel form of savage life, and to direct his attention to the book itself, where it is portrayed in full proportions and striking colors. Without stopping, then, to dwell upon the domestic life of the Feejeans, and even passing without notice the redoubted Paddy Connel, an Irish resident of Ovolau, with whose vagabond history and prolific ambition Captain Wilkes regales the reader, though of the former he tells us, that "he did not believe a word of it" himself, we will pass to the two most important events that transpired during the stay of the squadron in this savage region.

The Peacock had been engaged in the surveys at the southeast point of the island of Vitilevu, near the town of

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Rewa, a place of some importance, and the residence of a king, who had extended to Captain Hudson especial kindness, and with whom he had passed a night.* After remaining there a few days, Captain Hudson received an order to capture the chief Vendovi, who, six years before, had been concerned in the murder of the crew of the American brig Charles Doggett. The mate, Mr. Chitman, and eight or nine of the crew, were treacherously enticed on shore and massacred. The bodies were recovered, and committed to the deep, but rising to the surface, they were seized again and devoured by the savages, who complained, says Captain Wilkes, on the authority of Paddy Connel, that they were not very good, especially the negro, "whose flesh tasted strong of tobacco."

When the king, who was Vendovi's brother, accompanied by the queen, the chiefs, and their attendants, came on board to receive the presents intended as a return for their kindness to our officers, they were made prisoners, to the number of seventy or eighty persons, including the king's little daughter, about five or six years of age. Overcome by apprehension, and seeing, after a vain remonstrance, that there was no other chance of release, they selected Ngaraningiou (who, it was afterwards ascertained, had instigated the massacre) and another chief to effect the capture of Vendovi.

Vendovi seems not to have been deficient in the haughty courage which we admire in the savage. Ngaraningiou, on his arrival at Rewa, went to his house, and taking a seat by his side, laid his hand upon the chief's arm, and informed him of the object of his visit. Vendovi immediately consented to accompany him; but his brother said, "not till tomorrow." They passed the evening and night together, and in the morning embarked for the ship. Vendovi was examined before the king, the chiefs, and the officers of the ship; by the latter he was recognized as one of the guides

* A Spartan hospitality appears to prevail at Rewa, and the king with his very obedient wives seemed desirous of practising it to the utmost extent. But it is due to the gallant commander to say, that he encountered this trial with his usual fortitude, — not, however, without being assailed by the most urgent importunities.

"Sed nullis ille movetur
Fletibus, aut voces ullas tractabilis audit."

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who had recently received a reward for his faithful services. He confessed his guilt in causing the murder of a part of the crew of the Charles Doggett, and admitted that he had held the mate by the arms while the natives killed him with their clubs. He was put in irons, the presents were distributed, and the leave-taking came, which we give in the words of the "Narrative."

"All the party were now much affected. Kania, the king, seated himself on the right side of Vendovi, taking hold of his arm, while Navumialu placed himself on the left. Phillips walked up and down in front. All shed tears, and sobbed aloud, while conversing in broken sentences with their brother. The natives shed tears also, and none but Ngaraningiou remained unmoved. The king kissed the prisoner's forehead, touched noses, and turned away. The inferior chiefs approached and kissed his hands, whilst the common people crawled up to him and kissed his feet. One young man, who belonged to the household of Vendovi, was the last to quit him; he wished to remain with his master, but was not permitted. In bidding farewell to the chief, he embraced his knees, kissed his hands and feet, and received a parting blessing from Vendovi, who placed both his manacled hands on his head. The young man then retreated backwards towards the ladder, sighing and sobbing as though his heart would break." — Vol. III., p. 136.

Omitting all comment upon the manner of Vendovi's capture, not, however, without some violation of our sense of duty, we will conclude here his brief and painful history. He was soon transferred to the Vincennes, where he remained a prisoner, under the charge of a sentinel or petty officer, until the return of the ship to New York, two years afterwards. When the squadron left the Feejee islands, Vendovi "manifested his feeling by shedding tears at the last view of his native land." It need scarcely be said, that his health pined under his confinement. Born to the distinctions of a chief, and accustomed to receive the services of his inferiors, his spirits sunk under the indignity of his situation. During the remainder of the cruise, a long period of two years, Captain Wilkes speaks of him but twice, — once to remark the lofty contempt with which he looked upon the filthy and half-starved Indians of Port Discovery, and again when he lost his only friend, Mr. Vanderford, a master's mate, who had resided a long time at the Feejee islands, and

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who was the only person on board with whom he could converse. After this last event, a marked change came over Vendovi, and his disease made rapid strides towards a fatal termination.

On arriving at New York, he was carried at once to the naval hospital. At the sight of this massive building, he is said to have remarked, that it was the place where the Great Spirit waited for him. In a few days he died. His body did not grace the triumph of his captors, but his skull is still numbered among the trophies of the Expedition. It may be thought, that we are making an exaggerated demand upon the sympathies of the reader, in asking his compassion for the sufferings of a Feejee savage, who, in our own language, we call a murderer, a heathen, and a cannibal. Yet Vendovi seems to have been no worse than all his tribe, and certainly was not destitute of the rude virtues of his people. A distinguished historian of the present day has taught us, by several illustrious and striking examples, how unjust it is to charge upon an individual the crimes of his age and country; and this humanity, which he has enforced by instructive lessons, this comprehensive humanity, which makes us charitable in our judgments, and enables us to discern the elements of a common fellowship, though veiled by the terrible cruelties of religious bigotry, or by the ferocious customs of barbarous superstition, is surely a precious part of that wisdom, the gain whereof is better than fine gold.

We approach the second event to which we alluded with grief, and the painful apprehension that we may disturb the sanctity of a hopeless sorrow. We must leave it to Captain Wilkes to announce it in his own words.

"We were putting up our instruments to go on board, when it was reported to me that the three boats were in sight, coming down before the breeze. So unusual an occurrence at once made me suspect that some accident had occurred; and on the first sight I got of them, I found that their colors were half-mast and union down. I need not describe the dread that came over me. We reached the tender only a few moments before them, and when they arrived, I learned that a horrid massacre had but a short hour before taken place, and saw the mutilated and bleeding bodies of Lieutenant Joseph A. Underwood, and my nephew, Midshipman Wilkes Henry." — Vol. III., p. 262.

"One of the victims," adds Capt. Wilkes, "was my own

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near relation, confided to my care by a widowed mother; I had therefore more than the ordinary degree of sorrow, which the loss of promising and eminent officers must cause in the breast of every commander, to oppress me."—Vol. III., p. 265.

The circumstances of this horrid massacre are related by Lieutenant Alden, who had command of the party of boats to which the two victims belonged. Lieutenant Underwood landed on the island of Malolo, with Mr. Alden's consent, to endeavour to purchase some provisions from the natives, and was joined on shore by Midshipman Henry. The inhabitants of this island were known to be particularly treacherous, and, both on this and a previous visit, had given indications of hostility to the boats of our squadron. Mr. Underwood was aware of this, and had already received two warnings at Moala and Moturiki of the danger to be apprehended from trusting too much to the natives, an imprudence to which he appears to have been particularly liable. On this occasion, he had secured a hostage, who was removed by Lieutenant Alden to his own boat. Notwithstanding repeated messages from Mr. Alden to hasten his departure, Mr. Underwood continued on shore, endeavouring to trade with the natives, who were evidently indifferent about making a bargain. The water was too low to permit his own boat to approach near to the shore. While waiting in a state of impatient apprehension, increased by seeing a large number of natives collect about the officers, a canoe came off, and spoke to the hostage, who immediately became uneasy, and attempted to jump overboard. He was prevented from making his escape then, but shortly afterwards, as Mr. Alden was speaking of this attempt to Lieutenant Emmons, who had just joined him, the hostage sprung over the side into the shallow water, and made for the shore. A musket was immediately levelled at him, but Lieutenant Alden, fearing the consequences if he was killed, ordered it to be fired over his head; at the same time, Lieutenant Emmons was directed to pursue and take him, if possible, dead or alive. Upon hearing the report of the musket,

"The old chief, who was standing near, immediately cried out that his son was killed, and ordered the natives to make fight. Upon this, two of them seized upon Clark's rifle, and tried to take it from him. One of these he stabbed in the breast with his sheath-knife; the other Mr. Underwood struck on the head with the butt end of his pistol; upon which, both relinquished

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their hold. Lieutenant Underwood then ordered the men to keep close together, and they endeavoured to make their way to the boat, facing the natives. Lieutenant Underwood also called upon Midshipman Henry to assist in covering the retreat of the men to the boats, to which Mr. Henry replied, that he had just received a blow from the club of a native, and would first have a crack at him. He then pursued the native a few steps, and cut him down with his bowie-knife pistol, and had again reached the water's edge, when he was struck with a short club on the back of the head, just as he fired his pistol and shot a native. The blow stunned him, and he fell with his face in the water, when he was instantly surrounded by the natives who stripped him. The natives now rushed out of the mangrove-bushes in great numbers, some of them endeavoring to get between Lieutenant Underwood and the water, while others crowded upon his party, throwing their short-handled clubs and using their spears. Lieutenant Underwood, having received a spear-wound, fired, and ordered the men to do the same; and after he had fired his second pistol, was knocked down by a blow of a club. Clark at the same time was struck, and had no further recollection." — Vol. III., pp. 269, 270.

Mr. Alden, with his companion, Mr. Emmons, hastened to the scene of conflict, which was pointed out by the noise of firearms and the general confusion.

"When I reached the beach," says Lieutenant Alden, "nothing living was to be seen. About ten paces from the water I found Lieutenant Underwood lying upon his back, partially stripped of his clothing. I raised his head upon my arm, and hope was for a moment flattered on perceiving some signs of life; but, alas! he breathed twice only. Turning aside from the melancholy spectacle, my eye fell on Midshipman Henry, who lay very much in the same situation in which I found Lieutenant Underwood. This was the earliest intimation I had of his being one of the sufferers. I raised him in my arms, and hope again was flattered — I thought I perceived him breathe. A native lay a few paces from him, badly wounded. I ordered him despatched; and with heavy hearts we bore our murdered comrades to the boat, and made sail for the schooner, which we reached in about an hour." — Vol. III., pp. 428, 429.

One of the secluded sand-islands was selected as the place of burial, and the funeral rites were performed with all the care and solemnity which affection could dictate.

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"Only twenty sailors, (all dressed in white,) with myself and officers, landed to pay this last mark of affection and respect to those who had gone through so many toils, and shared so many dangers with us, and of whom we had been so suddenly bereaved. The quiet of the scene, the solemnity of the occasion, and the smallness of the number who assisted, were all calculated to produce an unbroken silence. The bodies were quietly taken up and borne along to the centre of the island, where stood a grove of ficus trees, whose limbs were entwined in all directions by running vines. It was a lonely and suitable spot that had been chosen, in a shade so dense that scarce a ray of the sun could penetrate it.

"The grave was dug deep in the pure white sand, and sufficiently wide for the two corpses. Mr. Agate read the funeral service so calmly, and yet with such feeling, that none who were present will forget the impression of that sad half hour. After the bodies had been closed in, three volleys were fired over the grave. We then used every precaution to erase all marks that might indicate where these unfortunate gentlemen were interred. I felt as if to refrain from marking the spot where they were laid deprived us of one of the consolations that alleviate the loss of a relative and friend, but was relieved when it occurred to me to fix a more enduring mark on that place, by naming the island after my nephew, 'Henry,' and the pretty cluster of which it forms one, 'Underwood Group.'" — Vol. III., pp. 272, 273.

We trust no future hydrographer will venture to remove these touching landmarks.

On the same night that the bodies were consigned to their common grave, preparations were made to punish the murderers. A sufficient force was landed the next day, to destroy the towns of Arro and Squalib, on the island of Malolo. At Arro, where the detachment was commanded by Captain Ringgold, the natives, armed with arrows, clubs, spears, and muskets, made a desperate resistance. The defences of that town evinced no little skill, and it was not until the rockets took effect upon the thatched roofs, that the assailants could force an entrance. A desperate contest took place on the water. Lieutenant Emmons, during the afternoon, in a single boat, with a crew of seven men, attacked five canoes, each having eight warriors. Only one of the canoes escaped, and twenty-five of the warriors were killed. Lieutenant Emmons reached the brig at midnight, with his prizes and prisoners. On the following day, a young native woman, bearing a white

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cock in her arms, an emblem of peace, was seen standing alone on the reef, which was bare at low water. Near her were the different articles belonging to Lieutenant Underwood and Midshipman Henry. The latter were received by Captain Wilkes, but he declined the peace-offering; for he had obtained

"a sufficient knowledge of their manners and customs to know that it was usual for them, when defeated, and at the mercy of their enemies, to beg pardon and sue for mercy, before the whole of the attacking party, in order that all might be witnesses." — Vol. III., p. 279.

Having despatched a messenger from among his prisoners to acquaint the natives with the only terms upon which he could consent to withhold further punishment, — that they were to come, by the time the sun was overhead, to beg pardon and sue for mercy, — he landed the third morning with his whole force, to wait the result.

"The day was perfectly serene, and the island, which, a few hours before, had been one of the loveliest spots in creation, was now entirely laid waste, showing the place of the massacre, the ruined town, and the devastated plantations. The eye wandered over the beautiful expanse of water beyond and around, with the long lines of white, sparkling reefs, until it rested, far in the distance, on the small green spot where we had performed the last rites to our murdered companions. A gentle breeze, which was blowing through the casuarina trees, gave out the moaning sound that is uttered by the pines of our own country, producing a feeling of depression inseparable from the occasion, and bringing vividly to my thoughts the sad impression which this melancholy and dreadful occurrence would bring upon those who were far away.

"Towards four o'clock, the sound of distant wailings was heard, which gradually grew nearer and nearer. At the same time, the natives were seen passing over the hills towards us, giving an effect to the whole scene which will be long borne in my memory. They at length reached the foot of the hill, but would come no farther, until assured that their petition would be received. On receiving this assurance, they wound upward, and in a short time, about forty men appeared, crouching on their hands and knees, and occasionally stopping to utter piteous moans and wailings. When within thirty feet of us, they stopped, and an old man, their leader, in a most piteous manner, begged pardon, supplicating forgiveness, and pledging that they would

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never do the like again to a white man. He said, that they acknowledged themselves conquered, and that the island belonged to us; that they were our slaves, and would do whatever I desired; that they had lost every thing; that the two great chiefs of the island, and all their best warriors, had been killed, all their provisions destroyed, and their houses burned. They acknowledge a loss of fifty-seven killed. During the whole time that the old man was speaking, they all remained bent down with their heads to the ground." — Vol. III., pp. 281, 282.

Captain Wilkes has entered into a long vindication of his conduct on this mournful occasion, to which an effort has been made to attach blame. We have no hesitation in saying, that we regard his conduct with unqualified approbation. We not only justify the punishment he inflicted upon the natives, but we fully appreciate the necessity for his exacting that particular form of submission by which alone they acknowledge themselves conquered. But we are shocked to perceive that Captain Wilkes attempts to fasten upon Lieutenant Alden the whole responsibility of this dreadful event. It is true that the escape of the hostage was the signal for assault; but it is not just to say that Lieutenant Alden was heedless or indifferent about retaining him. His own report shows, that he was most anxious for Lieutenant Underwood's safety, and had sent repeated orders for his return. The escape of the hostage was one of those accidents, the importance of which is magnified by the consequences that followed.

There is an omission in Captain Wilkes's report of this tragedy, at which we are surprised and offended. He has occupied several pages with explanation and self-justification, and has drawn from the event what, we presume, appears to him to be the appropriate moral, — that his own orders as commanding officer should have been strictly obeyed, whether he were absent or present. But he has not pointed out to the reader, as he ought to have done, the fact, that, on this melancholy occasion, the *officers alone* were killed. They covered the retreat of the men, — which was the more necessary, because they were not fully armed, — and died in their defence. This fact, reflecting the highest honor upon their character, ought not to be forgotten. The same cenotaph at Mount Auburn, which records the names and death of Mr. Reid and Mr. Bacon of the Sea-Gull, tells also the mournful story of the massacre at Malolo.

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On the 10th of August, the squadron, having completed the numerous surveys at the Feejee group, by which, as well as by the influence of their visit, they conferred a lasting benefit upon navigation, separated for a brief period, to meet again early in October at Honolulu, the chief port of the Sandwich islands. This was the last place of common rendezvous; before they met again, the loss of the Peacock was still further to diminish their number.

The Sandwich islands are so well known in this country, by the reports and writings of our own missionaries, to whom their present advanced state of civilization and prosperity is almost entirely due, that we need make no apology for neglecting the heavy compilations of Captain Wilkes He gives us, however, a minute relation of the recent difficulties with the French and English commanders; and certainly neither these gentlemen, nor the British commanders generally, nor the Catholic priests, have any cause to congratulate themselves upon the tender mercies of their historian. Captain Wilkes testifies here, as elsewhere, to the eminent usefulness and correct deportment of the missionaries, though discussing freely their systems of instruction. In the seminary at Lahainaluna, he saw "nothing but ill-directed means, and a waste of funds that might have been avoided by proper forecast"; though he imputes the evil in a measure to the Board of Missions at home.

We may remark here, generally, that Captain Wilkes has never neglected to obtain, where it was possible, the statistics of population, including the proportion of births and deaths, at the numerous missionary stations he visited, in the Pacific Ocean. And although often regarding the statements as exaggerated, or not well authenticated, he is compelled to come to the melancholy conclusion, that, from various causes, the aboriginal population has for the most part diminished. We trust, however, that the beneficial influences of the missionaries, by improving the morals and correcting the bad habits of the white residents, as well as of the natives, have been interposed in time to arrest this evil.

The most striking fact mentioned in the narrative of the visit of the squadron to the Sandwich islands is the ascent to the crater of Mauna Loa, in the island of Hawaii, by

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Captain Wilkes and his party. We shall devote a large portion of the space that is left to this excursion, in which the commander of the expedition displays a character suited to his station. He showed himself ardent and unwearied in the pursuit of his object, patient of fatigue and suffering in his own case, yet sympathizing with that of others, generous in sharing the privations of his companions, firm in danger, and faithful to the cause of science, which he was serving. He is frequently eloquent in narration and description. We must pass over the entertaining account of the troubles occasioned by the natives who were to accompany the expedition, to carry the instruments and other necessaries. Nothing but the judgment and good temper of Dr. Judd, who was of the party, and the energy of Lieutenant Budd, could have overcome their selfishness and roguery. The party set out on the 14th of December. The first near view of Mauna Loa was obtained at the volcano of Kilauea.

"Just as we reached the great plain of the volcano," says Captain Wilkes, "we approached the southern limit of the wood, and, on turning its corner, Mauna Loa burst upon us in all its grandeur. The day was extremely fine, the atmosphere pure and clear, except a few flying clouds, and this immense dome rose before us from a plain some twenty miles in breadth. I had not, until then, formed any adequate idea of its magnitude and height. The whole dome appeared of a bronze color, and its uninterrupted smooth outline was relieved against the deep blue of a tropical sky. Masses of clouds were floating around it, throwing their shadows distinctly on its sides, to which they gave occasional relief and variety. There was a bluish haze resting on the plain, that apparently gave it great distance, though this was partially counteracted by the distinctiveness of the dome. I now, for the first time, felt the magnitude of the task I had undertaken." — Vol. iv., p. 122.

The description of Kilauea must be extracted.

"We hurried to the edge of the cavity, in order to get a view of its interior, and as we approached, vapor, issuing from numerous cracks, showed that we were passing over ground beneath which fire was raging. The rushing of the wind past us was as if it were drawn inwards to support the combustion of some mighty conflagration.

"When the edge is reached, the extent of the cavity be-

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comes apparent, and its depth became sensible by comparison with the figures of some of our party who had already descended. The vastness thus made sensible transfixes the mind with astonishment, and every instant the impression of grandeur and magnitude increases. To give an idea of its capacity, the city of New York might be placed within it, and when at its bottom would be hardly noticed, for it is three and a half miles long, two and a half wide, and over a thousand feet deep. A black ledge surrounds it at the depth of six hundred and sixty feet, and thence to the bottom is three hundred and eighty-four feet. The bottom looks, in the daytime, like a heap of smouldering ruins. The descent to the ledge appears to the sight a short and easy task, but it takes an hour to accomplish [it].

. . . . . .

"What is wonderful in the day becomes ten times more so at night. The immense pool of cherry-red liquid lava, in a state of violent ebullition, illuminates the whole expanse, and flows in all directions like water, while the illuminated cloud hangs over it like a vast canopy.

"The bank near us was covered with half-naked natives, two hundred or more in number, all gazing, with affrighted looks and savage wonder, on this surprising phenomenon. Their ancestors would not have dared thus to look upon and into this dreaded abode of the malicious goddess Pele, never having approached it without the greatest fear and awe, and then only to deliver their offering by casting it into the burning pool, to secure a safe transit through her territory.

. . . . . .

"The lake was apparently rising, and wanted but a few feet of overflowing its banks. When I began to reflect upon the position we were in, its insecurity, and the vast and deep fires beneath, with the high basaltic walls encompassing us on all sides, the sulphurous fumes and broad glare, throwing such enormous masses of stone in strong relief by their own fusion, I found it difficult to comprehend how such a reservoir can thus be pent up, and be viewed in such close proximity, without accident or danger. The whole party was perfectly silent, and the countenance of each individual expressed the feeling of awe and wonder which I felt in so great a degree myself, and which the scene was so well calculated to excite."— Vol. IV., pp. 123, 124.

Mr. Waldron and Mr. Drayton descended to the bottom of the crater, a task of great peril and fatigue. On the morning of the 18th, the party set out again on its journey,

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toiling up the painful ascent of the rugged mountain, over broken ground. Every step added to the difficulty ; light loads became heavy, and those of any considerable weight insupportable ; provisions and water threatened to fail, owing to the improvidence of the seamen and the cunning of the natives. The voice grew fainter as the rarefaction increased, and the same cause made the labor of climbing more fatiguing. Many suffered from nausea and headache ; all experienced great soreness about the eyes, and a dryness of the skin ; and the listless indifference produced by sea-sickness began to prevail. Captain Wilkes says his own strength was so much reduced, that it was very painful to hold the sextant. Sunday, the 20th, was a day of rest.

" In the morning Dr. Judd had religious service with the natives, and the day was passed without work. It was a most beautiful day ; the atmosphere was mild, and the sun shone brightly on all below us. We enjoyed a clear and well-defined horizon, the clouds all floating below us in huge white masses, of every variety of form, covering an area of a hundred or more miles ; passing around as they entered the different currents, where some acquired a rotary motion that I had never before observed. The steam-cloud above the volcano was conspicuous, not only from its silvery hue, but by its standing form, like an immense rock, while all around and beneath it were in motion. The vault overhead was of the most cerulean blue, extending to and blending with the greenish tint of the horizon ; while beneath the clouds, the foreground, and distant view of the island was of a dark green. The whole scene reminded me of the icy fields of the Southern ocean ; indeed, the resemblance was so strong, that it seemed only to require the clouds to have angular instead of cumular shapes, to have made the similarity complete. It was perceived, that as masses of clouds met they appeared to rebound, and I seldom saw them intermingle ; they would lie together with their forms somewhat compressed, and their outlines almost as well preserved as when separated and alone. After three o'clock, when the sun was retiring, the clouds advanced up the mountain-side, and finally we became immersed in them. This happened on both days at nearly the same hour."* — Vol. IV., p. 136.

On the 22d, Captain Wilkes reached the summit, having

* These observations of the clouds are very interesting to the meteorologist.

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established two dépôts of provisions; one of them was "known as the Recruiting Station, because all the sick and wounded from the higher stations were sent there as to a hospital." The preceding night the thermometer had stood at 15°, and a heavy snow-storm broke down the tent. When they arived at the top, the tent was pitched within about 60 feet of the edge of the crater. A violent gale scattered the fire, extinguished the candles, and caused the tentto rock and flap "as if it would go to pieces. The wind had a fair sweep over us, and as each blast reached the opposite side of the crater, the sound which preceded its coming was at times awful." A man named Longley, having missed his way, was lost for three days and nights, and, when found, was unable to speak, and quite delirious. Captain Wilkes, undaunted by these trials, persevered in fixing an encampment upon the summit, consisting of eight or ten tents, surrounding the whole space and each tent with a stone wall, high enough to shelter them from the wind. Provisions and all necessary supplies arrived from the ship, and the observations and survey continued without interruption, except from the fearful hurricanes occurring always at night, that threatened to prostrate the encampment, and from the snow-storms and the intense cold. On the 12th of January, Captain Wilkes joined Lieutenant Budd in the survey of the summit, and made the circuit of the crater, though the path was obstructed by fissures of great depth.

"In traversing these fissures we were in great danger, and experienced much difficulty in walking on the recent stream that seemed to have flowed from them, for the snow, which covered the lava, concealed the new and weak places. The idea of being precipitated down a chasm one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet deep was by no means agreeable. Our blood was occasionally stirred by breaking through with one leg or both; and I shall not soon forget my own descent into a vapor or steam bath, which on trial was found to be 169° of temperature, although only a few moments passed before I was out of danger. The lava at the mouth of some of the chasms appeared as though it had been thrown up and plastered on the edges in clots, which seemed of the consistency of tar or melted sealing-wax, of various colors, the most predominant a dark brown. One of these fissures we designated as the Great Steam-crack: it led from the top of the mountain a long distance down its sides, towards the south, and from it vapor was constantly issuing. On

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throwing a piece of lava down it, a sound was produced as if many pieces had been flung into an ordinary chasm, and the reverberation continued so long, as to lead to the belief that the mountain was rent to its very base." — Vol. IV., p 158, 159.

On the 13th, Captain Wilkes broke up his encampment, where he had passed twenty-one days, and become utterly exhausted by his labors and fatigues. "One consolation," adds he, "however, remained: my physical energies had not given way until every part of the objects of my ascent of Mauna Loa had been fully accomplished."

Whilst the rest of the squadron remained at the Sandwich islands, the Porpoise performed a cruise of four months and nine days, eight of which only were spent in port, to the Society and other islands. The results of this cruise will be highly valuable to the navigator. Lieutenant Johnson was left upon Aratica or Carlshoff island, to make the experiment of boring into the coral rock. He did not penetrate beyond twenty-one feet.

Before taking leave of the Sandwich islands, we must mention an occurrence which took place there. Two boats were sent by Captain Wilkes from the island of Maui to the island of Kahoolawe. A gale of wind came on, and the sea rose to a dangerous height. One of the boats was found to be sinking; and the other, in charge of Lieutenant Budd, was too small to receive the whole of the crew of the sinking boat, without endangering her own safety. It was necessary to leave a part of them whilst the rest were landed. Those who were to be left said their boat was drifting to sea, and asked to be taken off. An officer jumped overboard, and swam to the sinking boat, to encourage the men by his example to retain their places. Lieutenant Budd returned from the shore with the utmost haste, and found his companions supporting themselves by the oars, the boat turning over and over as she was struck by the waves; the men and officer were taken on board much exhausted. This officer was Passed Midshipman William May, — the same gentleman, it will be recollected, who jumped overboard in the harbour of Rio, to rescue one of his boat's crew from drowning.

We must hurry over the remainder of the "Narrative." The Vincennes and Porpoise sailed from Oahu to the Northwest coast on the 5th of April, 1841, and arrived off the mouth of Columbia river on the 28th of the same month.

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Finding the sea on the bar too rough for entrance, the vessels sailed up the straits of Juan de Fuca, and on the 1st of May anchored in Port Discovery, and on the 11th, off Fort Nisqually. By the 4th of July, the surveys of Paget sound, Admiralty inlet, Hook's canal, and the islands included, were completed. Several parties were despatched into the interior, and Captain Wilkes himself ascended the Willamette valley, visiting the missions, which he thinks "have but a limited field for spiritual operations." Lieutenant Johnson's excursions were quite rich with adventure.

Captain Ringgold had already carried his work as far as Fraser's river, and Captain Wilkes himself had entered upon the survey of the Canal de Arro, when, on the 27th of July, the news of the wreck of the Peacock was brought to him by Mr. May. We will revert for a moment to the proceedings of that ship after leaving the Sandwich islands.

She sailed from Oahu, with the Flying-Fish in company, on the 2d of December, 1840. On the 20th of January, 1841, Captain Hudson discovered an inhabited island, which he named "Bowditch," in honor of the American mathematician. Having found the true position of the "Gente Hermosas," he bore away for the Samoan group, where he arrived on the 6th of February. At Upolu, he renewed his attempt to capture the noted chief Opotuno, and another chief, Lagi, who had murdered an American. From the friends of the latter chief he received the insulting message, that, "when he could kill a few more white men, he would be given up." The towns of Fusi, Saluafata, and Salelese, over which he ruled, and which had united in his defence, were burnt down. Leaving Upolu, Captain Hudson sailed through Ellice's group, and discovered another island, which was named after himself by Captain Wilkes. On the 3d of April, he was at Drummond's island, where another sad event occurred, in the loss of John Anderson, a seaman of the Peacock. A large party had spent the greater part of the day on shore, though the conduct of the natives sufficiently evinced their hostile spirit. The officers and men were on their guard, but an opportunity was seized, no doubt, when Anderson was separated for a moment from his companions, to carry him off. The well known cruelty of the savages to their prisoners leaves little doubt of his fate. After every effort had been tried in vain to obtain information

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respecting him by peaceable means, a party was landed under Lieutenant Walker, and the town of Utiroa, where he was kidnapped, was burnt, and twelve of the natives killed. These people are the most fierce of the Polynesian tribes, even surpassing the Feejeeans in this respect. Their ghastly wounds show the bloody character of their wars. They alone have a defensive armor, consisting of a cuirass, made from the fibres of the cocoa-nut, woven into a compact mass, — a helmet of the skin of the porcupine-fish, and coverings for the thigh and arm of netted sennet. Their weapons are numerous, but the three-forked spear, barbed with rows of shark's teeth, is the most formidable.

Two white men were taken on board from another island of the Kingsmill group, who had resided there several years, and from them Mr. Hale obtained a full account of the inhabitants. We refer the reader to it for information. The examination of the Kingsmill group being completed, Captain Hudson steered through the Mulgrave islands, which were visited by the United States schooner Dolphin in 1825, to secure the mutineers of the American whale-ship Globe, who had taken refuge there. He then surveyed the Pescadores, and returned to Oahu on the 15th of June. The Flying-Fish had arrived twenty-four hours before. It is with regret that we dismiss this most important cruise of the Peacock and Flying-Fish with such hasty notice. It was highly honorable to Captain Hudson, and the officers and crews of both vessels.

On the 18th of July, the Peacock arrived off the mouth of Columbia river. Trusting to sailing directions furnished him by Captain Wilkes, her commander attempted to enter the river, and, between twelve and one o'clock, the ship struck upon the bar. Every plan was adopted that skilful seamanship could devise, to haul off; but the heave of the sea forced the vessel on, and rendered her unmanageable. The wind increased, and the ebb-tide, meeting the swell of the ocean, produced a dangerous combing sea. The first cutter was stove, and Lieutenant Emmons, who had been sent to sound round the vessel, got back only with great difficulty and hazard. The ship was now lifting and striking heavily, and began to fill rapidly. The rudder braces were carried away, and the rudder, thrashing about violently with every sea, and acting with its keel on the bottom,

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threatened, until it worked itself loose, to pry out the stern frame.

During the afternoon and evening, the crew were employed in sending down from aloft the lighter spars and sails, in placing the anchors to the best advantage, in throwing overboard shot, &c., to lighten the ship, and in working incessantly at the pumps. At two o'clock, on the morning of the 19th, the water had gained so fast as to be over the shot-lockers in the hold. The bulwarks were carried away, and the decks were flooded by the terrible rollers. At seven o'clock, as soon as a boat could be trusted in the water with hope of reaching the shore, Lieutenant Perry was despatched with all the public papers, including the surveys and accounts. The launch and cutters were hoisted out, and successively filled with the sick, the marines, the scientific gentlemen, and the crew ; but no one was permitted to overload the boats with clothes or private property. Captain Hudson, Lieutenant Walker, and about thirty-five men remained on board ; and the now useless masts were cut away. The boats succeeded in making a second trip ; a third was attempted, but the sea had now risen again with the ebb-tide, one of the boats was turned end over end, and lost, though the crew were saved by Lieutenant De Haven, who was fortunately near at the time. Lieutenant Perry's boat was nearly swamped, and one of his men was washed overboard from the bow, and dragged in over the stern.

Captain Hudson, perceiving the dangerous situation of the boats, hoisted the ensign, union up, on the stump of the mizen-mast, as a signal for them to put back. The signal was understood, and they returned to the shore. The overwhelming breakers again did their work of destruction on the poor vessel, and it seemed hardly possible that she would hold together until the change of tide. At five o'clock, however, the boats were able to reach the ship again, when the remaining officers and men were released from peril, Captain Hudson being the last to quit the ship. He was received on shore with three hearty cheers from the assembled crew and officers, — a proper tribute to their gallant commander, to whose skill and self-devotion their own safety was in a great measure due. On this trying occasion, all seemed to have done their duty.

The shipwrecked crew received from the Hudson's Bay

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Company, and the missionaries, the most kind and ready assistance; and it is worth while to mention, that, forty-eight hours after they landed upon the naked coast, the boats were launched, and at work, under Lieutenant Perry, in the survey of the river. The morning after the ship was abandoned, her bowsprit only was visible, and that soon disappeared, carrying with it the last trace of a vessel whose name is conspicuous in the annals of the navy.

We here take our leave of Captain Hudson, who in the various emergencies of this diversified service was exposed to an extraordinary share of danger, and worthily maintained, on all occasions, the honor of the navy and the reputation of the flag. It has been an object with us to do justice to his merits, because we sympathize with the shame and mortification he must have felt at the change made in the character of the squadron after leaving the United States. Mr. Hudson was Mr. Wilkes's senior on the list of lieutenants, but was induced to accept a situation under the orders of his junior, by the pledge of the Department, that the service was to be regarded as purely civil. The naval general order of Mr. Dickinson, dated June 22d, 1838, declared that the expedition was "considered to be divested of all military character." Notwithstanding this declaration, it is understood that Mr. Wilkes, in the course of the cruise, assumed the insignia of a naval captain commanding a squadron. By this violation of the avowed character of the Expedition, Captain Hudson has been subjected to the reproach of having adopted "a measure tending to the establishment of a precedent for unjust invasion of rank, *that most sacred among military principles.*"

The brig Oregon was purchased to supply the loss of the Peacock, and the survey of Columbia river as far as the Cascades, one hundred and twenty miles from its mouth, being completed, Captain Wilkes proceeded in the Porpoise to San Francisco, Upper California, where the Vincennes, under Captain Ringgold, had been since the 14th of August. A party under Lieutenant Emmons traversed the country from Vancouver to San Francisco, coursing the Sacramento from its head waters. The journey was one of great anxiety, their way leading through several tribes of hostile Indians; but it was happily unattended with any serious accident. On the 1st of November, the squadron

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again put to sea, and crossed the Pacific Ocean, touching at Oahu to take in provisions. The Vincennes and Flying-Fish anchored in the roadstead of Manilla on the 13th of January, 1842, and Captain Wilkes expresses his great obligations to the consul, Mr. Moore, and to our countryman, Mr. Henry Sturgis. This acknowledgment is certainly due, if he received from these gentlemen the information which enabled him, in seven or eight days, to learn everything concerning the productions, commerce, and the discovery, occupation, and geological features of the Philippine islands.

From Manilla, the Vincennes and Flying-Fish went to Singapore, passing through the Sooloo sea. In this sea Captain Wilkes remained about twenty days, which qualified him to furnish a chart of the Sooloo archipelago, (marked "By the United States Exploring Expedition,") containing about one thousand islands, banks, and reefs, with sailing directions and advice to traders, — besides an account of the history, state of society, trade, manners, dress, occupations, and *climate* of the Sooloos; the history of the Dyacks, a digressive inroad into the transactions of the East India Company, a glance at the Chinese annals under the Emperor Long-ti-ping, some events in the wars of the Spaniards, a brief notice of the Malay pirates, and a sketch of the island of Balambangan.

The Porpoise and Oregon were already in Singapore. Here the Flying-Fish was sold, and Captain Wilkes expresses with some pathos his regret at parting with this old and faithful servant. On the voyage home, the Vincennes stopped at Cape Town and at St. Helena; by which means we receive information concerning the government of the former colony of the Cape, the onerous taxes, the new system of banking, the wine-trade, the Hottentots and the Caffres, Longwood, and the tomb of Napoleon. Finally, on the 10th of June, the Vincennes arrived at New York, having been absent from the United States three years, nine months, and twenty-three days. The Porpoise and Oregon crossed the South Atlantic to Rio de Janeiro, and anchored in New York a short time after the Vincennes.

We remarked, at the commencement of this article, that no expedition had ever been more completely fitted for the purposes of survey and scientific research than this, and the

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reader will naturally be desirous to know whether the results have corresponded to the means employed in obtaining them. If we except the survey of the coast of the United States, we think it may be safely said, that our government has never made so valuable a contribution to navigation and general knowledge as will be presented by the accumulated labors of the Exploring Expedition. Nearly four hundred new charts (we take our estimate principally from the "Synopsis"), accompanied with sailing directions and tidal and current determinations, all of which we presume to be of great accuracy, will meet the wants of the navigator. In the sailing directions will be included information of the highest value as to anchorages, means of getting supplies, and the character of the people of the Pacific islands. At fifty-seven stations, a series of determinations of magnetic dip and intensity has been carried round the world, and the diurnal variation of the needle has been observed wherever time permitted the erection of a magnetic observatory. Determinations of the absolute variation, both to the eastward and westward of the south magnetic pole, afford the means of ascertaining approximately its position. The experiments on the summit of Mauna Loa may help to elucidate the question of the changes in the magnetic force at different elevations.*

Elements have been supplied for a more exact determination of the form of the earth, by experiments with the pendulum, which has been swung at six stations, one of which was on the summit of Mauna Loa, about thirteen thousand four hundred feet above the level of the sea, and another at its foot. The experiments on the summit of Mauna Loa command particular attention, as the means of discovering the diminution of the attractive force at a certain height above the level of the sea, sufficient to make the observations valuable, independently of the base over which the pendulum was suspended.†

* The report of Professor Forbes, however, as well as the unfavorable character of the ground occupied by Captain Wilkes, discourage the expectation that these experiments will be of any great value.

† We have no wish to detract from the value of Captain Wilkes's experiments; but it would appear, from the series made at Paneo (Hawaii), that only one spot was occupied at each station. It is understood, however, that single experiments are not sufficient to establish the laws in one place, especially when conducted without "due regard to all the minute circumstances by which error in experiments may be avoided."

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Frequent observations upon the temperature at different depths will aid in finding out the direction of submarine currents, and the total depth of the ocean by deductions from the value of thermometrical soundings. Surface currents have never been neglected, and meteorological phenomena have always been carefully registered. The Aurora Australis was seen about twenty-five times by the squadron, whilst in the southern circumpolar sea. This is a fact of great interest; Cook, if we mistake not, mentions its appearance only twice, in February and March, 1773, though on the first occasion it was seen for several nights in succession. Thus the idea of its periodicity, or of the irregular action of the causes by which it is produced, seems to be confirmed.

Of the indefatigable labors of Mr. Rich, the botanist, Mr. Dana, the geologist, and Mr. Couthouy, the conchologist, and the noble rewards that followed them, we shall not attempt to speak here; but we are well assured, that these gentlemen, by their discoveries and observations, and their ability in arranging and discussing them, will confer a lasting benefit upon science, and honor upon their country. One of the most interesting branches of scientific investigation was that of Mr. Hale, the philologist. He was no less fortunate, than he undoubtedly is zealous, in the pursuit of his favorite study; and it is expected that his publication will throw new and valuable light upon a science already indebted to American genius for some of its most important illustrations.

The number of drawings brought home by the Expedition amounts to two thousand sheets, including those in natural history, scenery, costumes, and individual portraits. Large collections in every branch of natural history have been formed, and deposited in the Patent-office at Washington; and a vast museum of the implements, dress, ornaments, manufactures, &c., of the different people visited by the squadron, at the same place, will always afford to the curious inquirer the best means of studying the condition of uncivilized man in the remote quarters of the globe.

In addition to the land on the borders of the Antarctic, four islands not laid down on any chart, and several reefs, have been discovered. One of these islands was inhabited, and the natives had never before been seen by the white

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man. It is to be remembered, also, that the squadron extended its protection to our countrymen on the lawless islands of the Pacific ; and its commander endeavoured always to render this protection permanent and secure by fixed regulations, sanctioned by the native chiefs.

Our sketch has abundantly proved that the service was one of "great exposure, hardship, and privation, calling for the exercise of more than ordinary fortitude and endurance"; and the few last paragraphs show, that the results are creditable to those engaged in it, useful to mankind, and therefore honorable to the nation. The merit of this belongs to Captain Wilkes, as well as to the other officers, and the scientific gentlemen. The former enjoys the reputation of having been active, laborious, and attentive in no ordinary measure ; and the "Narrative" shows, that, as a practical observer, he was fully competent to appreciate facts and industrious in procuring them. He sometimes goes further, and advances some pretensions to the character of a theoretical philosopher. Thus, he seems to cast a doubt upon the universal application of Dr. Wells's theory of dew (Vol. I., p. 37) ; but we believe that this beautiful theory still rests upon as firm and as broad a basis as ever. He also attempts to account for the absence of rain in the northern part of Peru, by saying, that the prevailing winds reach the continent *from the sea* in a great measure free from vapor, or dry, and take up moisture from every thing as they advance to the northward along the shores (Vol. I., p. 248). Now, if he had consulted the writings of his countryman and neighbour, Mr. Espy, he would have found one way of accounting for this peculiarity of climate, which is satisfactory to others, if not to himself, and has at least this advantage over his own, that it is in harmony with the known laws of the atmosphere. Captain Wilkes also thinks, that the opinions of Mr. Darwin, supported with so much learning and eloquence by Mr. Lyell, concerning the formation of the coral lagoons in the Pacific Ocean are "almost absurd." This mode of speaking is offensive and improper, but we must remember that the language only belongs to Captain Wilkes. It may appear hereafter, that the observations of Mr. Dana, of which, perhaps, these remarks are merely a crude and undigested copy, have elicited some facts and arguments respecting the Darwinian theory which will be entitled to respectful consideration.

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The theory of the formation of icebergs is another of the philosophical speculations in which Captain Wilkes has indulged. And it is a safe one, his own views coinciding in a remarkable manner with the opinions long since given to the world by Cook,* Scoresby, and others. Probably, in the volume which is yet to be published, on "Physics," Captain Wilkes will make known some further speculations. We shall look with particular interest to his explanation of the diurnal tide-wave at Tahiti, which, as he tells us, will be a matter of but little difficulty.

We may be expected to say something of the style of this work; but any critical comments upon its literary merit might appear invidious. A variety of styles is apparent, which is owing, probably, to the liberal contribution of friends, and to the free use of the private journals, all of which were placed, by authority, in the hands of the commander of the Expedition. It is not fair to expect from the man of action the graces and eloquence of the scholar; yet neither our own nor foreign navies have been wanting in men who could perform all the duties of the profession, and still write with correctness and good taste. We have already pointed out the carelessness in the use of Spanish words; the Portuguese fare a little better; but in copying botanical names, frequent mistakes are committed.

The injudicious manner in which the volumes have been crammed with matters having no relation to the duties or events of the Expedition is a proper subject of criticism. A work of oppressive dimensions has been constructed, and the real narrative of the cruise, a story of surpassing interest, is crushed under a weight of irrelevant matter, enough to change the native hue of resolution in the most determined reader. We are aware, that one object of the Expedition was to promote the acquisition of knowledge, but not of knowledge acquired from the stores of libraries; and it would be ridiculous to deny, that a large portion of this work was prepared by Captain Wilkes, or his friends, in the closet at home, — that, in short, it is to a certain ex-

* It is but a just tribute to the genius of that great navigator, Captain Cook, to allude to his expectation that land would ultimately be discovered near the south pole, and his "persuasion that this southern land must lie, or extend farthest to the north, opposite to the Southern Atlantic or Indian Ocean."

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tent a compilation. We may instance the histories of Brazil, Chili, Peru, of the British colonies, California, the Philippine islands, &c. This information is as accessible to others, as to the commander or his friends; and its omission would by no means exclude the fruits of personal observation, or remarks upon individuals, manners, or society, which the elegant illustrations make doubly welcome. We confess, that when, not without some experience of that "much study which is a weariness of the flesh," we came to the mention, in the fifth volume, of the history of China under the Emperor Song-ti-ping, not remembering at what period of that ancient empire his Majesty flourished, our strength had wellnigh failed us. It was only when we perceived that the distance was short to the end of the chapter, that we took heart again, and were able to proceed. Captain Wilkes's orders and correspondence also form an undesirable and unnecessary addition to the cumbrous work, — unnecessary, because the execution of them is detailed in the text; and undesirable, because, in their want of grammatical propriety, and in their confused arrangement, they are by no means fair specimens of naval orders.

But Captain Wilkes has exposed himself to a graver charge than any affecting his taste or skill as a writer; it is that of having, in the performance of the duty assigned him by the government, ministered to the gratification of his private feelings of dislike or hostility towards individuals. This is a part of our task which we approach with the greatest pain and reluctance. Not in one, but in many cases, gentlemen of undoubted honor and merit are exposed to obloquy, not in a hasty word, that can be recalled or forgotten, or in an ephemeral production, that expires with the curiosity that summoned it into existence; but in a work of magnitude and importance, containing matter of enduring interest, published in the most magnificent style of the arts, issued under the sanction of Congress, and presented in a formal manner by the authorities of this nation to the governments of the civilized world, in whose libraries it is to afford a lasting monument of American zeal for the diffusion of knowledge among men. We do not speak of the general and indefinite censures; though these (already the subject of comment in foreign journals), as they dishonor

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the navy and the profession, ought rather to have been omitted.* But officers now on duty, and enjoying the respect and confidence of the Department, are charged by name, or in such a manner as to be easily recognized, with ignorance, error, carelessness, want of zeal in the service of the Expedition, disobedience, and, what is worse, with improper conduct in time of danger. Nothing can be further from our wish than to point attention to these detractions, but it is necessary to justify our assertions by the references in the note.†

It would be no justification to prove that these censures were merited. When Captain Wilkes was intrusted with the narrative of the Exploring Expedition, he was not expected to comment with ill-natured construction upon the conduct of the officers; for this would be to punish the venial errors to which young men are liable, with a severity far beyond the power of a court-martial to inflict, — fixing, in the very beginning of their professional career, a lasting stigma upon their characters. It never could have been the object to pervert this duty into a means of oppression and illegal condemnation. What person, having a proper self-respect, would have ventured to sail in the Expedition, with the apprehension that his connection with it might be commemorated only to his perpetual mortification and disgrace? But the truth is, that, in almost every case, we believe the reproach to be as unjust as it is offensive. We believe so upon the authority of persons on whose judgment and temper we rely quite as much as on those of Captain Wilkes; and it is a notable fact, that, in most instances, we discover some occurrence, such as testimony on Captain Wilkes's trial, or a difficulty during the cruise, which, reasoning upon the infirmity of our nature, accounts for this display of

> "The evil spirit
> Of a revengeful heart."

There are two cases, however, to resolve the merits of which we require no other counsellors than truth and a love of justice. In one of these, the fact is mentioned in the

* Introduction, p. 20; Vol. I., p. 133. See also the troubles at Callao, Vol. I., p. 232; the trials at Oahu, Vol. IV., p. 57; and the references to the arrest and trial of Captain Wilkes after his return, *passim*.

† Vol. I., pp. 316, 332, and App. 37; Vol. III., pp. 53, 194, 199; Vol. IV., p. 477; Vol. V., pp. 323, 325.

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"Narrative," that a lieutenant, whose name is given, was arrested for deliberate disobedience of orders; while the equally important fact is suppressed, that this officer was tried for the disobedience, on his return to the United States, and acquitted, — the orders of Captain Wilkes having been improper, and such as ought not to have been obeyed.*

The second case to which we allude is the following. In March, 1839, whilst the brig Porpoise was in Good-Success bay, two boats landed, in one of which were Captain Wilkes and Captain Ringgold. A dangerous surf, the precursor of a gale that raged the next day, began suddenly to break upon the beach. Taking the crew of the other boat to assist his own, Captain Wilkes launched his own boat and went on board, regardless of the request of his companion, Captain Ringgold, that he would wait till the second boat had passed safely through the surf. After three vain attempts, in which his own life, as well as the lives of those with him were in imminent peril, the lieutenant in charge of the second boat (having no extra crew to assist *him*) was compelled to remain upon that inhospitable coast five or six days, the Porpoise having been forced from her anchorage by the gale. †

After a suspension of two months, a court of inquiry was ordered upon the lieutenant's conduct, and the opinion of that court acquitted him of blame, saying only, that he might perhaps have used with advantage one precaution, — which Captain Wilkes, by the way, had not himself adopted. After this judgment was rendered, and in defiance of it, Captain Wilkes issued a general order, in which the lieutenant was reprimanded for "a want of determined perseverance to execute his orders, — procrastination, — and being influenced by the timidity of some of those with him." The lieutenant, after a useless remonstrance, was compelled to leave the squadron. This "general order" is published in the Narrative; ‡ but whilst Captain Wilkes expresses his concurrence in the opinion of the court, — thus leading to the false impression that it justifies the censure, — he does not

* Vol. IV., p. 477.

† On this occasion, Lieutenant Harstene and his boat's crew (volunteers) were nearly drowned in a brave attempt to carry provisions to their starving companions on shore. With great difficulty they were picked up when completely exhausted.

‡ Vol. I., App. 37.

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give its particular finding ; nor are any of the circumstances tending to place the conduct of the lieutenant in its proper light recorded in the text. It would be vain to plead public duty as the motive for this publication ; for public duty would dictate the relation of the whole, instead of a part, of the case, and especially that part only which implies an unjust disgrace upon a meritorious officer. Of this pretext, however, shallow as it is, Captain Wilkes has deprived himself. He has, for reasons best known to himself, omitted to speak of the trial of an officer in Oahu ; and it would be idle to argue, that, if he may exercise his private will to suppress such a fact in one instance, he can do so in others. This last act was the one thing wanting to establish the cruelty and injustice of his conduct. Now, there may be some persons who will regard this wanton contempt for the character and feelings of others, this taste for insult and contumely, as exhibiting a lofty tone of mind, and a fearless independence of opinion ; but for our own part, whether we view it in respect to magnanimity, justice, or humanity, — whether we consider the wrong done to private character, or the injury inflicted upon the naval reputation of the country, — we see in it only a want of wisdom very near akin to that of the fool who maketh a mock at sin.

The reader will be prepared for the conclusion, that Captain Wilkes was deficient in some of the requisite qualities of a good commander. What those qualities are, generally, we need not stop to inquire ; but one of them certainly is the power to secure the respect and win the confidence of inferiors, without which no enterprises of great pith or moment have ever been successfully prosecuted. How far he was endowed with this essential qualification may be learned from the record of the court-martial before which he was arraigned after the expiration of the cruise.*

Raised, " contrary to all law and precedent," to a position entirely above his rank,† and surrounded by young officers

* We make no apology for referring to these trials, Captain Wilkes having mentioned them in the " Narrative " of the Expedition.

† Captain Wilkes was a lieutenant, while in command of the Exploring Expedition. This fact, highly honorable to himself, he endeavours, with singular bad taste, to conceal, by assuming the title of " Esquire " in the list of officers, (an addition, one would think, pertaining to the scientific gentleman, if to any body,) and appearing in the frontispiece in the uniform of

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who were brave, ambitious, generous, and indefatigable, he enjoyed an opportunity of creating personal attachments stronger than the bonds of death; instead of which, he has managed to make quarrels and excite bitter feelings, the recollection of which will continue in the navy with the present generation of young officers.

One defect of Captain Wilkes's character as a commander appears to have been a want of true dignity, a puerile irritability of temper, such as wears out the heart of loyalty by the perpetual droppings of discontent, — *non vi, sed sæpe cadendo*. Another was an ignorance of the spirit of the profession, which is unaccountable. Before the court-martial, he produced, very reluctantly, a secret authority for disregarding the "fantastic claims of rank," as they were termed. And what are the *fantastic* claims of rank? Lieutenant Wilkes regards the claims of Lieutenant Johnson as fantastic. But we imagine that it would enlighten his apprehension of the truth of the sentiment expressed by the naval committee, that "rank is the most sacred among military principles," if this point of honor, which no officer ever voluntarily sacrifices without suffering for it, were assailed in his own person.

It is due, however, to the navy to say, that the selection of Captain Wilkes for this most responsible and distinguished post was not directed by any peculiar fitness he was supposed to possess as a naval commander, but, as we understand it, by his skill as a hydrographer, and his proficiency in the manipulation of magnetic and astronomical instruments, — qualifications very respectable and useful, but not those the country will look to when it shall need the services of its naval captains. Captain Wilkes's occupations have been chiefly out of the strict line of the profession. From a "statement" in the report of the naval committee, before quoted, we find, that, of the first forty lieutenants on the list in February, 1843, including Mr. Wilkes,

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a commander, to which rank he has been promoted since his return. In order, however, more perfectly to exemplify the story of the lawyer and the countryman, when he has occasion to introduce the name of another officer, then a lieutenant in command, like himself, he gives him the style of Lieutenant Commandant, although this gentleman is now above Captain Wilkes on the list of commanders. We have been scrupulous to preserve the title of Captain, adopted by Mr. Wilkes throughout the book.

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thirty-eight had seen more sea-service than himself; and, knowing this, it is less a matter of surprise, that he has shown himself so ignorant of the genius of the naval service, and so incompetent to administer its discipline. But it is a question, whether this instance of the violation of "all law and precedent" in naval appointments has not resulted well, by working ill. The example, if frequently repeated, would inevitably lead to the subversion of all discipline, by excluding from their proper positions those officers at the head of the register, whose achievements, together with those of their predecessors, constitute, after all, the real fame and true honor of the navy.

The "Narrative of the Exploring Expedition," in its mechanical finish, surpasses, probably, any large work ever published in the United States. It is filled with steel engravings and wood-cuts, executed in the most perfect style of the art and doing great honor to the artists, while they illustrate beautifully and appropriately the course of the story. An atlas, very useful to the studious reader, accompanies the five volumes. Two editions have been published; one, a quarto, where a "rivulet of text meanders through a meadow of margin," is intended for presentation to foreign governments; the other, a large octavo, containing the same engravings, is entered for a copyright by Captain Wilkes.* Seeing, however, that he has been munificently rewarded by his country, he ought not to receive the profits of this edition. The journals of the cruise belong either to the government, or to the officers by whom they were kept; and in neither case, it seems to us, can the commander claim their exclusive use for his private gain.

We have been compelled to omit all notice of the concluding chapter on Currents, which may become a subject of investigation hereafter, if we should notice the volume on Physics. We here close our present labors, saying, merely, that it has been our principal aim to do justice to the great interest of the "Narrative," and at the same time, with a strict regard to truth, and a just consideration of the claims of American science and the honor of the navy, to point out the errors and mistakes of the writer, in order that the dis-

* A cheaper edition is also announced.

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credit, if any is thought to be deserved, should attach where it properly belongs, and not to our common country.

ART. IV. — *Life of the Hon. Jeremiah Smith, LL. D., Member of Congress during Washington's Administration, Judge of the United States Circuit Court, Chief Justice of New Hampshire, etc.* By JOHN H. MORISON. Boston: Little & Brown. 1845. 12mo. pp. 516.

IN August, 1838, Dr. Benjamin Abbot completed the fiftieth year of his services as principal instructer in Phillips Exeter Academy. A large number of his former pupils, many of whom had attained the highest honors in professional and public life, assembled once more within the walls of the Academy to pay a fitting tribute of gratitude and respect to their venerated teacher at this golden period of his life. The Abbot Festival, as it was called, was a remarkable meeting, wholly unprecedented in character, and as honorable to the feelings of those who engaged in it with great interest and zeal, as to him whose protracted and highly useful labors in the cause of moral and intellectual culture were there brought to a close. Other instructers had remained as long at the desk; but we have heard of no one who has been so fortunate in the honor reflected upon him through the high distinctions subsequently acquired by his pupils, or in the pleasant and vivid recollection which every scholar entertained of his kind affections, bland and courteous manners, earnest moral and religious counsels, firm and judicious discipline, and accurate and scholarlike instruction. Not merely his immediate pupils, but all his countrymen, owe a debt of gratitude to the man who has in this way left the stamp of his own excellent character on the minds of so many who were afterwards to exert a leading influence on the destinies of a whole people.

Mr. Webster presided at the dinner which was given on the occasion, and led the way in the hearty and eloquent expression of the sentiments entertained by the whole assem-

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bly towards his and their old "master." Members of all the professions, judges and distinguished scholars, ambassadors and members of Congress, followed, each with a tribute of admiration and respect for his former teacher, or with some pleasant reminiscence of his schoolboy days. One white-headed man rose and claimed a distinction, "which," he said, "could belong to no other man living. You were his scholars, I, his teacher. It was little that I had to impart; but that little was most cheerfully given. I well remember the promise he then gave; and Providence has been kind in placing him in just that position where his life could be most usefully and honorable spent." This former instructer of one who had been the teacher of others for half a century was the Hon. Jeremiah Smith, a member of Congress from 1791 to 1797, and afterwards chief justice, and subsequently governor, of New Hampshire. In early life, he had been an assistant instructer at the academy in Andover, Massachusetts; and among *his* pupils he could mention two presidents of Harvard College, Dr. Kirkland and Mr. Quincy, besides the venerated principal of Phillips Exeter Academy. Dr. Abbot still lives in a serene old age, rejoicing in troops of friends and in the retrospect of a long life faithfully and successfully devoted to the best interests of mankind. Judge Smith died in September, 1842, at the ripe age of eighty-two. A very interesting biography of him, by his relative, Mr. Morison, is now before us. Before giving any account of its contents, we would speak of the Judge as he appeared during the last twelve or fifteen years of his life.

He resided in Exeter, which was his home for more than forty years. The period of active exertion was over, as he had retired from the bar in 1820, having acquired a competent fortune entirely by his own exertions, and being disposed to give the remainder of his days to literary and domestic enjoyments. His wealth might have been much increased, for his practice was large and lucrative, and no failure either of mind or body had admonished him to retire. But his desires were moderate, and having enough for his own wants and to satisfy the reasonable demands of his family, neither ostentation nor the mere thirst of gain could prompt him to seek for more. Indolence was not the cause of his retirement; for his mind craved incessant occupation,

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and the day always seemed to him too short for its allotted employments. His faculties were all vigorous and unimpaired, and he suffered them not to rust from disuse. Listlessness never crept over him for a moment, and his engagements were such as to produce no weariness either of the flesh or the spirit. The minor duties entailed upon him by his position as a trustee and the treasurer of the Academy, and as president of the town bank, were performed with as much care and method, as much energy and foresight, as he had shown while occupying far more responsible and important posts in the councils of the State and the nation. When an emergency called for unusual exertion, he was found ready and undismayed, prompt to conceive and strong to execute whatever the occasion required. His eye was not dimmed, and the frosts of nearly eighty winters had not stiffened his limbs, nor rendered sluggish the currents of thought and emotion. When the exigency had passed, he returned contented and refreshed to the sphere of his ordinary and more quiet occupations.

The larger part of the day was spent in his library, an admirably furnished room, containing all the appliances of comfort, but none of show, and about four thousand volumes of well selected books. These were his joy and pride; in them he found solace and entertainment, tools, nutriment, and instruction. His literary taste was keen and discriminating, so that he enjoyed the masterpieces of human genius with full relish and nice discernment of their finer qualities; but it was also catholic and pliant, enabling him to derive some amusement and profit from the productions of a lower class of minds. If a book was good for nothing else, it was good to laugh at or to refute; it served, at any rate, to keep in activity a mind which needed but little foreign stimulus in order to move its faculties and to remain bright from use. Judge Smith was not a mere literary glutton, devouring books in the mass till rendered heavy and inert by repletion. When pleased or excited by a new work, he was uneasy till he could talk about it or write upon it, — till he could impart to others some of its contents, accompanied by his own shrewd and witty criticisms and reflections. Especially if it referred to scenes or persons with whom he had once been familiar, and thus opened the fountains of memory, it made him eager to communicate his reminiscences,

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and to comment again on the story of olden times. The appearance of Mr. Sparks's admirable editions of the works of Washington and of Franklin excited him to commence writing and lecturing to lyceums after he had passed his seventy-fifth year. He had known the former of these great men personally, and the characters of both were such as he delighted to contemplate and to hold up to the admiration of others. So much of his happiness depended upon reading, that we are not surprised to hear of his observing in a letter, in his quaint way, "I hope they have plenty of good books in the other world." He read over again with fresh interest the works which he had read in his youth, and kept up with the current literature of the day, pleased with its freshness, and tolerant of its innovations on the style of former days.

The cheerful temperament and active intellect of Judge Smith appeared to the greatest advantage in conversation. He talked much, without effort or pretence, but with great liveliness and wit, and skilful adaptation to the tastes of his hearers. He was ready to converse upon all subjects, and with all persons; yet his fluency never became oppressive, and never lapsed into mere senile garrulity. He would engage in a grave discussion of important subjects when the occasion required; but he hated disputation and dogmatism, and seldom failed to divert the current of argument by some stroke of humor or quaint extravagance of remark. Some of his pointed and brilliant sayings are preserved in this volume; but they give only a faint reflection of his wit, and do imperfect justice to the shrewdness, humor, and good sense of his ordinary conversation. His most successful sallies were generally of a kind that do not bear repetition; they were elicited by the occasion, and appear insipid when reported without the attendant circumstances. A dogmatic, sententious, and profound converser, like Dr. Johnson, is the only one to whom a Boswell can be of any service. The playful effusions of a lively and quick-witted talker, like Judge Smith, cannot be bottled up in print; their point and delicacy are sure to evaporate in the process. They sparkle only in the atmosphere which produced them. He had little regard for conversational triumphs, but talked rather for his own amusement and the entertainment of his company, and from the exuberance of his mind and humor.

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A great store of anecdotes and personal reminiscences afforded abundant material, when there was any lack in the common topics of the day. If his object was to advise or instruct, he spoke earnestly and persuasively, and his counsels and teachings were pertinent and judicious. He could be grave and impressive; but this mood was an unusual one, and he willingly relapsed into playfulness. He was a keen observer of men, and often exposed the weakness and foibles of others with quick and pungent satire, sometimes not sparing his neighbours and associates; but there was no malice in his wit, nor any disposition to inflict a serious wound. His merriment was often thoughtless, but never harsh or intentionally unkind, and he would go far to do a kind deed for those whose faults he had just visited with playful severity.

The kindness of his heart, indeed, was evinced in a more active way than by keeping a guard upon his tongue. He was systematically benevolent, quick to sympathize with misfortune or want, and ready to assist others to the full extent of his means, while his manner was such as to free them from any painful sense of obligation. He gave away a considerable portion of his income in charity, and took especial delight in aiding young men whom he found struggling with poverty in the pursuit of an education. He assisted many of this class at the academy and in college, and his words of counsel and encouragement were often of more use to them than the pecuniary gift. Of the minor charities of life, which are frequently a more sure index of a benevolent disposition than special acts of great munificence, he was particularly observant. His time, his advice, his books, his powers of conversation and amusement, were at the service of all who could profit by them, and he submitted patiently to claims upon his attention which were sometimes unreasonable and vexatious. Always tolerant, courteous, and liberal, those who were most indebted to him were never made sensible, by any act of his, of their inferiority or their dependence.

We are dwelling long upon this part of our subject, but in this idea of a vigorous and happy old age, — "frosty but kindly," dispensing sunshine all around by constant cheerfulness, honored and beloved, still adding to the intellectual resources that were gathered in youth and in the vigor

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of manhood, or dispensing this wealth to others, — there is much that is delightful and instructive for our contemplation. "I have the conviction," said Judge Smith, in the language of Sir Egerton Brydges, "that life is yet altogether joyous to me, — perhaps more satisfactory and even more delightful than in the effervescence of youth and strength of mature manhood." We may even question whether he was ever more useful to his fellow-men than in this genial autumn of his days. He had done his part strenuously and well on the arena of life, and had retired to a seat among the spectators. The serenity and happiness of the position he had attained were the fruit of unremitting and conscientious endeavour, of purity of life and heart; and in the position itself there was a solemn monition to virtue; attained by effort and trial, through the usual vicissitudes and disappointments of human existence, it seemed to prefigure the rest beyond the grave.

We turn now to the biography for some account of the earlier and more active portion of Judge Smith's career. Mr. Morison has made a very interesting book, judiciously allowing the subject of the memoir to tell his own story, so far as it could be made out from his correspondence and other papers. The remainder of the work is executed with skill and good taste, the narrative being clear and succinct, and the remarks of the writer always apposite and spirited, without the appearance of effort, or the intrusion of gratuitous commentary. As a whole, it is one of the most agreeable biographies with which we are acquainted in American literature.

The town of Peterborough, New Hampshire, was settled about the middle of the last century by a number of Scotch Presbyterians, who came last from the North of Ireland, where their families had been established for two or three generations. William Smith was one of their number, and the only one who did not speak broad Scotch, as his mother was an Englishwoman. He was a very respectable man, and became a justice of the peace, and a member of the Provincial Congress in 1774. He married Mary Morison, by whom he had ten children, of whom seven were sons. Jeremiah, the fifth of these sons, was born in Peterborough, on the 29th of November, 1759. While very young, he was employed in herding cattle; but he had an

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intense desire for learning, and soon taught himself to write by copying his father's hand, using pieces of birch-bark for paper, and ink made from vegetables. His parents, like most of the inhabitants of the town, were serious and devout persons, of small means, but great industry, and showing something of the Scotch shrewdness and grotesque Irish humor, which marked their double origin. His mother, besides taking care of ten children, worked in the fields during the harvesting, and assisted the family through the rest of the year by spinning and weaving linen. The boys grew up a rough and hardy set, inured from infancy to hard work and low fare, and showing by the strength of their frames how conducive this mode of life was to their bodily health. Several of Judge Smith's brothers attained about as great an age as himself.

Jeremiah showed a great love for reading, and a remarkable memory; and as books in those days were difficult to be had, he studied the few that came within his reach very thoroughly, so that his knowledge of them appeared wonderful for a boy. The Bible was a great resource, and he committed large portions of the Old Testament to memory. This attracted the notice of the neighbouring clergymen, and they advised the father to cause the boy to be educated at college. The kind of instruction that he received shows what were the means of education in country towns less than a century ago.

"He began to study Latin, when about twelve years old, with Rudolphus Greene, an Irishman employed by the town to keep school a quarter of the year in each of the four quarters of the town. While he was hearing a boy recite, he usually held a stick in his hand, on which he cut a notch for every mistake, and, after the recitation was ended, another stick was employed to give a blow for every notch that had been cut. Jeremiah, who seldom had a notch against him, followed him round in his circuit, and is described as a bashful, awkward boy, who might be seen, on his way to and from school, with an open book in his hand, and taking no notice of any thing else. According to his own account, the instructions he received in Latin were wretched enough. When, longing to be enlightened on some dark passage in his lesson, he went to his teacher with his heart as full as if the whole world depended upon it, he often came away with tears of disappointment from the blundering explanations that were given. At the meeting-house, where the school was kept a part

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of the time, the only seats and desks they had were made of rough boards placed on blocks of wood. If such was the meeting-house, what must have been the common school-houses? Bad as the school was, his attendance was often interrupted by the labors that were required upon the farm, and his studies must have been entirely suspended more than three quarters of the time after he commenced Latin till he entered college. He used to boast, that when twelve years old he could reap as much in a day as a man." — pp. 14, 15.

The neighbours expected great things of the boy, and, if all the stories told of him at this period were true, he gave some proofs of genius that were quite remarkable. One old lady in the vicinity, who had augured very well of him, was accustomed to say, after he had actually risen to eminence, "I knew that Jerry Smith would make a great man, always after I found him on my ploomb tree, stealing ploombs; he lukked sae shamed." After some time, he was sent to the town of Hollis, and finished his preparation for college under the care of the Rev. Mr. Emerson. Here he had better means for study, and formed some valuable acquaintances, among whom was Noah Worcester, afterwards the venerated apostle of peace. He had no cause of complaint against his instructer, except for causing the pupils to go without any breakfast on the morning of fast day, while he was seen, through a half-open door, appeasing the demands of his own appetite on drop-cakes and custards. Young Smith partly supported himself at this period by keeping school a portion of the year in a remote corner of his native town. Here he suffered the usual trials of a country schoolmaster, as he was obliged to "board round" from house to house, and the food given was not always enough to allay his hunger. The war which then darkened over the country caused some interruption in his studies, and he gained the honor, as it was afterwards rightly esteemed, of being for a short time a soldier of the Revolution.

"In 1777, Jeremiah Smith was entered at Harvard College, and about the same time enlisted for two months in the army. News had just come of Burgoyne's invasion. One afternoon, a young man, apparently about sixteen, called on Captain Stephen Parker, of New Ipswich, and offered to enlist. The captain inquired who he was, and if his father had given his consent. The lad replied, that his name was Jeremiah Smith; that his father

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lived in Peterborough, and that he had come without his knowledge. Captain Parker knew his father, and, persuading him to remain at his house till morning, he went in the night to Peterborough, to consult the father, who at length consented that his son should be enlisted. He exacted, however, from the captain a promise, that, should his company be ordered into battle, he would not take Jeremiah with him, but despatch him on some duty that would be safe. Just before the battle of Bennington, Captain Parker ordered the lad on some particular duty that appeared to be without danger, but in the midst of the fight saw him by his side. 'Why did you come here?' he said. 'O Sir,' he replied, 'I thought it my duty to follow my captain.' In the battle a musket-ball grazed his throat, leaving a mark which remained for years, and his gun by another bullet was rendered useless. He threw it away, and, seizing another that lay near a dying soldier, who had fallen by his side, he, in the language of his captain, 'fought with it like a young hero,' till the battle ended. In his own account of the matter he claimed no credit for heroism, and said that musket-balls made a sort of music which he had no disposition to hear a second time. He passed the night after the battle in assisting to guard the Hessian prisoners, who were confined in the Bennington meeting-house." —pp. 17, 18.

At Cambridge, he was fortunate enough to reckon among his classmates John Davis, and the late Elijah Paine, and Samuel Dexter. The first of these gentlemen was appointed a judge of one of the United States courts in the same year with himself. Mr. Smith left Cambridge at the close of his second year, and entered at Queen's (now Rutgers') College, New Jersey, the difference in the religious opinions prevalent in the two institutions being probably one of the reasons for making the change. He was enabled, also, to shorten his course, as he received his degree in 1780, one year earlier than he could have obtained it at Harvard. He was a hard student, for a time, while in college; being in the habit of rising at four o'clock in the morning, through the winter, for the purpose of studying Greek. He was wont to say, that a college education in those days was very defective, as some of the graduates could not write a page of good English, and could not even spell correctly what they did write.

After graduating, he remained two years in Peterborough, and in January, 1782, was chosen a delegate from that town

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to the convention in Concord, for preparing a plan of government for the State. But it is not known that he took any active part in the proceedings of that body. Having resolved, at last, to study law, he removed to Barnstable, Massachusetts, and entered the office of Shearjashub Bourne, supporting himself as a private teacher, in the same manner as his classmate, John Davis, had done before him. After a year thus spent, he went to Andover, and became, as we have said, an assistant instructer at the academy in that place. He was wont to boast, and with good reason, of the pupils whom he had under his charge in this institution.

"In 1784, he took the charge of a small school of young ladies in Salem, at the same time reading law under the direction of William Pynchon. This he looked back upon as one of the happiest portions of his life. At Salem, he was brought into a larger circle of refined and educated people than he had before met; and he is still remembered, by some who knew him there, as an amiable, agreeable, intelligent young man, and a great favorite in society. He entered earnestly into plans for the improvement of his pupils, and, much as he admired and always professed to admire personal beauty, he endeavoured earnestly to impress them with a sense of the superior value of that higher and more lasting beauty which belongs to the mind and character. He was greatly pleased with the turn which a young lady gave to some complimentary remarks that he was making to her, and wished that all ladies would make as good a use of flattery. 'I know,' she replied, 'that I do not possess those qualities; but since you have ascribed them to me, I take it for granted that you wish me to have them, and will therefore try to make your words true.' Of that period he might have said, as Lord Eldon said of the corresponding period in his life: 'O, those were happy times, we were always in love then.'" — pp. 23, 24.

In the spring of 1786, Mr. Smith was admitted to the bar in Amherst, New Hampshire. As his course of study had been much interrupted by other pursuits, some of the bar opposed his claim, on the ground that he had not satisfied all the requisitions, though he was admitted to possess a competent knowledge of the law. But he succeeded by making a direct appeal to the court, and afterwards triumphed over his opponents by taking almost immediately a high rank in his profession, and gaining a large share of the practice. He established himself for the next ten years in his native town,

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and his character for ability and intelligence becoming widely known, great confidence was reposed in him for the management both of public and private cases. He was quick and shrewd in the conduct of business, but was too conscientious to trust to his talents alone. He prepared himself for every case with the utmost assiduity, and did not deem that his duty to a client was satisfied, till he had examined every point, and acquired confidence to meet every emergency in the progress of the suit. So much painstaking was a rare merit on the part of one who had ready and facile gifts from nature, and might have presumed on his abilities with less arrogance than many practitioners are accustomed to exhibit. Scrupulous fidelity to all claims upon him was, from the first, a leading trait in his character.

The practice of the New Hampshire courts at this time was loose and irregular; for the judges often had not belonged to the profession, and would trust to their own vague notions of common equity, instead of binding down the case by the rigid principles of the law. In spite of the common prejudice on this score, it may safely be said, that no conduct is so short-sighted as this, or so likely to defeat the great ends of justice. When the rules, established, limited, and perfected by the experience of centuries, are once shut out, passion, caprice, or accident will rule; and uncertainty, the mother of litigation, is sure to propagate and extend the evil. Mr. Smith saw the faults in the administration of justice in his native State at an early period, and labored most zealously to correct them. As a mere practitioner, he could not do much, except by the force of his example; but when afterwards promoted to the bench, he brought the fruits of his reflection and experience to bear upon the subject, and with such success, that what there is of good at present in the management of the New Hampshire courts owes its origin in a great degree to his exertions.

As a member of the legislature for three successive years, beginning in 1788, Mr. Smith sustained the high reputation which he had acquired at the bar. He was made chairman of the committee to revise and arrange the laws of the State, — a work of great labor, as it was necessary to determine which of the statutes passed before the Revolution should continue in force, and which should be abrogated. He performed nearly the whole of this task, which

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occupied him for two or three years. In June, 1790, when the House determined to impeach Judge Langdon, Mr. Smith was chosen one of the managers, though he had voted against the proceeding; yet he performed the duty with his usual care and ability, and his speech on the occasion, written out in full, is preserved among his papers. The judge was acquitted, but soon after resigned his office. In the following year, he was appointed a member of the convention to revise the constitution of New Hampshire, and took a leading part in the deliberations of that body.

"Mr. Smith used to cause a good deal of amusement, by the manner in which he gave an account of his first, and I believe last, military appointment. He and Major Webster, the father of Daniel and Ezekiel Webster, had been delegated by the House in 1790 to go to Kingston, and inform Dr. Josiah Bartlett of his election as governor. They arrived there Saturday evening, went to meeting with the governor on Sunday, and before setting out with him on Monday, found that he had paid their bills at the tavern. Their approach to the capitol was announced by the firing of guns, which so frightened their horses, that Mr. Smith was thrown flat upon his back. It so happened that the Governor's hat and wig fell to the ground at the same instant, and Mr. Smith, with admirable presence of mind, picked them up and gave them back to him. It was supposed that he had leaped from his horse for no other purpose, and on account of the agility he had displayed in horsemanship, he was appointed aid to his Excellency, with the rank of colonel." — pp. 41, 42.

Though he had been active in the politics of his native State, Mr. Smith had as yet paid no special attention to the affairs of the general government, for his ambition at this period was limited in the main to success at the bar. The wishes of his friends, more than his own inclination, had led him thus far into public life; they were unwilling that his remarkable abilities should be lost to the State at a time when the services of her ablest citizens were so much needed. He yielded to their representations, though his letters show that he looked back with longing to a more quiet station, and to the professional life to which he had given his whole heart. But as he went on, retreat became more difficult, and perhaps less desired; and it was at last decided, that he should be removed to a wider sphere of action. He was chosen a member of Congress in December, 1790, and took his seat

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in October of the next year. During the first session or two, he remained very quiet, saying that he was a learner, and that the lead should be taken by more experienced hands. But his fine social qualities soon obtained for him many friends and much influence ; and when his character and abilities became more known, a more active part was allotted to him, and he willingly performed it. He served in three successive Congresses, and was chosen for a fourth time, but resigned soon after the election.

His impressions of the state of society in Philadelphia, at this period, and of the characters of the public men with whom he was brought in contact, were not favorable ; dissipation marked the former, selfishness and corruption were imputed to the latter. In his letters he speaks with strong censure of gambling and other immoral habits, which prevailed in private life, and of faction and a stock-jobbing spirit, which began to show themselves in the national legislature. In one point of view, such accounts are rather consoling to us at the present day ; they show, at any rate, that the aspect of affairs has not deteriorated so much in our generation as some are prone to imagine. There is always hope, an Irishman would say, so long as there is no *progress* backward. The wit and vivacity of Mr. Smith were in much request at convivial meetings ; but he appears to have shunned them as far as possible, and to have found more pleasant and profitable occupation with his books. He was an earnest student, and complained that he was ruining himself by making additions to his library.

His views upon public affairs were not yet fully determined, and on several questions he voted in a way which his riper judgment afterwards strongly condemned. Thus, he opposed the assumption of the State debts, and the appropriations for the increase of the army to guard the frontiers against the Indians ; and at other times, he yielded too much to that miserly and short-sighted spirit, which would lock the doors of the treasury against all demands for the promotion of great public ends, and for the support of a comprehensive and generous public policy. But his dislike of French principles, as they were then displayed in Paris, and of the Jacobinical spirit that they were beginning to excite in this country, and his veneration for the character of Washington, kept him from any further aberrations

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in politics, and he soon came to yield to that great man's administration his hearty and unwavering support. In his eyes, the character of the president towered above all reproach, and the wisdom of the measures deliberately adopted by him was indisputable. During the exciting contest respecting the British treaty of 1794, he took an active part in the debates of the House, and contributed much to the final triumphant vindication of Washington's conduct at that crisis.

The line of separation between the two great parties in the country was now distinctly drawn, and Mr. Smith was ranked among the zealous advocates of Federal principles. The earthquake power of the French Revolution had not only agitated all the kingdoms of Europe, but had sent a long swell across the Atlantic, which communicated the shock to this country, and our newly formed institutions rocked violently under the impulse. One party welcomed the tumult thus caused; the other deplored its violence, and sought to moderate its effects. It was fortunate for us, that the insanity of the rulers of France at this time drove them to such outrageous acts of aggression, that a partial reaction took place here, and great numbers were weaned from their admiration of the conduct and principles of the anarchists. Mr. Smith's letters express in the heartiest terms his detestation of French democracy, and of the manner in which it was aped by a large party in the United States. When the National Convention, under the guidance of Robespierre, went through the impious farce, which they called establishing by a decree the existence of a God, Mr. Smith wrote, "Since they have voted the Deity in again, I own I feel more doubts than usual about the evidences of his religion."

Among the friends whom he acquired while in Congress, the most intimate and best beloved was Fisher Ames. Congeniality of taste and habits, as well as agreement on political subjects, drew the two together, and the interchange of kind services strengthened the tie between them. While Mr. Ames's ill health detained him at home during a part of the session, they kept up an active correspondence; they afterwards journeyed together, and for a time occupied the same room in Philadelphia. The witty and animated conversation of Mr. Smith, and his ready and affectionate ministrations whenever needed, supported the exhausted frame of his

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friend, from whom he received in turn valuable aid and counsel. The following extract refers to Mr. Ames's celebrated speech on the British treaty.

"'My friend Ames, on Thursday, (April 28,) gave us the most eloquent speech I ever heard. The impression was great; probably much increased by the bodily weakness of the speaker. His introduction was beautiful, and his conclusion divine! His words, like the notes of the dying swan, were sweet and melodious. I tell him that he ought to have died in the fifth act; that he never will have an occasion so glorious; having lost this, he will now be obliged to make his exit like other men. If he had taken my advice, he would have outdone Lord Chatham. I am tired of this cursed treaty; it ruins my temper and spirits.'

"In another letter, Mr. Smith says: 'I send you my friend Ames's speech. He was much indisposed, and has been so for a year past, and has taken little active part in business. He spoke without premeditation, and without having intended to speak at all. The effect produced was very great.' 'When Mr. Ames rose to speak,' Mr. Smith used to say, 'he was so feeble as to be hardly able to stand, and supported himself by leaning upon his desk. As from the first faint tones he rose to the impassioned outpourings of high sentiment and patriotic zeal, his physical energies increased, till the powers of his body seemed equal to those of his mind. At the close he sunk down, weak and exhausted; "his mind agitated like the ocean after a storm, and his nerves like the shrouds of a ship torn by the tempest."' The speech, I am told, was written out from memory by Mr. Dexter and Mr. Smith, and to their labors, corrected by Mr. Ames, we are indebted for the copy we now have, greatly inferior, Mr. Smith always said, to the speech that was delivered, but with enough of its original fire and lofty enthusiasm to be still recited and read with feelings produced by no other American speech of the last century, except two or three before the Revolution." — pp. 96 – 98.

We must lay before our readers the account, meagre though it be, of Mr. Smith's personal intercourse with Washington. In a letter to his brother, dated March 17th, 1797, he says:

"'I saw General Washington, as he passed through this town, on his way to Mount Vernon, two days ago, and spent a pleasant hour with him alone. He was undisguised in his sentiments of men and things, and, for the first time in my life, I conversed with perfect freedom with the greatest and best of men.'

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"A few weeks after this, Mr. Smith visited Washington at Mount Vernon. He arrived there late in the afternoon, and received a most cordial welcome from Washington and his lady, the latter, 'at this time,' he said, 'a squab figure, without any pretension to beauty, but a good motherly sort of a woman.' After a cup of excellent tea, &c., the evening passed in conversation. There were present, besides the family, a son of Lafayette, and another French gentleman. While they were talking, a servant came into the room and said to Washington, 'John would like the newspaper, Sir.' He replied, 'You may take it,' but after he had gone out, said, 'He had better mind his work.' He then told Mr. Smith a story of his coachman, a long-tried and faithful man. One very rainy day, he was obliged to order his carriage unexpectedly, to go a long distance on business. After getting into it, he perceived that there was some delay about starting, and putting his head out, he saw that there was a great bustle among his servants, who were trying to mount the coachman on the box, and, with much difficulty, at length succeeded. 'What is the matter?' asked the general. The servants replied, that he was intoxicated; 'whereupon,' said Washington to Mr. Smith, 'I was tempted to say to the man at once, Begone about your business. But the coachman at that moment turned round and said, "Never fear, Massa, I'll drive you safe." And I trusted him,' continued Washington, 'and he never drove better.'

"At about half past nine, Mr. Smith signified his intention of retiring, when Washington also arose, and taking a lamp, led the way to a most comfortable apartment, in which was a fire brightly blazing. He assured his guest, that the fire would be 'perfectly safe,' and intimated that he might 'like to keep his lamp burning through the night.' In the morning, after breakfast, Mr. Smith took leave, though desired to prolong his visit; and a very urgent invitation was given, that he should 'bring his bride to see them.' Horses were brought to the door, and Washington accompanied him some miles on the way. 'He was always,' said Mr. Smith, 'dignified, and one stood a little in awe of him.'" — pp. 118, 119.

The allusion to "his bride," at the close of this extract, carries us back to the story of Mr. Smith's marriage. He had remained a bachelor till he was nearly forty, though perhaps from too great, rather than too little, susceptibility to the attractions of ladies' society. Once or twice he had even been seriously in love; but circumstances prevented the affair from being brought to the conclusion usual in such cases,

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and then he acted like a prudent man, and turned his thoughts to other subjects. We quote a portion of the characteristic letter, written in January, 1795, in which he describes the earlier part of his acquaintance with the lady who afterwards became his wife.

"By the way, we are all hugely pleased with Parson Osgood's Thanksgiving sermon; we extol him to the third heaven, and swear (it is in a good cause, you know) that he was inspired! If the virtuous members of Congress (meaning those of our party) had the power to confer degrees, he would instantly be daubed over with titles. We think he as richly deserves it, as ever King William, in Corporal Trim's opinion, did a crown. It is proposed to print an edition in this city, for the use of our brethren at the southward. We are afraid, if we do not alter the title-page, it will be a sealed book. But, what is very unusual, it has been published entire in a newspaper in this city, and, I believe, read by many people who were never, in the whole course of their lives, in the inside of a church. I am charmed with your picture of a family party at Christmas. It must be the most delightful thing in the world. Tell Mrs. F. that I should have been very happy to have made one of your little society, and that I am confident she enjoyed far more pleasure, surrounded by her children and friends, than Mrs. Dexter, at Mr. Bingham's, Mr. Morris's, or even the President's sumptuous dinner. I was singularly happy on that day myself; dined with a number of my friends at Mr. Wolcott's, (who, by the way, will be secretary of the treasury, in the room of Colonel Hamilton,) and spent the evening in company with a divine woman I have lately become acquainted with, and who is all that woman can or ought to be; but, heigh-ho! she is as good as married. I am glad I was informed of that circumstance, else I should have been over head and ears in love. Informed of my danger, I find it difficult to restrain my ardent affections. I am glad to find that I am not dried up and congealed, but that my heart is as susceptible as ever. I had rather be a man, and feel as such, even if I suffer by it, than be one of your insensible devils." — pp. 68, 69.

This "divine woman" was Miss Eliza Ross, who was then boarding with her sick mother in Philadelphia. She was daughter of Alexander Ross, a Scotchman, who resided in Bladensburg, and her mother belonged to one of the best families in Maryland. As she boarded for a time in the same house with Mr. Smith, he became much attached to her, in spite of the impediment above mentioned, and manifested his love in the usual way by a fit of rhyming. The

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verses he produced are remarkable for being the only poetry which he ever wrote, and remarkable for nothing else. The lady, of course, gave him no encouragement, and the correspondence that had been established between them, as brother and sister, gradually died out. But after more than a year had elapsed, circumstances having freed her from her former engagement, the intercourse between them was renewed, and the affair terminated in their marriage on the 8th of March, 1797. While on his way to Bladensburg, a few days before this happy occasion, he had the misfortune to lose a trunk containing nearly his whole wardrobe, which he never recovered.

"The accident, occurring at such a time, was very severely felt. Among the articles lost was a pearl-colored coat, about which he had had a long correspondence with Miss Ross, who insisted upon it as essential to his wedding dress. He found great difficulty in procuring it, and asked whether, if obliged to appear in a more sombre dress, he might not make up for what was wanting, by simpering all the time during the ceremony. But the lady was too much in earnest to be put off so, and after diligent search the coat was found, to furnish another illustration of the vanity of human wishes." — pp. 117, 118.

Mrs. Smith was a pretty and sensible woman, and, their mutual attachment continuing unabated, she made his home a happy one for thirty years. The only difficulty she found was in the mode of housekeeping at the North, so unlike that to which she had been accustomed in the country of her birth and education, where the peculiar "domestic institutions" affect all the habits of life. Two sons and a daughter were the fruit of this marriage; one of the former was accidentally drowned, when only six years old.

The summer after his marriage, Mr. Smith resigned his seat in Congress, though he had just been elected for another term, and established himself at Exeter, New Hampshire, in the practice of the law. A year before, he had been offered the place of comptroller in the treasury department, which, after mature consideration, he had declined; but he now accepted the office of United States district-attorney for New Hampshire. Two years later, he received a less important appointment as judge of probate for Rockingham county; this office did not require much of his time, but it exercised his thoughts considerably, so that he prepared a

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treatise on probate law, which still exists in manuscript. His professional engagements were now numerous and profitable, and he was gradually acquiring a competent fortune. The claims of his family formed an additional spur to exertion; but in truth, he had always loved labor for its own sake, and from an honorable desire to excel in all his undertakings.

In 1801, an important addition was made to the judiciary system of the United States, and Mr. Smith was appointed one of the new circuit judges. This offer was very acceptable to him, as the situation was an honorable and responsible one, and supposed to be permanent, a respectable salary was attached to it, and the duties were suited to his taste, and well adapted for the exercise of his talents. He was fortunate in his associates, Judges Lowell and Bourne, and the mode of life which now seemed to be marked out for the rest of his career was peculiarly agreeable. According to his biographer, "he used to say, it was the only office he had ever greatly desired, or the loss of which he had greatly regretted." His reasonable anticipations were frustrated by political manœuvres, and the situation in which he had hoped to grow old was continued to him but a single year. The change in the constitution of the courts and the appointment of the new judges were among the latest acts of Mr. Adams's administration. Though it is now generally admitted, that the measure was judicious, and the judges well selected, it was certainly indiscreet to push the matter through at so late a day, to the great exasperation of the opposite party, which was then on the point of coming into power. Mr. Jefferson became president, and one of the first acts of his triumphant friends in the next session of Congress was to repeal the law, to abolish the newly created courts, and to restore "the midnight judges," as they were reproachfully termed, to private stations. The act of repeal was held to be a violation of the Constitution, which guaranties the independence of the judiciary, and the dispossessed judges were disposed to take legal measures to test the validity of the law. Judge Tilghman called a meeting of them at Philadelphia to concert together for this purpose; but the matter ended with presenting an ineffectual memorial to Congress upon the subject. It was fortunate, perhaps, that the opposition went no further; for it could have terminated, at the

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best, only in a contest between the judiciary and the legislature, from which nothing but evil would have ensued.

Judge Smith felt severely the disappointment of his hopes in the loss of this office, though another station, similar in its character, but less desirable, was immediately offered to him. The chief-justiceship of New Hampshire was now vacant, and his preëminent fitness for the post was so generally acknowledged, that all parties desired it should be offered to him. He was accordingly appointed by Governor Gilman; but the salary attached to the office was so insufficient, being but eight hundred and fifty dollars a year, that he refused to serve. The legislature immediately raised the salary to one thousand dollars, and although this pitiful increase was even more indicative of an illiberal and parsimonious spirit than the smallness of the original sum, Judge Smith then determined to accept the appointment. "It is with great reluctance," he wrote to the governor, "that I have formed this determination, and I have a strong presentiment that I shall repent it. I mention this, that I may avoid the imputation of fickleness, in case on trial I should find it my duty to resign it." His acceptance under these circumstances was certainly an act of great disinterestedness, prompted by a high sense of public duty; for even the increased salary was less than a third of the sum which he had earned in one year by his practice at the bar. He kept regular accounts of his expenses, which he found to exceed twelve hundred dollars a year, not including the cost of going the circuit, which amounted to three hundred more. He had as yet accumulated but little property, which, of course, would be rapidly diminished by continuing in office upon these terms.

No one could be expected to submit to such a sacrifice of his private interests for a long period. Accordingly, in June, 1804, after he had been upon the New Hampshire bench but two years, he addressed an able and dignified letter to the two branches of the legislature, intimating that he should be obliged to resign, if his compensation was not increased. He showed that the duties of the office occupied his time both in and out of court, that the vacation had been no season of repose for him, and that the constitution had wisely prohibited a judge from holding any other office. The considerations of public policy, which go to prove the necessity of maintaining the dignity and independence of the

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judiciary, were plainly but forcibly set forth, and the evil consequences of the penurious system were shown by an appeal to the past history of the courts.

"One would think it would be the policy of the public to invite, by holding out suitable encouragement, the most eminent at the bar or in the state, those of the fairest character both for talents and integrity, to a seat on the bench. There were, at a late period, living, ten persons who had resigned, and two who had declined, the office of judge of the Superior Court. Three are lately deceased. Since the Revolution, the judges of the Superior Court, upon an average, have held the office less than five years. Can there be better evidence that the emoluments are not considered as adequate to the duties? While a judge holds the office no more than five years, have we much reason to expect uniformity in decisions? Do we not lose all the benefits flowing from experience?" — p. 162.

This letter had the desired effect, as the legislature immediately passed a bill by a large vote, fixing the salary of the chief-justice at fifteen hundred dollars. "This resolution," says Judge Smith's biographer, "was the more honorable both to him and to them, from the fact that a majority of the legislature were opposed to the political principles which he was perfectly well known to profess."

We have dwelt long upon the history of this passage in Judge Smith's life, insignificant as it may appear to the hasty observer, because, when rightly considered, it is full of instruction for us at the present day. Within a few years, the rage for retrenchment in the public expenditures has caused the salaries of the judges to be materially diminished in nearly every State in the union, though they were before confessedly far below the yearly gains of a lawyer in full practice, and though the expenses of living within the same period have considerably increased. Quite recently, if newspaper accounts may be credited, New Hampshire herself has narrowly escaped losing the chief ornament of her supreme bench, because a private manufacturing corporation wished him to become their agent with a salary two or three times as great as that received by the chief-justice. Massachusetts has had the mortification of seeing four out of the five judges in one of her courts resign their offices within one year, because two political parties in her legislature were running a race with each other to see which should curry

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most favor with the people by diminishing the public expenses. Ohio has just lost her chief-justice from a similar cause, and it is rumored that the whole bench are about to follow his example; while, in Pennsylvania, an important judgeship has recently gone a begging among the members of the bar on the same grounds. If this unwise, parsimonious spirit continues to govern our legislative assemblies, we may expect to see the character of the bench committed to judges who will dishonor it by their ignorance, or stain it by their corruption; or else, that the aristocratic and monarchical principle will prevail, of conferring high public office, as is now the case with a seat in the British parliament, only upon men whose great wealth enables them to serve without pay, and therefore without any sense of responsibility or obligation to their constituents.

It was not customary in Judge Smith's time to publish reports of judicial decisions, and, consequently, his reputation as a judge depends mainly upon tradition. How highly his services in this capacity were valued appears from the pains taken by the bar and the legislature to establish and continue him in office, and from the hearty testimony rendered by his contemporaries to the importance of the work he accomplished in renovating and building up the judicial system of the State. "With him," says the present chief-justice of New Hampshire, "there arose a new order of things." Methodical, vigilant, and industrious in his own habits, he reduced the business of the courts to form and method; exact and profound in his knowledge of the established principles of the law, his decisions rested on the sure basis of precedent and authority, instead of the vague and shifting impressions of an individual respecting the demands of natural justice. Many of the charges which he delivered to the grand juries still exist in manuscript, and show what comprehensive views he was wont to take of the general interests of society, and of the dependence of them all on a pure and correct administration of justice. They are remarkable, not for originality or refinement of speculation, but for broad, practical wisdom, and for sound views of the nature and intent of a criminal code, and the proper mode of administering it. They are always well written, and dignified in tone; and they set forth with impressive earnestness the high character and important bearing of the functions of a grand juror.

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In June, 1809, Judge Smith resigned his seat upon the bench and became governor of New Hampshire, to which office he had been elected by popular vote in the preceding spring. The change was not one that he desired, and he had given only a tacit consent to be held up as a candidate. Even this passive acquiescence in the change was imposed upon him only by considerations of fidelity to the party to which he belonged, whose permanent success with the people, as appears from his letters, he had long since ceased to expect. He was chosen by a lean majority, at a time when party spirit ran high, and he could not reasonably have expected to retain his new office for more than one year. Almost the only object that he sought to obtain, while governor, was the passage of some law for the improvement of the judiciary; he was unsuccessful, and the attempt only tended to diminish his popularity. A high Federalist in principle, he acted out the uncompromising tenets of his party with no reserve; and the people resented the conduct of a governor who was too honest to deceive, and too proud to flatter them. At the very next election, they turned him out, and put another in his place; and he returned, not unwillingly, to his practice at the bar. There he found associates whom it was a high pleasure to meet, and rivals by whom it was an honor to be conquered; "for in the same county with himself were Jeremiah Mason, Daniel Webster, and George Sullivan," all of them in the full vigor of their powers. For a few years, he was connected with them in the management of all the important business in that part of the country, to the great advantage both of his fame and fortune, when a call, an unwelcome one to him, was again made for his services in a judicial capacity.

The vacancies upon the supreme bench had been filled by the party then in power with weak and incompetent persons, who could not command the respect of the bar, nor the confidence of the public. In 1813, the Federalists triumphed in the State elections, and one of their first objects was to improve the standing of the judiciary. Unable to reach the evil in any other way, as the constitution provided that the judges should hold their offices during good behaviour, they passed a law abolishing the courts as then constituted, and remodelling the whole system. This was an ingenious but unworthy mode of removing incompetent

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men from office, by evading the letter of the constitution, and violating its spirit. The remedy was worse than the disease. The measure was reprobated by the considerate and reflecting portion of their own number, as a breach of the true principles of conservatism in order to remove a temporary evil, and as teaching a lesson of mischief to the opposite party, by which they would be sure to profit. The law came with a bad grace from the very men who had so loudly condemned the proceeding of Congress in abolishing the circuit courts. But the step once taken by the legislature could not be retraced, and it was a matter of anxious consideration how its evil consequences might best be averted. The Democratic party loudly declared the act to be unconstitutional, and threatened to maintain the former judges in office at the expense even of a revolution. Every thing depended upon finding competent persons to take the newly created posts, and to overawe the opposition by superior weight of character.

The eyes of all the party were turned, of course, upon Judge Smith as the only man fit to be made chief justice. He was naturally unwilling to accept, as it was requiring him to encounter all the difficulties, and to bear all the odium, of a measure which he had heartily disapproved. Besides, he could not afford the pecuniary sacrifice, as the salary did not equal one third of the income from his private practice, and he was reluctant again to quit his honorable position at the bar. But the governor pressed him to accept; Mr. Mason, then a Senator in Congress, wrote to him, communicating his own earnest wishes, with those of Mr. Webster and other friends, that he would make this sacrifice for the public good; and Judge Smith at last yielded. He took the post with a full knowledge of the unpleasant and vexatious contest that awaited him with the former judges, who maintained that the new law was unconstitutional, and that the old courts were still in being. Accordingly, when the terms commenced at Dover, Exeter, and other places, the extraordinary spectacle was presented of two sets of judges claiming a seat upon the bench, and authority to direct the proceedings. Contradictory orders were issued to the inferior officers of the court; the oath was administered to the jury by one party, and tendered to them again by the other; charges to the grand jury, and

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harangues to the people, were made successively by both claimants. Such scandalous scenes could not continue long; and the firmness, good sense, and dignified demeanour of Judge Smith, joined with his weight of character and the authority he had acquired by long experience on that bench, at last triumphed over the pertinacity of his opponents, who quitted the field. The sheriffs who had refused to obey his orders were dismissed from office, and the new tribunals were suffered to act without further molestation.

When the opposite party was restored to power in 1816, as was expected, the courts were placed again upon the old footing, the new judges were dismissed, and Judge Smith once more resumed his place at the bar. It was not his intention, however, to remain there for a long period, as his private business had been so much interrupted by successive appointments to the bench, and as he now found himself surrounded in court by the men of a younger generation, with whom he had but few habits or opinions in common. But before he retired, he had the satisfaction of being engaged as one of the counsel for Dartmouth College, in that celebrated case to the final decision of which almost every literary and charitable institution in the country is indebted for its present security against legislative usurpation and the changes effected by political contests. His associates in the case were Mr. Mason, Mr. Hopkinson, and Mr. Webster. The gratitude of the College, aided by the munificence of one of her sons, has caused the portraits of her four distinguished advocates on this occasion to be taken, and exhibited by the side of each other within the walls of the institution which they had so effectually guarded.

In 1820, having secured the desired provision for his old age, and all the demands of ambition and the love of enterprise being fully gratified, Judge Smith sought that retirement which his tastes and temperament fitted him so perfectly to enjoy. We have already contemplated him as he appeared during this golden and fruitful autumn of his days, and must pass in a few words over the remainder of his history. When he first quitted the bar, he seemed as fortunate in his family as in all the other relations of life. Mrs. Smith was still by his side as the fond wife and devoted mother. Their son, who inherited generous feelings and remarkable abilities, was pursuing his studies for the bar

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with a character stained by too many youthful indiscretions, but offering good promise for the future, when his passions should be more subdued and his thoughtlessness corrected by the grave lessons of experience.

"But the charm of Judge Smith's home, and that which made it what it was to him, and those who visited it for years, was his daughter Ariana. The connection between her and her father was the most beautiful that I have ever known between parent and child. There was a perfect harmony, a sympathy and union, such as we read of in books rather than hope to find in real life. Their characters were formed after the same model, save only that hers was subdued by the grace and softness of her sex. They read, conversed, travelled together, she engaging in whatever might add to his comfort, and he rejoicing as heartily in hers. She was born the 28th of December, 1797. The unusual name she bore was inherited through a line of grandmothers from a Bohemian branch of her mother's family. Existence was to her a continued romance. She laughed, wept, studied, went through the regular routine of household cares, had her little weaknesses, was not without some portion of female vanity, loved attention, and was not indifferent to dress, nor to any thing in which other girls took an interest, and yet she was like no one else. Her personal appearance was peculiar to herself. Her clear white complexion, contrasting with her long black hair and eyelashes, her large blue eyes, looking out with animation from a countenance always calm, indicating at the same time excitement and repose, were such as belonged to no one else. Her voice, subdued and passionless, contrasted singularly with the fervor of her words. Her devotion to domestic duties, and particularly to her mother through years of painful disease, might, but for the peculiar elasticity of her mind, have worn her down, yet to the last she was like one whose life had been a perpetual sunshine. Her enthusiasm might have betrayed her into indiscretions, but for the prudent self-control that never forsook her; and the rare good sense, that ran through all her conduct, might have made her commonplace, but for the enthusiasm of her nature. The great extent of her reading, and the accuracy of her knowledge in the more solid as well as in the lighter branches of literature, might have made her pedantic, were it not, as her father said, that she was more studious to conceal than to exhibit her accomplishments." — pp. 290, 291.

One of the sharpest trials that can be encountered by man was reserved for Judge Smith, proceeding from the death, within three years of each other, of every member

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of his happy family. Mrs. Smith, whose health had been declining for some time, died in June, 1827, the parting from her husband being less painful as she left two children to cheer his home. But it was found soon afterwards, that consumption had fastened upon the son and the daughter, and was hurrying them both to an early grave. Ariana passed away first, just two years after her mother's death; and William did not survive another year. He died in the house of his cousin in Mississippi, whither he had gone for a change of scene and in search of a milder climate. Judge Smith was left, a bereaved old man, to mourn the premature fate of those whose pious care, he had reasonably hoped, would attend his own white hairs to the grave. That fine old mansion-house, with its noble library, and the pleasant grounds about it, remained unto him desolate, or echoed only the footsteps of the domestic and the stranger. To a man of less vigorous frame, or of keener sensibilities, the shock of such a change, at that period of life, would probably have been fatal. But though possessing a kind heart and generous sympathies, Judge Smith was not a man of deep and strong feeling. His temperament was equable, all his passions were entirely under control, and cheerfulness was so much a habit of his mind, that even repeated privations and misfortunes could not permanently overshadow it. He grieved, indeed, at the parting with his children; he sorrowed in the loneliness which they had bequeathed to him. But he did not mourn as without hope, and his elastic spirits and well disciplined mind soon found relief in employment, and consolation in the promises that are open to the Christian believer. Hitherto, probably, he had entertained rather a respect for religion than devout trust in its assurances, or habitual reverence for its offices and ministrations. But he now became an earnest and thoughtful inquirer into the things which are not of this world, and the radiance of a devotional spirit assisted to dispel the gloom caused by his bereavements, and continued to gild the remainder of his days.

Judge Smith was as little formed for solitude as for despondency, and, not long after the death of his son, he gave the world a striking proof that it is neither good nor necessary for man to live alone. In September, 1831, he was married to Miss Elizabeth Hale, of Dover, under whose

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influence, says his biographer, "his home once more resumed its former cheerfulness, and the eleven years that remained were among the happiest, if not the most useful of her husband's life." He announced the event to his friends with characteristic gayety. To one he wrote:

"I believe I have now a good companion for the short remains of my mortal life. She is too young and too good; but she will be likely to grow older, and probably, in such company, worse; but, as I shall grow better in her society, we shall approach nearer to each other, and thus the inequality the world complains of in the match will gradually diminish; and I sincerely hope, at some distant day, she will follow me to heaven."

"To Mrs. Sarah P. B. Smith, of Illinois, he said: 'I am no longer the desolate, solitary, dull, old stupid uncle you parted with a few weeks ago; but a young, sprightly, married man, just entering on the active scenes of life.' 'Of all men, I was the last made to be alone. My heart, the best part of me, is still young. It always has, and I am pretty sure always will, love female excellence of every kind.'" — pp. 386, 387.

Six years afterwards, as if to complete his happiness by surrounding his old age with all the objects of natural affection and desire, a son was born to him to continue his name and family to another generation. He was always fond of children, and had the power of interesting and amusing them to a remarkable degree. Some had been received into his family as objects of charity, and to them he was always a kind and patient guardian, and often a droll and active playfellow. The birth of his own child, therefore, was a source of the greatest enjoyment to him, and its infantine prattle contributed, perhaps, as much as any other cause, to soothe and cheer his five remaining years. The clouds, in which his home and happiness had so lately been involved through the loss of his former family, were now entirely dissipated, and his evening sun shone brightly till it dipped beneath the horizon.

In February, 1842, Judge Smith sold his estate in Exeter, in order that his property might be left in a more compact and manageable condition for his heirs, and went to live with his father-in-law in Dover. Affection for his wife and child dictated this step, but it probably hastened his death. To quit the place which had been his home for nearly forty years, to lose the sight of many familiar objects,

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and to submit to some alteration of long established habits, seemed likely to throw a shadow over his hitherto unconquerable spirits. He was not saddened by the change, but he became more placid and quiet, and more frequently thought and spoke of his approaching decease. Affecting signs that the end was at hand were not wanting; his paternal tree was fast shedding its leaves. His brother Samuel died in April of this year; in the August following, his two other brothers, one of whom had attained the age of eighty-six, and a favorite niece, were carried to the grave. Judge Smith was ill when the news of these deaths came, and though there was nothing alarming in the symptoms of his complaint, he seemed to be conscious that he was not to recover. Firmly and patiently he awaited the closing scene, though severely tried at intervals by bodily suffering; the few words which escaped him showed that the Christian's faith did not fail in the trying hour. He died on the 21st of September, passing the last hour so quietly, that no one knew when he ceased to breathe. His remains were interred at Exeter, in a space which he had reserved between the graves of Ariana and her mother, and a plain marble headstone bears a modest and truthful inscription to his memory.

Art. V. — 1. *Thirteenth Annual Report of the Trustees of the Perkins Institution, and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind, to the Corporation.* Boston. 1845. 8vo. pp. 84.

2. *Quarterly Journal of the American Education Society.* February, 1845. Boston: T. R. Marvin. 8vo. pp. 16.

3. *Nineteenth Annual Report of the Board of Managers of the Prison Discipline Society.* Boston. 1844. 8vo.

4. *Annual Statement of the Treasurer of Harvard College;* made October 5th, 1844. Cambridge: Metcalf & Co. 8vo. pp. 24.

In September, 1830, at the celebration which took place, under the direction of the city authorities, of the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Boston, President Quincy delivered an address which was replete with interest-

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ing comments on the history and character of the city. In a note to the oration, which was published, he inserted a list of societies and institutions for various purposes of charity, education, and religious and moral instruction, to which the benevolence of Bostonians had been directed within the then last thirty years. The amount of money shown by this catalogue to have been given away in a town which numbered from twenty-five thousand inhabitants, in 1800, to sixty thousand, in 1830, excited some surprise, and was very gratifying to those who from birth, personal relations, or other circumstances, took an interest in the character and reputation of the city.

In the short term of fifteen years which have elapsed since 1830, the population has nearly doubled its amount at that time ; and it has become a question of deep interest to many, how far, and in what particular ways, the character of Boston has been or is to be affected by such a sudden development of its resources, and such an immense accession to its physical and commercial strength. As a community must, like an individual, be either growing worse or growing better, it behooves us to look carefully into facts from time to time, and ascertain their bearing upon character ; and while we should not be deterred from this scrutiny by the fear or the shame of finding ourselves losing ground, so neither should we shrink from it because it may seem like boastfulness to proclaim our own good deeds. It is necessary for us to know our faults, in order that we may learn to correct them ; and it is, for the same reason, necessary for us to know how far we have avoided the errors to which we are exposed. True humility consists in entertaining a just estimate of ourselves, in not "thinking of ourselves *more highly* than we ought to think," in not over-estimating ourselves or our acts, and in not claiming a degree of merit which cannot belong to such imperfect attainments as the best of human virtues necessarily are. It is in no spirit of boastfulness, then, that the following attempt has been made to enumerate the principal objects of Boston liberality ; but with the hope of drawing from the facts collected some useful practical inferences, not inconsistent with a becoming modesty. Nor would we be supposed to imply, that we consider the mere giving of money as a sufficient proof of the existence of the true spirit of charity ; but we are desirous that the facts

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should be known, and that every one should pass his own judgment upon them.

It is an important preliminary inquiry, how the city, in its corporate capacity, has performed the duties of instruction and charity; and although other places may have done as much, or more, in some departments, than Boston has, yet it is satisfactory to observe that the appropriations go on increasing with the growth and means of the city. The sums spent upon the schools by order of the city government have grown from an average of $68,343.36 *per annum* in the first five years of the city, to an average of $153,690.55 in the last five years; while the sums devoted to the support or assistance of the poor in the former term of five years averaged $31,083.58, and in the latter $47,080.69. In both departments, more is effected with the same amount of money now than formerly, so that the mere comparison of the sums will scarcely give an adequate idea of the degree of improvement.

The average of the last five years in the expenditure for the schools, including salaries, repairs, erection of new houses, supplies and contingencies, makes a ratio of .2574 to the average tax assessed during the same years, or a little more than one quarter of the whole sum levied; while the average expenditure for both objects, namely, the schools and the support of the poor, including the expense of the hospital for insane and idiots, for the same term, forms an average of .3336, or one third of the whole tax. The ratio of the expenditure for both objects, during the whole term of the city charter, to the taxes assessed is .3898, or $5\frac{1}{2}$ *per cent.* more than one third of the taxes. The ratio of the last five years would have been much higher, but for the very remarkable diminution in the cost of the House of Industry, and in the sums distributed in the different wards by the Overseers of the Poor, during the last two years. The expense of the House of Industry fell from over $30,000 *per annum* to $14,779.60 in the financial year ending April 30, 1843, and to $14,082.90 in the year ending April 30, 1844; while the Overseers of the Poor, instead of spending twelve or thirteen thousand dollars *per annum*, distributed but $8,320.63 in the former year, and $7,337.46 in the latter. It will immediately occur to all who are familiar with the causes and the consequences of pauperism, that the great and memorable reform in the use of intoxicating liquors has

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produced this among other beneficent results. More than $ 20,000 a year, or one half of the whole charge, have been saved in the appropriations for the support of paupers alone, — by saving men from a self-destroying vice. It must not be forgotten, that the prosperity of the city, and the abundance of employment, for two or three years past, have contributed to this result. But that they have not produced it unaided is proved by the circumstance, that former periods of prosperity have shown no such striking diminution of the expense of pauperism to the city.

It may, perhaps, be thought inappropriate to introduce the amount derived from taxes among the charities of the city; and it would be so, were nothing more done than barely to comply with the requisitions of the law. The manner in which these labors and duties are performed, however, is to be regarded as an essential part of the performance of them; and if there be any deficiency still existing, let it be pointed out and remedied as speedily as may be. It is believed, however, that the public charities are rather more free than is usual from well grounded charges of insufficiency, and that they are quite as abundant as the danger of imposition and abuse will allow. In all those branches where there is no fear of such abuse, the provision is as liberal as the nature of the case requires; as, for instance, in the arrangements made for the care and even cure of the insane, or idiotic, who have a settlement in the city. A hospital, constructed in the most thorough manner, and on the best principles, is provided for them, and a resident physician is required to give them his daily attention. In the end, this mode of proceeding will perhaps be found more economical than the old way of perpetuating misery, in the cells and cages of the insane-ward of the House of Industry; but it is manifest that the provision for these unhappy persons must have arisen from other motives than a mere desire to save money. The difficulty which is to be met in so many other walks of charity is not here to be encountered; namely, to guard against offering an inducement to take advantage of the provision unnecessarily. No one becomes insane voluntarily, and there is little danger of delusion or deception. Too much, therefore, can hardly be done for the comfort, or the recovery, of those who may stand in need of the charity.

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It is not so, however, with simple poverty. Many prefer idleness and public support to industry and independence ; and will practise every device they can think of to escape from the labor which is most valuable and suitable for them. In judging what provision ought to be made for the poor, this consideration should always be kept in view, especially by those whose kind feelings lead them to be active and forward in all labors of this sort. It is very easy, by ill-judged liberality, to produce more pauperism than is, or can be, relieved. At the same time, poverty ought not to be confounded, as it sometimes is, with crime, and the poor man treated as severely as the criminal. This is a sort of dislocation of society, which must produce disastrous consequences. But it is extremely difficult to hit upon exactly the right medium in practice ; and if, to any one, Boston, in its corporate form, seems to do too little or too much, let him reflect upon all the circumstances which are to be weighed, and perhaps he will be better satisfied with the results which are attained.

It may contribute to this satisfaction, if he will recollect that it does not belong to the character of our government, under any of the forms and dimensions it assumes, from the debating club of the village to the Congress at Washington, from the chairman of a parish committee to the governor of the commonwealth, to undertake every thing which may be deemed suited to the good of the community. Our institutions are not of the nature of those paternal governments which assume all their subjects to be in a state of pupilage, and will not suffer them to act for fear of their acting amiss, — the object of whose parental care seems to be rather to check than to promote the development of the infant energies of their people. Our civil polity partakes more of the character of another family relation, equally delightful to the imagination and the heart, and may be called the fraternal government. The true idea of a government of the people is that of an association, the members of which are ready to aid each other not merely in the attainment of those objects in which they have a common interest, but also to reach such as may be particularly desirable to only one or two of the number. They cannot all desire, or all obtain, the same ends ; and it is especially important that the wish of one should not be deemed the interest of all, and thus all be compelled alike to

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pursue an object desirable only to an individual; but while each is left free to look after his own prosperity, they should yield each other so much assistance towards the attainment of the objects of individual ambition, as may be consistent with the common good and their mutual regard. The acquisition of many, if not of most, favorite objects should not be a matter of compulsion upon all members of the community equally, but a free-will offering to the common good, or an affectionate tribute to the wishes of an individual. And this, happily, is the actual state of things, to a great extent, in this commonwealth and in this city. Nowhere and at no time in the history of the world have the true principles of government been more fully developed, or produced more favorable results, than in this community; and its actual condition, notwithstanding the many and serious evils which in times past have threatened it, and those which are now lowering over it, is one which may well be contemplated with complacency by the lover of his country and his race. Wealth combined with liberality, comfort extended through the whole community, a desire to improve physically and intellectually, a general disposition to order, industry, and sobriety, and a prevailing reverence for the institutions, means, and objects of religion, unite to render Boston an agreeable residence to the well disposed, and an agreeable subject of contemplation to the philanthropist.

One may easily see that all this may be true, and yet that there is large room for faults and defects of character. Upon these it is not our present purpose to enlarge. Nor is it intended to present a picture of imaginary perfection; but to point out, for the consideration of others as well as ourselves, what has been done well in one department, and what yet remains to be done; to mark real progress, to exhibit mistakes, and to suggest improvements.

In order to present a complete view of the subject, the note already referred to, in President Quincy's address, is here reprinted, and then follows a list of such contributions as have been obtained since 1830, together with some items which were omitted at that time. Many of the institutions now enumerated have sprung into existence since that period; and although so many have been found, it is probable there are others which have not been thought of, or are not known. Indeed, this enumeration must be regarded only in

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the light of a contribution towards the history of the charities of the city, to be hereafter perfected by some one who may feel interest enough in the subject to undertake a pretty difficult task.

President Quincy's list is as follows: —

"Amounts received from the liberality of the citizens of Boston towards objects of a public nature, of a moral, religious, or literary character, chiefly within the last thirty years.

"I. By the following Societies: —

Boston Athenæum	$ 75,000
Humane Society	20,791
Boston Dispensary for the Medical Relief of the Poor	19,000
Massachusetts General Hospital	354,400
Massachusetts Charitable Society	16,714
Boston Penitent Female Refuge Society	15,172
Boston Fragment Society	15,205
Boston Mechanics' Institution	6,119
Boston Eye and Ear Infirmary	5,500
Boston Female Asylum	79,582
Boston Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge	1,035
Boston Society for the Religious and Moral Instruction of the Poor	23,500
Charitable Mechanic Association	15,000
Boston Asylum for Indigent Boys	20,000
Fatherless and Widows' Society	6,320
Howard Benevolent Society	16,900
Charitable Fund, placed under the control of the Overseers of the Poor, and derived from Private Benevolence	95,000
Massachusetts Congregational Charitable Society	51,000
Seamen's Friend Society	3,000
American Education Society	32,228
Bible Society	40,000
Harvard College and the several Institutions embraced within, or connected with, that Seminary	222,696
Theological Institution at Andover	21,824
	$ 1,155,986

"[From the above amounts have been as far as possible excluded all sums not derived from the citizens of Boston. Those amounts, also, must not be understood as expressing *the present amount of funds* of these societies, although in many instances it is the case; the object of this recapitulation being not to represent the actual state of each of those societies at this time, but the amount they have, within the time specified, received from the liberal and public spirit of the citizens of Boston.]

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Amount brought up		$1,155,986
" II. Various contributions for the relief of sufferers by fire in Boston . .	$34,528	
in Newburyport .	16,500	
in St. Johns .	8,666	
in Augusta . .	2264	
in Wiscasset .	5,504	
		67,462
		1,223,448

" [The above, although excluding many known contributions, are all of which the amounts could be ascertained with accuracy.]

" III. Moneys raised, within the time specified, by various contribution, or by donations of individuals, either from motives of charity, or for the patronizing of distinguished merit, or for the relief of men eminent for their public services,— the evidences of which have been examined for this purpose, (testamentary bequests not being included,) . . . . .

	$8,000
	11,000
	24,500
	10,000
	1,400
	6,000
	2,000
	5,000
	5,000
In sums between $ 500 and $ 1,500 .	35,500
	108,400

" [Particular names and objects have been omitted, from motives of delicacy or propriety.]

" IV. Amount collected for objects of general charity, or for the promotion of literary, moral, or religious purposes, by, or under the influence of, various religious societies in the metropolis (not including the particular annual objects of expenditure of each society), communicated by the several officers of those societies, or by individuals having access to their records, or to the papers containing evidence of such collections . . . 469,425

$ 1,801,273

" [The names of the particular societies and objects it is not deemed proper to publish, —

" 1. Because it was the express wish of several officers of the societies, that it should not be done.

" 2. Because several of the societies could not be applied to, and their

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omission here might imply that they have not made similar collections, which would be unjust.

"3. Because, since the account of the amounts thus collected depends upon the retaining or not retaining (often accidental) of the evidence of such collections, the comparative returns are very different from what there is reason to believe were the comparative amounts collected, as they would have appeared, had the evidence in all cases been equally well retained.

"The object, on this occasion, has not been completeness, which was known to be impracticable, but as near an approximation to it as was possible. How far short the statement in this item is from the real amount collected, may be gathered from this fact, — that information was requested *for the amount collected within the last thirty years;* yet more than half the sum stated in this item arose from collections *made within the last ten years.*

"As a farther illustration, it may not be improper to state, that, within the last twelve years, *five* citizens of Boston have deceased, whose bequests for objects exclusively of public interest or benevolence, when united, amount to a sum exceeding *three hundred thousand dollars;* and that one of these, during the last twenty years of his life, is known to have given away, towards similar objects, a sum equal to *ten thousand* dollars annually.]"

In the following list, those which were included in the former one are distinguished by Italics, while those which were omitted, though existing in 1830, and those which have since begun their career, are in Roman letters. Where the date of the donation was previous to 1830, it is intended to be indicated, and the correction of any mistakes either in dates or amounts will be gratefully acknowledged. In some cases, nothing was practicable but an estimate of the probable amount. These are mentioned in the catalogue, and the authority is given.

Donations to Institutions for Theological Education and other Objects of a Religious Character.

American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, since 1810	$278,166 89
" *Education Society* .	81,160 00
" Tract Society, since 1830*	25,420 39
" Unitarian Association	22,233 04
Massachusetts Missionary Society,	40,000 00
" Evangelical Missionary Society, since 1820 . .	7,769 57
" Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge . .	7,900 00
	$462,649 89

* About $10,000 more from 1815 to 1830, according to the estimate of the Treasurer.

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Amount brought up		$462,649 89
Bible Society		11,706 00
Benevolent Fraternity of Churches		46,014 01
Theological Institution at Cambridge		29,500 00
Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, Piety, and Charity		1,800 00
Pitts Street Chapel, including Cost of Land		16,366 22
Suffolk Street Chapel, exclusive of Land		16,052 08
Unitarian Association for Domestic Missions, within the last two years		9,330 76
Boston Society for the Religious and Moral Instruction of the Poor		17,829 82
City Mission, a new organization of the last named society, since 1840		13,573 47
Foreign Evangelical Society		8,166 33
Warren Street Chapel		48,000 00
Pine Street Church, to relieve it from debt		10,000 00
City Missionary (a private agent)		2,605 64
Protestant Episcopal City Mission, including donation for chapel		35,900 00
Theological Institution at Newton		28,333 00
Bangor Theological Seminary		2,000 00
Waterville College, Maine		5,500 00
Free Presbyterian Church of Scotland		2,126 14
Protestant Episcopal Foreign Mission		12,190 69
Protestant Episcopal Domestic Mission		7,770 37
	Estimate.	
Baptist Foreign Mission	60,000 00	
" Domestic "	30,000 00	
For erection of churches in various parts of U. S.	20,000 00	
For education in the ministry, exclusive of Baptist Seminary at Newton	40,000 00	
within 20 years.		150,000 00
		$937,414 42

Donations to Institutions for Purposes of Instruction.

Lowell Institute	245,000 00
Harvard College	83,755 67
Washington College, Hartford, Ct.	2,350 00
	$331,105 67

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Amounts brought up	$ 331,105 67	937,414 42
Amherst College * . .	36,104 00	
Williams " . . .	25,183 00	
Yale " since 1825 .	27,220 00	
Bowdoin " since its foundation †	64,909 19	
Brown University, Providence .	4,629 00	
Illinois College . . .	11,000 00	
Shurtleff " Illinois . .	10,300 00	
Marietta " Ohio (estimate by Pres't)	4,000 00	
Oberlin Collegiate Institute, Ohio	1,725 14	
Perkins Institution for the Blind	82,500 00	
Hartford Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, in 1816 and 1817 .	4,950 00	
Boston Society of Natural History	36,378 50	
Boston Athenæum, subscription to new shares $ 70,800, of which one third may be considered as a donation	23,600 00	
Charitable Mechanic Association	40,000 00	
Mercantile Library Association .	3,100 00	
Mechanic Apprentices' Library Association	1,800 00	
Massachusetts Agricultural Society	7,239 66	
Normal Schools ‡ . . .	10,000 00	
Medals for the High School for Boys ‡	2,000 00	
Groton Academy ‡ . .	10,000 00	
Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio (estimate) . . .	25,000 00	
Horticultural Society . .	11,000 00	
Latin School Association .	2,000 00	
		775,744 16

Donations to Institutions for Charitable Purposes.

Massachusetts General Hospital and McLean Asylum	$ 286,512 93	
" *Eye and Ear Infirmary*	39,958 48	
Amounts carried over	326,471 41	1,713,158 58

* A subscription was made for the purpose of erecting buildings, and another for a fund of $ 30,000, for Amherst College, at an early period of its history, towards both of which the treasurer thinks Boston probably contributed, but not having documents to show the amount, the above sum is exclusive of any thing given for those purposes.

† Of the amount received by Bowdoin College, $ 33,461.69 were paid by the heirs of Governor Bowdoin for a release of the claims of the College to certain lands inherited from him; $ 3,348.09 were from sundry citizens of Boston; and the remainder, $28,099.41, from Governor Bowdoin or his family.

‡ By an individual.

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Amounts brought over	$ 326,471 41	1,713,158 58	
Massachusetts Congregational Charitable Society	1,783 00		
Boston Asylum for Indigent Boys and Farm School	61,090 82		
" *Female Orphan Asylum*	40,439 99		
" *Seamen's Friend Society* (estimate by Treasurer)	45,238 16		
" *Penitent Female Refuge Society*	21,636 23		
" *Fragment Society*	6,690 94		
" *Dispensary*	20,155 00		
Howard Benevolent Society	43,000 00		
Fatherless and Widows' Society	19,654 00		
Overseers of the Poor (corporate fund)	1,000 00		
Boston Lying-in Hospital	27,871 00		
" Seamen's Aid Society	15,667 98		
" Port Society	20,729 00		
" Employment Society	1,633 00		
" Society for Employment of Female Poor	6,048 28		
" Orthopedic Institution	1,400 00		
" Episcopal Charitable Society *	40,329 53		
Charitable Association of Boston Fire Department	16,016 87		
Prison Discipline Society	30,494 71		
Widows' Society	17,634 77		
Society for the Prevention of Pauperism	6,288 35		
Annuities and Donations to Individuals in sums varying from $ 500 to $ 12,000	66,130 62		
Quarterly Charity Lecture at the Old South, Amount given by individuals for permanent funds	18,600 00		
Amount collected at the quarterly contributions since 1822	5,000 00		
		861,003 66	
Miscellaneous.			
Bunker Hill Monument	100,000 00		
Temperance Cause (estimate by its friends)	100,000 00		
Abolition of Slavery	57,000 00		
Amounts carried up	257,000 00	2,574,162 24	

* This society was established in 1724, but the greater part of its funds have been contributed within the present century.

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Amounts brought up	$257,000 00	2,574,162	24
Colonization (estimated)	1,300 00		
Peace Society, from 1816 to present time,	7,371 38		
Public Garden	20,000 00		
Boston Academy of Music (for alteration of Odeon)	5,038 00		
Society for Diffusing Information among Emigrants (extinct)	919 25		
Subscription for the Relief of Suffering at Rockport	2,075 91		
" for the Relief of Suffering at Cape Cod	4,794 35		
Fire at Charleston, S. C.	5,000 00		
" Mobile	4,098 02		
" Fall River	14,044 58		
" Hamburg (Germany)	900 00		
" Pittsburg	15,000 00		
" Roxbury	1,000 00		
" Church Street	2,859 33		
Statue of Washington	7,276 17		
Monument to Franklin	940 00		
" " John Harvard	433 75		
" " Hannah Adams	300 00		
" " J. S. Buckminster	500 00		
" " Dr. Murray	300 00		
" " Dr. Tuckerman, about	1,000 00		
" " Dr. Spurzheim	1,076 00		
" " Dr. Kirkland, about	1,000 00		
" " Dr. Bowditch, about	4,000 00		
" " Dr. Channing	1,800 00		
Bust of Dr. Freeman in Kings Chapel	486 00		
" Dr. Greenwood " "	410 00		
Fence, Trees, &c. for Granary Burial-Ground	2,936 65		
		363,859	39
Total		$2,938,021	63

Besides those above enumerated, application has been made to the officers of several other institutions and societies known or believed to have received aid from Boston; but from some cause, the information has not been received in an authentic shape, and all mention of it is therefore omitted.*

* From the Methodist communion and the Catholics no returns have been obtained. Several literary and theological institutions in the West, besides those mentioned in the list, are believed to have received assistance from Boston; but the amount has not been ascertained.

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To those persons who have been so obliging as to transmit the desired facts the writer offers his grateful acknowledgments. Application was also made to the churches of the city, associations which are well known to be in the constant habit of contributing not only to many of the objects above mentioned, but to others of various descriptions, both permanent and temporary. From the pastors or other officers of some of these churches returns were received of great exactness; but from the majority they were, perhaps from the necessity of the case, so incomplete as to be unsuitable for the desired purpose. It is probable that no records are kept of many donations made by these religious societies; but it is not the less certain that such donations are made, because their amount cannot be ascertained with precision. It will not be doubted by many persons, that, in the churches which have existed in the city within the last fifteen years, from seventy to eighty in number, an average of not less than $10,000 a year has been raised for the support of the poor belonging to them respectively. This item alone would make an addition of $150,000 to the foot of the above account. But there is another branch of benevolence, the great extent of which can neither be doubted, nor precisely ascertained; and that is, the unnumbered acts of love, pity, and sympathy which are and can be known only to the agent, the recipient, and Him who formed them to give and to receive. It would be no matter of surprise, if the amount bestowed in this secret way should make a near approach to that given openly; but as such deeds cannot be counted, nor their value be estimated in dollars and cents, the whole must be left to conjecture, till the arrival of that day when the gift even of a cup of cold water shall meet with its fit reward.

One of the first observations which will naturally occur to every one, on looking over the preceding list, is, not merely that there is a large amount of money voluntarily bestowed, but that it is given for a great variety of purposes. There are thirty-one societies or institutions having religious objects, twenty-six for purposes of literary education, and twenty-five for the relief of physical and moral wants. Thirty-one other objects of more or less general interest are added, and doubtless many more may be known to individuals. And it is a little singular, that, in a country so often reproached as this with want of gratitude to its benefactors, there should be contained in such a list no less than thirteen sub-

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scriptions for monuments to the memory of as many honored individuals, ten of whom were the contemporaries of the present generation ; and besides these, there is the comprehensive monument erected in honor of the achievement of our fathers at Bunker Hill. The obelisk that bears the name of John Harvard was erected in honor of a man who died more than two centuries ago, one who laid the foundation of the *Grammar School at Cambridge* ; and the sarcophagus of Spurzheim commemorates the virtues and talents of a philanthropic foreigner. The claims of the wise and the brave of our Revolutionary age are not forgotten, nor are the lights of science, religion, and philanthropy in our own time suffered to go out in ungrateful oblivion.

There are two obvious effects arising from this multiplicity and subdivision of institutions of benevolence, one of which is of a favorable, and the other of an unfavorable tendency. The emulation excited among rival societies for the same or similar objects stimulates the activity and industry of all, and much greater results are obtained, than, to the solitary and *unrivalled* institution, would have seemed possible. The surprising effects produced by the development of this principle are everywhere around us, in every sphere of activity, from the raising of a strawberry to the building of a frigate ; and it is happy that it is also felt in the department of benevolence, and that one man's example becomes the impulse to another, till the pulsation is quickened throughout the whole community, and deeds that would once have been considered prodigies become familiar as household words. Thus it is that the rivalry even of religious sects, which seems at first view to produce nothing but that apparent hostility which is on the surface, really causes an unseen under-current of kindness and active benevolence, which may be some compensation for the harshness, suspicion, and injustice which they are apt to indulge.

The other effect referred to is that the multiplicity of objects diminishes the resources of each. This is felt and known by every contributor to subscriptions that are constantly circulating. He cannot give so much as he would, did he not expect a call for something else the next week, or the next day, and recollect what had been asked for the previous day, or the previous week. The result is, that nearly all our permanent benevolent institutions are sadly

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crippled for want of means. They cannot do all that they are called upon, and are designed, to do. There is scarcely one that has as large means as it could well employ upon its specific objects. Those, therefore, who are disposed to deeds of charity, can perhaps do more good by contributing to the funds of an existing institution, than by starting a new project that may divert a portion of their means from establishments that need more. And it must be recollected that with the growth of the city, which is so rapid that it may be seen in its progress from year to year, there will come a great increase of that portion of society which is destined to receive rather than to give; and the utmost caution should be constantly observed to prevent the waste of those resources which, however abundant, are apt to become scanty, with the progress of events and ideas.

The perusal of the above catalogues may surely be expected to have some tendency to expand the views of those who are engrossed in their own sphere of action, and think nothing can be so important as their own favorite charity. It is by no means an unusual foible; and the best corrective, one would think, would be to look around and see how many others make the same claim, and determine in one's own mind which of the multifarious charities could be spared without injury. The difficulty one will find may dispose him to be charitable in the largest sense, and to have some feeling for the same infirmity in others, of which he is conscious in himself. And if he watches the history of these institutions, and becomes acquainted with their origin, he will often be struck with the fact, that the gap which has been left by one set of associates has been filled by another, and that a vast deal of ambition is felt for the progress of the favorite scheme in all the paths of activity which have been discovered or devised. In this way it is that emulation and vanity are made to produce, in the course of Providence, the best effects which can flow from them; and thus it is that, even on the best soils, the tares and the wheat must grow together until the harvest.

As long as there are differences in the tastes and powers of men, there will be great differences in the modes in which they will dispense, as well as in those by which they acquire, abundance; and while one will encourage only institutions for the relief of physical wants, another will give no support

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to any thing but promoting the progress of Christianity, and a third esteems nothing of so much importance as the cause of education. We should learn to think respectfully of every form in which charity displays itself, and not allow ourselves to say, "How useless is this or that object! what a waste of means upon an unattainable end!" We cannot know enough of the operation of causes to justify the cavil; and there is one branch of utility, in every mode of giving, which is often overlooked; and that is the utility to him who gives. It is comparatively of little consequence to what a man gives. The choice is merely an exercise of his understanding. But it is of great consequence that he should give to something; and the greater the diversity of objects for which he can feel a sympathizing interest, the greater is his sphere of usefulness to himself as well as others, the more he is enlarging both his mind and his heart, and the more does he deserve the appellation of a liberal-minded man. At the same time, it cannot be denied, that the mode in which a man should attempt to benefit others ought to be a matter of careful attention and study. It should not be left to the hazard of impulse and accidental predilection, but should be made the subject of reflection, and investigation into the actual wants of society. It is very easy to give money in such a manner that it shall not only be comparatively useless, but shall be even a burden and a tax; and the greatest sagacity will not prevent such results, if the ambition to leave a long enduring impression on society should exceed the ability to produce it. The best guide to the true course in such cases is undoubtedly experience; and although new provisions must, of course, be made for new circumstances as they arise, yet there can be no great fear of going wrong, when we make arrangements for the occurrence of events which have happened so often already, that the probability of their occurrence in future amounts almost to certainty.

There is one error so frequently repeated, notwithstanding the perpetually recurring proofs of its being a great mistake, that it will not be superfluous to utter a caution against it. It is limiting and restricting the uses to which funds may be applied, to such a degree, that, when the circumstances of society change even but slightly, the means provided for a previous state of things are no longer applicable

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to the corresponding wants of the present and succeeding times.

A memorable instance of this is the legacy of Dr. Franklin to trustees for the benefit of young married mechanics in the cities of Boston and Philadelphia. His arrangements were adapted to what he supposed, or perhaps knew, to be the existing state of things at the time he made his will; and although he was remarkably modest in his pretensions, and did not undertake to determine what circumstances would arise longer than for two or three centuries, yet what happened even to his modesty? What would he have felt, had he known that in thirty years after his death it would have become difficult, and in fifty years almost impossible, to find persons of such a description, and in such situations, as he required; and that his money, instead of circulating among young mechanics, was quietly accumulating by adding to it the yearly interest accruing on the stock in which it was invested? If Franklin's sagacity could not foresee for a score of years what was to occur in a class with whose interests, habits, and character he was entirely familiar, who shall presume to direct future generations? "It is my will," says the testator, "that this shall remain *for ever*." Who would think that it was a human being uttering this magnificent declaration? A little creature, who has occupied a diminutive spot for a minute period, declares his will; and when the small power he ever had is rapidly becoming smaller, and his short duration in the world sinking into nothing, he issues his fiat, that his arrangements shall endure for ever. If it were not so blind, so foolish, and so presumptuous a thing, it would be inconceivably ludicrous; and, indeed, it is difficult to say which quality predominates in the attempt. Yet it is so common, that this very language has become the customary form of expression in legal testaments. But it is scarcely more common than it is futile; and it would be well if men would give over the attempt to make their purposes last for ever, till they can live here for ever to carry them out themselves. They would then only have to take care that they did not change their own minds, and overturn to-day the settled purpose of yesterday.

The only way in which a man can do permanent good with the money which he must leave behind him is to trust something to the discretion of those who will follow him.

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Let him describe his wish and his design in so general a way, that, while it may be clearly understood, it shall not be confined within such straight lines, that it can incline neither to the right hand nor to the left. Circumstances do not move so ; and if a man's will cannot be bent to accommodate it to them, it must be broken.

In looking round on the community in which we live, it is difficult to avoid a feeling of exultation, which ought to be accompanied and moderated by sincere thankfulness to Him who alone has produced such a state of things, that we have avoided, and, so far as can be perceived, are likely to avoid hereafter, the calamities which in times past have overwhelmed nations, and which threaten, even now, some of the greatest and proudest of the earth. The tremendous convulsions which have desolated society have arisen from the want of sympathy of man with man. Artificial arrangements have separated the apparent interests of one class from those of another, and have led the one to look down, and the other to look up, through so many generations, that at length men have really, practically, forgotten that they belong to the same race of animals. It is, in general, true, that there is as little sympathy between upper and lower classes in Europe, as between men and horses or dogs ; — in some cases far less. The labor of a man in Europe will produce as great an effect upon the soil as in America ; but the division of the proceeds is very different. There, the serf who tills the ground must be contented with what will keep him alive, without comfort, ambition, or hope of improvement ; while the proprietor of the soil takes to himself all the rest. Here, where the proprietor is also a laborer, he procures such assistance as he may need only by tempting offers of compensation, which is sufficient not only to satisfy abundantly present wants, but to stimulate every faculty and every feeling with the prospect of constantly rising in condition. Industry, economy, uprightness, and intellectual cultivation are all promoted by this state of things, and the result, in the mass, presents a strong contrast with the degraded, down-trodden, ignorant, and unimproving peasant of Europe. The state of things there is rendered permanent by the barriers of classes being made fixed and impassable both by laws and by customs ; and there is little hope that the organization of society can be effectually altered, except

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by convulsions such as have occurred in France, are now going on in Spain, and are perpetually threatened in England. The latter country has probably the least to fear, not so much from its superiority in national wealth and power, to which its security is sometimes attributed, as from its greater advance in the system and in the administration of justice, and the frequency with which, in the course of its history, some of the most important of human rights have been successfully claimed by the mass, and yielded by the few. There is not such a total separation between the high and the low as on the continent; they are a little more mingled up, and consequently there is a little more sympathy and a little more safety. Oppression is always insecure, and never more so than when it feels itself most at ease in its possessions.

Now, from all this, our situation, our institutions, and our habits set us perfectly free. The oppression of the mass by the few is rendered impossible by the public institutions, and is driven, by the habits of thinking and feeling generated by those institutions, from the wish and thought of any one as much as it is from his power. In the entire freedom from personal control, which is here universal, the rights of the individual are maintained; and as no one can encroach on those of his neighbour without being promptly and efficiently reminded of it, the rights of all are respected. The growth of sympathy is unchecked by any artificial distinction of ranks; as none exists except the natural classification of the more or less intelligent, skilful, and successful. The consideration necessarily attached to these personal differences is personal in its nature, and does not attach, as it does in Europe, to an individual merely because he happens to belong to a certain family or a certain order. And there is nothing to continue such consideration in one family, or one class. The accidents of birth and character are not to be prevented from operating in every house; and the fickleness of prosperity is not chained down to a certain succession. Distinct orders of society, therefore, do not and cannot exist here. There is nothing so high, that the very lowest, in situation merely, may not aspire to it. There is nothing so low, that the very highest, if not secured by something besides situation, may not fall to it. In Europe, on the contrary, situation alone, without merit or

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capacity, secures to a man ease, splendor, and power, and situation alone binds him to obscurity, want, and insignificance ; while merit without position will do little to render him comfortable, successful, or distinguished. This is the point which makes the essential difference between the social condition of Europe and America ; and which order of things is the best for the mass does not admit of a question for a moment in the mind of a reflecting person. And if it is best for the mass to stand as we do here, it is not very easy to see why it is not best for all, the distinguished as well as the undistinguished, the rich as well as the poor. Where shall the line be drawn between the many for whom our state of society is good, and the few for whom it is not good ? In truth, there is no such line practicable ; and it is one of the great results of the condition of things in New England, that it proves the identity of interests of all the component parts of society. No one can say to any other, — " You are not wanted ; we can do without you." There is a mutual dependence far more widely felt, and not only felt, but acknowledged, here than elsewhere ; and as the political institutions of the country are adapted to continue this state of things, it may be hoped that it will long endure to produce the fruits which we have been contemplating.

One proof of the existence of this sentiment has already been intimated ; namely, that it is not left, as in monarchical or aristocratic forms of government it is usually left, to the political powers to do every thing, whether for weal or woe, which can be done by society. Here, the subject takes much of the matter into his own hands, and does many things far better than any government could possibly do them ; and at the same time he requires his government to do well all that it can do ; and it is a fact, that a much larger amount has been distributed by the individual inhabitants of Boston than by the City government, in the same term of time, for the same, or similar, purposes. This is done freely, voluntarily, by no compulsion of any sort, from the motive that springs up in the breast of one, and is communicated to many, be it benevolence, vanity, love of influence, ambition, or whatever else may be imagined. It is desirable to believe, that, in general, it is benevolence which produces these effects ; but if it be any of the other less worthy motives, still it produces active sympathy, — sympathy between those who

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act in concert, and sympathy with those to whose benefit their action is directed. Thus is society knit together by feelings and by interests intertwining in every direction, and scarcely can one bond be broken without its being widely felt and speedily repaired. It is needless to say, that a society in such a condition stands firmer, more consolidated, and less likely to be dissolved by internal convulsion or external violence, than one where a mutual feeling of hostility, opposing interests, and conflicting claims is always, or frequently, uppermost in the minds and hearts of which it is composed.

It should be a subject of common congratulation that such a state of things can be found here. The wise and the good will, of course, rejoice in it; and it would be a reason for greater rejoicing, if there could be produced in the minds of those who call themselves, and are called by others, the laboring classes here, a proper perception of the immense difference between their condition and that of the corresponding classes in Europe. The cultivators and the proprietors of the soil are not there, as here, the same persons, but one is the lord, the other the vassal; the one is rich by the labor of those about him, the other is destitute of property, because he cannot appropriate to himself the proceeds of his own labor. Neither party can change his station; the higher cannot fall from his rank, whatever may be his personal character, and the lower cannot rise above his original condition, be his personal merits what they may. Now is there any thing here at all approaching to this? Is not every farmer lord of his own manor; can he not appropriate to his own use every dollar of his earnings? Who is there above him, to whom he must bow the knee, and on whom he must feel dependent? If he chance to pay rent, does it make him feel dependent? Certainly not. He knows his landlord is just as dependent upon him as he is upon the landlord. And the condition of the mechanic is quite as favorably contrasted with that of the mechanic of Europe. On the one continent, the profession is esteemed, and even honored; on the other, it is despised, and treated with a contempt which would be as galling as it is unknown to the high-spirited and often highly cultivated mechanic of New England.

But persons who are farmers or mechanics in this country often use a language and exhibit a tone of feeling which are inconsistent with the state of things here, and are applicable

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only to what is found in Europe. They talk of the oppression of the rich; when there is not a rich man in America that can, and perhaps not one that wishes, to oppress them. They talk of others being held in more respect, and of themselves as being despised; when there are as many mechanics and farmers in town, city, county, and state offices, both legislative and executive, as of all other sorts of persons put together; they take as decided a lead in all measures, public or private, as they are personally qualified to do; and very frequently do they throw others completely into the shade. Now, if this be contemptuous treatment, what would be respectful? If this be oppression, who is free? No; such language is entirely erroneous, and they who use it really do not know what they are talking of. They use terms borrowed from Europe, and applicable only there, and apply them to themselves and those about them, when they are in entirely different situations, and hold entirely different relations to each other. It produces a bad effect on their imaginations, (for it cannot influence the reality,) to talk of themselves as if they were poor, or despised, or oppressed. It generates a habit of complaining, which ill becomes the sturdy, ambitious, independent, manly yeomen, that they really are; and it creates ill feelings, for which there is little foundation, against those who are more successful or wealthy than themselves. It is a good thing to learn, in whatsoever state we are, therewith to be content, and not to think ourselves poor because our neighbour has more than we, and not to think him an oppressor merely because he is rich. Riches alone do not enable a man to be much of an oppressor anywhere, and in this country the rich man can make no figure at all in that line. There must be position and privilege superadded to wealth to make it possible to oppress, and in New England neither that position nor that privilege can be attained by any body. So far is the rich man from having attained them, that he is, in truth, farther from them than other persons. He is jealously watched, constantly suspected, and is very commonly regarded as a fair subject for that covert system of attack, which, though in a different way to be sure, is as great a favorite with the Yankee as with his predecessor, the Indian. The language and the conduct of public bodies, especially legislatures, show pretty accurately the tendency of feeling and thought among the mass whom they represent;

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and if these be carefully observed, it will be found that they indicate the existence of a jealousy of the rich and prosperous, for which the history of the country has given no good cause, but which, originating elsewhere, and kept up here, in a great degree, by the influx of persons bringing deep-rooted feelings with them from Europe, is alike unjust to the one side and unworthy of the other.

The preceding statements of donations may be confidently appealed to in proof of the unreasonableness of the jealousy. A large portion of the sums stated have, no doubt, arisen from the gathered mites of the generous poor, but another large portion has also been received from the generous rich; and if a man be rich without being generous, he can certainly find many cities which would be more agreeable places of residence to him than Boston. So far as has hitherto appeared, the influence of the rich has been exerted, in this country, only for beneficent purposes; and it is time that the uncharitable constructions put upon their conduct should be abandoned.

But there is one remark which is applicable to all sorts and denominations of persons, and which may be regarded in the light of an offset to some of the merciless reproofs we have received from many of the most, as well as from some of the least, enlightened of our visiters from abroad. Nearly all of them, from De Tocqueville and Major Hamilton to Dickens and Mrs. Trollope, can laugh at, abuse, ridicule, scold, or lament, according to their several tempers, our devotion to money-getting, our sordid greediness, our sacrifice of honor, character, comfort, and respectability to the pursuit of "the almighty dollar." And what is the result? It cannot be denied, that we are active and enterprising in our attempts to obtain wealth, and that we succeed in the attempt rather oftener than is usual elsewhere, in consequence of this enterprise and activity; but that we have any stronger passion for money than other people may safely be denied, till some nation is discovered who cannot be reproached in the same way. Till then it may serve to compose the nerves affected by the language referred to, if there be any, to reflect upon the use which is made of a portion of the wealth which is accumulated, and at the same time of the more moderate resources of those who cannot be called wealthy. Look at the lists already presented, and say if money could

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be expected to be more freely spent for praiseworthy purposes by any body. Here are a great number of objects, upon some of which all sorts of persons, rich and poor, orthodox and heretic, strong and weak, influential and influenced, male and female, young and old, educated and uneducated, unite their efforts, and the result is such a number and combination of charities as has never before been found in any city of its size. So long as money is freely spent in support of the church, the school, the college, the hospital, and the asylum, for memorials of the departed good and great, for the sustenance of the poor, and the comfort of the prisoner, there is little fear of its being greatly misapplied in luxurious extravagance, wanton waste, or vicious indulgence. If we are greedy of gain, it is not to hoard it with the passion of the miser, but to procure to ourselves the advantages which cannot be obtained without it, — the cultivation, the improvement, the luxury of doing good, which are the stimulus, the means, and the reward of virtue.

ART. VI. — *Four Lectures on Spiritual Christianity, delivered in the Hanover Square Rooms, London, March*, 1841. By ISAAC TAYLOR. London: Jackson & Walford. 1841. 12mo. pp. 203.

HARDLY any author of our own age has exerted a wider influence than the author of the work before us. Not that his books have been generally read; for, in the current acceptation of that term, he is very far from being a *popular* writer. Nor yet can he have been much read by the class next removed from the many, — by the busy, stirring, leading, managing class of people, — by those who pull the puppet-wires that move the masses. But ideas of all kinds are put in circulation by very different persons, — by those of retired and contemplative habits, who speak and write only when they have somewhat to say, and whose sole aim beyond self-culture is to convince reasonable men of what is true, or to persuade them to what is right. The thoughts

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which they set in motion float in the intellectual atmosphere, and are constantly inhaled and given out again in new forms by thinking men ; and in their ceaseless circuits and transformations, they now and then impinge upon the *sensoria* of the less thoughtful and more active members of the body politic, find a lodgment there, and thus work their way gradually into the common mind. But those who thus sustain the vital circulation in the intellectual world do not occupy its highest places. There is yet a loftier style of mental endowment and character. There are the men of genius, of inspiration, of genuine intuition, who hold, face to face, communion with "the incorruptible spirit that is in all things," who strike out great thoughts and attain comprehensive views, not by labored processes of induction, but spontaneously and by open vision. A few of these suffice for an age ; and they are the mediators between their race and absolute truth. They enunciate principles, which the patient labor of an inferior order of minds must verify. They open rich veins, which the diligent and plodding must work. They plunge into the region of the unknown and unexplored by routes which none can trace, throw up their signal lights, and mark their stations, which others can reach only stepwise, by cutting away the undergrowth of ages, and building a solid pathway. They thus plan work and furnish materials for the large and growing class of respectable, sensible, useful writers, leaving them scope for a certain degree or kind of originality in supplying intermediate processes and subsidiary thoughts, and in the whole work of rhetorical arrangement and adornment.

We are disposed to assign to Isaac Taylor a very high rank in this last named class of minds. He is not a genius, but a great and fruitful thinker. He is no Prometheus, but he handles fire to admiration. Of absolutely original views or ideas, his writings present, for the most part, an utter dearth. But, as an eclectic philosopher and theologian, he is careful, candid, discriminating, often judicious, always instructive. Though indebted to his extensive reading for the germs of his theories, and for the staple of his arguments and illustrations, he yet has made the fruits of his study thoroughly his own by digestion and assimilation ; — the deliberate action of his own mind has passed upon them all, so that he is never a plagiarist, and never appears as a

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mere compiler, but always as an independent thinker and critic, with a strongly marked individuality of character. He is eminently a suggestive writer, inasmuch as he deals largely in paradoxes that startle the reader's mind into reflection, and his works abound also in half-shaped, fragmentary conceptions and statements, which the reader is left to complete for himself.

We have called Taylor a *candid* author ; but the word needs qualification. It is applicable in full to his personal consciousness and to the sincerity of his aims. No author of our times has a more devout love of truth, a more cordial readiness to weigh objections and to respect opposite opinions, or a greater fearlessness of results, than he. But his mind is subject to some strong biases, which, while he is unconscious of their presence, often warp his judgment, and blend false elements with his theories and convictions. In the first place, his culture, though extensive, is partial and one-sided. With Christian antiquity he is intimately conversant ; with pagan antiquity not more so than every man of liberal pursuits professes to be. In old English theological literature he is no less an adept than in patristical lore ; of modern German theology, his impressions seem to have been derived at second hand, and his knowledge is exceedingly imperfect, so that, while he occupies a position worthy of a Christian, at the farthest remove from German skepticism, he has failed to profit by the enlarged views and liberal canons of historical and biblical criticism, which, *salvâ fide*, he might have borrowed from the continent. In isolated ecclesiastical history he is thoroughly versed ; yet he seems not to have traced it in its parallelism with the progress and the revolutions of states and empires, or with the literary and scientific developments of successive ages. His views, therefore, often lack comprehensiveness and universality ; their correctness is relative, not absolute ; they are taken from a point either too remote or too near, and are, therefore, either vague and inadequate, or else disproportionately magnified.

Then again, our author is too prone to regard all classes of subjects indiscriminately in their æsthetic aspects. Himself a man of refined culture, delicate perceptions, and fastidious tastes, he is often captivated or repelled by the auspices under which a theory has been broached, or the form

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in which a system has been promulgated; and permits what is adventitious and unessential to outweigh the actual merits of a case or question. Quaintness and daintiness of thought and a certain moderate euphuism of style have a charm for him, independently of the truth or falsity of the ideas which they represent. Also, in common with most persons in whom the æsthetic element is largely developed, he is more readily accessible to the beautiful than to the grand. His love of symmetry often leads him to ignore truths which he cannot crowd between the points of his compasses, and measure on his scale. The region of the immense and the unknown he hardly recognizes, except so far as he can extend into it the petty cobwork of a dreamy imagination, — if that may be termed imagination, which works by mathematical rule, and never violates proportion.

Taylor's practical views on all subjects are also materially affected by his isolated and retired position, and his ignorance of the condition, character, and wants of the great mass of mankind. Leading a life of literary ease, domestic in his tastes and habits, conversant with few except persons of cultivation and refinement, he has but a vague and traditionary knowledge of the less fortunate classes and conditions of society. The rougher forms of life he has beheld only at a distance so remote as to soften their rugged features, and to shed a delusive haze over their deformities. Sin and misery are to him not the stubborn and immeasurable facts that they appear in actual life, but negative quantities in the account current of humanity, which, though vast, are yet susceptible of easy calculation, and may be cancelled with mathematical accuracy. He has never sounded the depths of human ignorance and stupidity, and has no conception of the mental and moral neediness of countless multitudes even in the most enlightened parts of Christendom. His creed, indeed, as to the dogma of native depravity, is sufficiently orthodox; but depravity is with him a technical term, rather than an embodied attribute of character. Thus, his views and theories, when they have reference to society as it is, or to its progressive amelioration, are vitiated by his oversight of a portion of the facts in the case. They lack adaptation to the actual condition of things.

For similar reasons, our author is better versed in the past

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than in the present, and displays his powers to far greater advantage in the philosophical analysis of what has been, than in the announcement of that which is to come, whether on earth or in heaven. Indeed, when he assumes the prophet's wand, his future is simply some phasis of the past idealized and glorified. His very paradise has all its forms run in terrestrial moulds, and borrows many of its colors from the golden age of the ancient mythologies. His quietness of spirit, his retired manner of life, and his contemplative and introspective habits of mind fit him to be the expositor of the *statics*, rather than of the *dynamics* of society. He views the race, or the church, or the nation, (as his subject may be,) as in a state of equilibrium, and calculates with beautiful precision the balanced forces which keep each other in repose. But he cannot throw himself on the rushing tide of human activity and progress, and ascertain its rate and its laws of ebb and flow, sound its eddies, and mark from age to age its shifting channels. He can give a masterly analysis of single, isolated elements of civilization and social improvement; but they must first be brought into his laboratory, and cast into his crucible. He cannot detect them in operation, or trace them clearly in their joint action as combined with other forces. He is like the chemist, whom the motions of the heavenly bodies bewilder and confuse, but to whom, should a meteoric stone fall from the volcanoes of the moon, the astronomer can carry it with unhesitating confidence that no test or solvent will be left untried in determining the nature and properties of its primitive atoms. Such an author is necessarily a very inadequate type of an age like the present, whose breath is ceaseless agitation, its atmosphere turmoil and excitement, its very rest motion.

Taylor's style is marked both by great beauties and by glaring faults. As a medium of ready communication with his readers, it can claim small praise. It is artificial and elaborate to the last degree. It abounds in involved sentences, unvernacular idioms, words of foreign, unfamiliar derivation, and heavy, cumbrous compounds, designed to embody whole sentences of meaning. An author of less merit could hardly induce a numerous public to undertake the severe task-work of mastering such a style. But while the outward garb in which the author has seen fit to clothe his

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thoughts interposes serious difficulties in the way of apprehending them, it attracts at frequent intervals the reader's admiration by its rich and inimitably delicate hues and shadings. Taylor's books are full, even to weariness, of felicitous expressions, of words that are pictures, of single isolated images, that incarnate abstract truth, and make its form and semblance almost flash before the natural eye. Indeed, there is hardly a sentence of his, which is not graceful, exquisitely wrought, and worthy to be transferred to the commonplace-book, as a gem worth keeping by itself. But his prose is all high table-land. He never rises, never falls. There is no variety, — no adaptation of the expression to the relative dignity of the subject, or prominence of the thought, — no plain, unadorned statement of plain and simple truth. On the other hand, the most momentous and thrilling themes never quicken his pulse, or dash his pen with fire, or swell the silvery stream into a rushing torrent. Old Hugh Latimer, drawing analogies from things temporal to picture out a spiritual feast, says: "When there is made a delicate dinner, and the guests fare well, at the end of the dinner they have certain subtleties, custards, sweet and delicate things." Taylor serves up an inimitably "delicate dinner," and, if his guests complain of their fare, it can only be on the ground, that the "subtleties" come not at the end alone, but constitute first, second, and third course, *entrées* and dessert.

"The Natural History of Enthusiasm," if not our author's first work, was the first which gave him fame. Most of his subsequent works, including the one now under review, belong to the same class with this; and it is on these that his reputation must chiefly rest. They consist of the minute, thorough, philosophical analysis of fundamental principles and essential elements of religion, society, and human nature. They are heart-probing books, such as reveal man to his own better knowledge; and are adapted to exert the most salutary practical influence on cultivated and reflecting readers, in expounding recondite portions of their own interior experience, in unfolding the philosophy of the Christian Scriptures, and pointing out the true conditions of social well-being and progress.

Of the "Physical Theory of Another Life" we cannot speak so favorably. It is, what it purports to be, a strictly *physical* theory. It materializes the soul, and heav-

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en, and hell. Its system of the world to come has all the grotesqueness, with little of the quaint symmetry and fantastic beauty, that attach to Swedenborg's. It had its germ undoubtedly in Abraham Tucker's *vehicular* system, which, as a literary curiosity, possesses singular charms, but, gravely proposed as a theory, can awaken only surprise and skepticism.

"Saturday Evening" is one of Taylor's most edifying books. It consists of a series of short and loosely connected essays on the spiritual condition and relations of man individually and collectively, and on the intimate connection of the soul, still earth-bound, with higher intelligences and a loftier sphere of being. It is a book which one may have for years on his table, and never grow weary of it. It has just enough of accurate reasoning to keep the intellectual faculties on the alert, and just enough of dreamy imagining to lift the soul into those vague and boundless regions of speculation, faith, and desire, in which we can always say, "It is good for us to be here." Its strange title is an eminently happy one; for we know no uninspired volume which is a more appropriate companion for the meditative stillness which one seeks on the eve of the Sabbath, or which can better fit one "to be in the spirit on the Lord's day." And if the large and important class of men, to whom "Saturday Evening" is the busiest season of the week, would now and then drop their pens and reinforce the languid flow of thought by a few of these suggestive pages, they would find less drowsy hearers, and sow the seed of a richer harvest on the morrow.

But it is time that we entered on the analysis of the work, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article. It consists of four lectures, "delivered at the instance of the Committee of the London City Mission." The first is on "the Exterior Characteristics of Spiritual Christianity." The most obvious external feature of Christianity is, that it is "a religion of facts." Under this head our author presents us with a masterly array of argument against the rationalistic view of the Christian Scriptures, which would eliminate the supernatural element from the record, and reduce it down to a body of unauthoritative moral teaching, appealing for the sole evidence of its truth to individual consciousness. The impossibility of separating the miraculous from the ordinary

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events in the gospel history, and the extreme naturalness of the former no less than of the latter, are illustrated with so much force and beauty, that the hope that we may induce our readers to become acquainted with the work itself alone prevents our making copious extracts from this portion of it. But within less compass than would suffice to exhibit the train of reflection just referred to, we can quote the following weighty remarks on moral evidence considered as differing in kind only, and not necessarily in its degreee of certainty, from mathematical or physical proof.

"That sort of evidence may properly be called *moral*, which appeals to the moral sense, and in assenting to which, as we often do with an irresistible conviction, we are unable, with any precision, to convey to another mind the grounds of our firm belief. It is thus, often, that we estimate the veracity of a witness, or judge of the reality or spuriousness of a written narrative. But then even this sort of evidence, when nicely analyzed, resolves itself into physical principles. What are these convictions, which we find it impossible to clothe in words, but the results, in our minds, of slow, involuntary inductions concerning moral qualities, and which, inasmuch as they are peculiarly exact, are not to be transfused into a medium so vague and faulty as is language, at the best?

"As to the mass of history, by far the larger portion of it rests, in no proper sense, upon *moral* evidence. To a portion the mathematical doctrine of probabilities applies; — for it may be as a million to one, that an alleged fact, under all the circumstances, is true. But the proof of the larger portion resolves itself into our knowledge of the laws of the material world, and of those of the world of mind. A portion also is conclusively established by a minute scrutiny of its agreement with that intricate combination of small events which makes up the course of human affairs.

"Every *real* transaction, especially those which flow on through a course of time, touches this web-work of small events at many points, and is woven into its very substance. Fiction may indeed paint its personages so as for a moment to deceive the eye; — but it has never succeeded in the attempt to foist its factitious embroideries upon the tapestry of truth.

"We might take, as an instance, that irresistible book in which Paley has established the truth of the personal history of St. Paul.* It is throughout a tracing of the thousand fibres by which

* The "Horæ Paulinæ."

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a long series of events connects itself with the warp and woof of human affairs. To apply to evidence of this sort the besom of skepticism, and sweepingly to remove it as consisting only in *moral evidence*, is an amazing instance of confusion of mind.

"It is often loosely affirmed that history rests mainly upon moral evidence. Is then a Roman camp moral evidence? Or is a Roman road moral evidence? Or are these and many other facts, when appealed to as proof of the assertion, that, in a remote age, the Romans held military occupation of Britain, moral evidence? If they be, then we affirm, that, when complete in its kind, it falls not a whit behind mathematical demonstration, as to its certainty." — pp. 32 – 34.

It has of late been fashionable in certain quarters to maintain, that there is an essential distinction between facts and truths, as to the evidence on which they are to be received. Facts, it is said, may rest on testimony, and be taken on authority; but the vast, comprehensive truths of ethical and religious science can be received on trust from no one; they must have their evidence in our own consciousness, before they can be embraced. We admit the distinction, but contend that its whole bearing is against the ground maintained by these *soi-disant* spiritualists. Truths are universal facts; facts are particular truths. The latter, being finite, may be ascertained, comprehended, and attested by finite minds, and may be the indubitable subjects of individual consciousness. The former, being infinite and absolute, can be fully known and adequately attested only by that mind, which holds in its embrace all space, time, and being; for omniscience alone can know, whether a broad and extensive fact has limitations and exceptions, so as to render it still a mere fact, or whether it has the largest possible scope and application, and is therefore a truth. Consciousness, then, is not a sufficient proof of any truth; it barely proves that the individual has certain ideas or impressions; it is wholly subjective, while all truth must, from its very nature, have an objective reality, independent of individual consciousness. The testimony of God, then, is indispensably necessary to the authentication of truth. And, in consulting the records of a professed revelation, we are seeking the testimony of God, not of man. But how are we to recognize God's testimony, coming to us, as it must, through human witnesses? We reply, that human testimony is amply competent to authenticate miracles, which are mere isolated

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facts, — possible facts, if there be a God, — facts beyond all doubt, if attested by a sufficient number of credible witnesses ; and that miracles, disturbing, as they do, the normal course of events, and implying the immediate effort of the divine power for some express and important end, make God himself the witness for whatever truths are promulgated in connection with them. We thus have, in the miraculous narrative of the New Testament, a religion of facts, as the exterior basis of the religion of truths.

Our author's next proposition is, that "Christianity is a religion of facts, with which all men, without exception and without distinction, and in an equal degree, are personally concerned," — a seeming truism, but bearing that aspect only because our minds have been, as it were, bathed from infancy in Christian ideas. In point of fact, Christianity is the only religion that has ever had existence, which has not been exclusive and invidiously aristocratic in its earthly privileges, and in the promised joys of its paradise. All others shut out from favor and hope multitudes of the race, on the score of nation, sex, rank, or profession. Indeed, the universality of the Christian religion occupied a prominent, if not the chief, place among the objections urged against it in the primitive ages. The arrogant Jew looked down upon it with scorn, because it welcomed the Gentile into its fold ; and on no feature of the religion do the early pagan objectors, Celsus and Porphyry, expend more bitter invective than on its extension of privilege to the poor and illiterate, to the rustic and the slave.

The third proposition in this lecture is, that "Christianity, as a religion of facts, induces a new relationship between man and his Maker" ; and the fourth, that "the facts of Christianity, when admitted as true, are of a kind to excite, and to maintain in activity, the warmest and the most profound emotions of which men are susceptible, according to the individual constitution of their minds." The treatment of these points is marked by the calm and subdued fervor of one, whose daily experience is made up of the most profound and exalted religious emotions, and who has so far completed the work of self-consecration, as to serve God with the whole *mind*, no less than with the whole heart and strength.

The external facts connected with the promulgation of

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our religion having thus been discussed, the "Truths peculiar to Spiritual Christianity" appropriately form the subject of the second lecture. These are defined to be, first, "justification through faith"; secondly, "the sovereign and abiding influence of the Holy Spirit in renovating the soul"; and, thirdly, "that a cordial reception of these truths brings with it a settled and affectionate sense of security, or peace and joy in believing, which becomes the spring of holy tempers and virtuous conduct." These truths, though nominally admitted as essential and vital by all Christians, cannot be expounded or enlarged upon, without our entering on the field of polemic theology, which is for us forbidden ground. We can only say with regard to this lecture, that, while we would commend the explicitness and frankness of its statements as a worthy precedent for writers on this class of subjects, who are sometimes prone to employ words for the purpose of concealing ideas, we personally have no sympathy with its distinctive theological character.

We pass therefore at once to the third lecture, which is on the "Ethical Characteristics of Spiritual Philanthropy." This, for its calm and elevated tone of sentiment, for its firm position on the eternal laws of the moral universe, for its lessons of practical wisdom, not adapted to the times, but fitted to make the times what they ought to be, deserves to be printed in golden letters, or, to speak more literally, ought to be published as a tract by thousands, and sown broadcast through Christendom. It presents such views as are needed, in these days of philanthropic effort, to redeem the great causes of human virtue, freedom, and progress from the contempt into which one-idea men of grovelling minds and impenetrable hebetude on all but a single class of subjects are fast sinking them, and to reunite philanthropy and piety, which God has joined, and which cannot dwell apart without dishonor. The leading idea of this lecture is, that Christian morality is not a code of laws, but a set of principles, and not so much a set of principles, as the varied modification and application of one great central principle, that of love and devoted allegiance to the Supreme Being, who, as our Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier, unites in himself every possible claim upon our "affectionate loyalty." The gospel, indeed, has its commands and its prohibitions; but these are not de-

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signed to act directly upon the human will. They suppose that will already subdued to the purpose of obedience, waiting for guidance, asking the way of duty; and these precepts are designed, not to force the unwilling, but to direct the willing soul. With the ancients, manners and morals were coincident (as the very etymology of our word *morals* indicates); virtue was outward and mechanical; and whatever goodness of heart a man acquired he was supposed to gain by the sedulous practice of prescribed routines of right conduct. Christian virtue, on the other hand, has its seat in the heart, and thence gradually subdues and governs every department of the outward life. The first and great commandment is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart"; and the second, of love to our neighbour, is simply a corollary from the first. Piety and charity are the one tree of life. We call it piety, as it strikes its deep root into the clefts of the Rock of ages; charity, as it spreads wide its healing branches, to bless all whom its shade can shelter, or its fruits nourish.

Christian ethics, consisting thus of the various modifications of a great principle, have received but slender services from those who have attached themselves to single portions of the gospel law, considered as a formal code, and have labored solely to carry into effect isolated commands or prohibitions. Movements of this kind, whether by individuals or combinations of men, when most promising at the outset, have spent themselves after a little season, and have been followed by a decided reaction, sufficient to counterbalance the seeming good that they had wrought. Meanwhile, as fast as men have become Christianized, abuses, wrongs, and evils, as old as time, and seemingly incapable of decay, have crumbled and fallen without hands; and the temple-walls have risen upon their ruins without sound of axe or hammer. There is wrapped up in the great principles of the gospel, in its scattered and informal illustrations of duty, and, above all, in the godlike traits of its Founder's life and character, an infinite wealth of ethical truth, motive, and energy, which developes itself from age to age, as fast as men are able to receive, use, embody, and establish it, and no faster. In the same Scriptures we read more than our fathers did; our posterity will read more than we.

The way in which Christianity reforms the world may be

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illustrated by specifying some of the more striking evils and vices, which it found deep seated in the very heart of humanity, and refined and adorned by all the charms which wealth, wit, and learning could throw around them. We might take for our first illustration the abounding licentiousness of the Roman empire, at the age when the gospel was first promulgated. The reader of Horace and Juvenal has become familiar with forms of pollution so gross and vile, as to be now banished from the very speech of men, which were then practised and defended by persons of unimpeachable social standing, nay, by the very priests at the altar, — which formed the theme of song in circles of the highest culture and most fastidious taste, — which have their memory perpetuated in verse that cannot die, by minds not destitute of lofty sentiments and impulses. Purity and chastity were unknown virtues. Cato, the severe, inflexible Cato, commends a young man for frequenting brothels. Cicero, in defending M. Cœlius, says: "*Si quis est, qui etiam meretriciis amoribus interdictum juventuti putet, est ille quidem valde severus, negare non possum; sed abhorret non modo ab hujus seculi licentiâ, verum etiam a majorum consuetudine atque concessis.*" The marriage bond was but a rope of sand; and scandalous divorces, on no pretence but that of lust, stained the most honored patrician families in Rome. The Roman woman, though not, as in the East, an imprisoned slave, was yet worse, alternately the tyrant and the victim; never, almost never, the chaste spouse of one husband, and the faithful mother of an unmixed progeny. In the Roman empire there was scarcely a pure house, around which could be grouped any of the numberless associations of fidelity, love, helpfulness, and permanent union, which go to make up the meaning of that most complex of all words, *home*. The excavated cities of Italy, which have embalmed for our own times the domestic forms and manners of the old world, show us the houses of the most wealthy absolutely destitute of what could be called family apartments, where the relations of a pure and virtuous household could be preserved inviolate. The guest-room, the banqueting-hall, the courts *sub dio*, are ample and splendid; the lodging-rooms, the private apartments, are less commodious, less carefully sheltered, than the berths and state-rooms of a modern steamboat.

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Now, to meet this depraved condition of domestic and social life, the first advocates of Christianity went not forth with bitter denunciation and harsh invective. Had they assailed these vices directly, and sought to put them down either by cogent reasoning, powerful rhetoric, or indignant expostulation, their zeal would have been fruitless, and not one of them would have left his mark in the annals of the race. But they taught men and women everywhere, that they had within them souls, the image and the temple of God, that an omniscient eye was upon them, and an all-searching judgment in reserve for them. They unfolded the beauty of holiness, the worth of inward peace and purity, the blessedness of a conscience void of offence. They shed over the hearts of men a sense of divine and infinite love, and awakened reciprocal sentiments of gratitude and devotion. They thus diffused through the proud capital, and among the remotest provinces of the great empire, an atmosphere in which the contagion of degrading vice could not spread, and its deadly wounds were healed. Licentiousness and the love of God were at opposite poles of the moral universe. As fast as worthy notions of man's spiritual and immortal nature gained ground, the reign of impurity was checked, and maxims and habits of self-restraint and self-respect obtained currency. Home, Christianity's best earthly godsend, grew into being. The connubial relation was made sacred and enduring. Forms of vicious indulgence, which had sought no concealment, shunned the light, and were branded with shame and guilt. Woman rose from her age-long degradation, and for the meretricious robes of a tenant at will in her husband's house, clothed herself in the modest graces of a Christian wife and mother, and took her place at the domestic and public altar, as man's honored peer and partner. Vicious elements, that seemed thoroughly kneaded into the whole mass of society, have thus been purged away by the silent gradual working of Christian ideas and principles ; and in place of a social condition, characterized by high culture and elaborate refinement, yet presenting no one healthy feature, we have a new civilization, which, though incidentally embodying much that is wrong and evil, in its basis and its essential laws can neither need change, nor admit of improvement.

The sanguinary and murderous spectacles, which consti-

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tuted the chief public entertainment for all classes of citizens in ancient Rome, were gradually exterminated by the same noiseless process of moral influence. There was no fierce onslaught upon gladiatorial shows, or upon the revolting conflicts of men with savage beasts. They seem never to have been made the subjects of peculiar animadversion or special effort on the part of the early Christians; and the exhibition of fanatical rage against them would only have called forth new zeal for their continuance, and have cast their opposers to be torn in pieces on the arena, for the sport of a depraved populace. But men, when they became Christians, absented themselves from these spectacles, and bore against them their silent testimony, backed by the entire weight of pure, sober, dignified lives and manners. Every Christian household became a radiating point for sentiments of humanity and mercy. And, as the new religion penetrated the mass of society, these barbarous amusements sunk into such desuetude and neglect, as hardly to need a formal abrogation.

The effect of Chrstianity on the institutions of government belongs to the same category. The Christian Scriptures, indeed, prescribe no form of government; and, as they enjoin quiet submission, rather than seditious and violent resistance, even to unjust power, they have all along been quoted by the friends and upholders of tyranny in behalf of the extremest views of passive obedience, and have often been represented by the champions of human rights as opposed to civil freedom; yet, if we compare the ancient world and modern Christendom in this regard, we shall find abundant reason to deem Christianity the parent and friend of liberty and of popular institutions of government. We are prone to be misled by the frequent mention of the Greek and Roman republics; and multitudes infer from this mere name, that there existed in the classic ages political institutions which recognized the equal rights of all classes of citizens. Nothing could be farther than this from the actual case. In Athens, where as great a degree of freedom was enjoyed as in any one of the Grecian states, the right of suffrage was indeed secured to all, except the very numerous class of slaves, which sometimes bore to the free population the ratio of near twenty to one. But the free citizens were divided, according to their wealth, into four classes; and those of the lowest, though possessed of the profoundest

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wisdom and the loftiest virtue, were for ever barred from any part in the public administration, were not eligible to any civil or military office, nor were they permitted to speak in the public assemblies ; while almost all the power of the state was confided to two separate senates, to neither of which could any be chosen but men of the most ample fortune. The other Grecian states were all, to a greater or less degree, exclusive aristocracies ; nor can the discriminating student of history find any thing to authorize the cant phrase, in which modern rhymesters have been wont to designate Greece as the "cradle of liberty."

Nor yet was Rome ever a republic in any assignable sense of the term. Its first government was a limited monarchy, which gradually consolidated itself into a despotism, and maddened the privileged aristocracy to a revolt on their own account ; and the downfall of royalty had no other effect upon the people at large, than to substitute a multitude of tyrants for one. There was, indeed, after this the show of popular suffrage ; but it was a mere empty mockery. The Roman people voted by *centuries ;* and the patricians were divided into centuries containing a hundred citizens each, while the plebeian centuries each contained several hundreds, and, in course of time, even thousands. The centuries were called to cast their votes in the order of rank ; and the lower centuries in the scale were not summoned to present their suffrages, except when a division among the upper gave them the casting vote, so that most questions were decided by a minority of the people, without any opportunity for the majority so much as to express their opinions. There were, indeed, numerous struggles on the part of the common people to get possession of their just rights, and these struggles were in some cases attended with partial and temporary success ; but always ended in a firmer riveting of the chains, until at last the people learned to love their fetters, and to cringe in utter abjectness of spirit to their oppressors.

Greece and Rome were, politically speaking, the brightest spots in all antiquity. Everywhere else there was despotism unquestioned, untempered, iron-handed. And how is it even at this day out of the pale of Christendom ? What organized Mahometan or pagan government is there which does not disfranchise the great mass of its citizens, and count their property as rightful plunder, their lives as a free sacri-

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fice to transient resentment or momentary whim? But it cannot be denied, that the political tendencies of all Christendom are towards a literal equality of right and privilege, — towards the taking of power from the hands of the few and lodging it in the hands of the many. This tendency is more or less decided and rapid in different nations, in proportion to the familiarity of the people with the records of their religion, — least of all developed in Spain and Portugal, where the Scriptures have been kept back from the general eye, — most manifest in England and in our own country, where there have been no obstacles to the acquisition and dissemination of religious knowledge. Of the thrones of Christendom, there is not one which has not quaked and tottered. Of arbitrary forms of government yet surviving, there is not one, into which popular elements have not been infused, — not one, which deems itself independent of the favor even of its lowest and poorest subjects. There is not a spot of earth in any Christian country, where a man can be trampled on with impunity simply because he is poor, or where a serf, or peasant, or laborer can be murdered by autocratic power, without his blood's borrowing a nation's million voices to cry to heaven for vengeance. There is no citizen so insignificant as to be unrecognized by law, or incapable of claiming justice, and, if justice be withheld, of engraving his appeal deep in the popular memory, that doomsday-book of tyrants.

Now, in bringing about this new order of things in the political world, Christianity has never gone forward to attack existing institutions. It has, on the other hand, acquiesced in such forms of outward organization as had been bequeathed by former generations or created by circumstances; but has infused into them its own spirit of freedom and humanity. It has said alike to rulers and subjects, "All ye are brethren." It has reminded the great men of the earth of the power of one yet greater, to whom they are to give account for their exercise of authority. It has planted in the bosom alike of noble and of peasant a consciousness of native freedom, an independence of thought and feeling, to which kings must needs bow, and nobles cannot refuse their homage. It has made prominent, and keeps perpetually before the minds of men, the two great facts of their common parentage and their common destiny, on which the whole fabric of equal rights rests. Its work is, indeed, as yet but imperfectly done;

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and the fanatical apostles of liberty imagine that it could be far more promptly and effectually wrought by outcry, forcible resistance, violence, and blood. Outward forms of government may, indeed, be overturned in a day by blind, brute force; yet the same force may the next day reinstate them. But the cycles of man's moral progress, though they embrace ages in their circuit, return not upon themselves again, so that the ground once won for humanity is never lost.

We are mining a rich and favorite vein; but we must forbear. We close our remarks on the subject of this admirable lecture by a brief extract, which condenses in a few simple paragraphs what we conceive to be the true theory of social progress.

"Let the Gospel, in its genuine energy, pervade a community, and each ancient abuse that attaches to it, will come, in its turn, to be questioned and rebuked, and will at length yield to this sovereign influence. We confide too little in the heavenly efficacy of Christian principles, when we labor to effect reformations on the lower ground of utility, or of a temporizing expediency.

"And yet even when argued on these lower grounds, the purity of the Christian ethics seldom fails to win a triumph. Some old injustice, some immemorial wrong, which has worked as a canker within the social system, is at length brought under notice. This interference of "busy zeal" is at first hotly resented. The originators of the protest look again to the grounds of their objection, and strengthen their argument. The reasons they advance compel attention, and are examined, and then the entire code of Christian ethics, as applicable to the evil in question, is brought to bear upon it. The result, whether it be more or less definite, and even if the first protest be overruled, is to raise the tone of moral feeling, throughout the community, and to bring the rule of morals into closer contact with the consciences of all who are sincere in their Christian profession. The Gospel of Christ has thus won another triumph, in preparation for that which shall be universal; and to the eye of an intelligent observer these successive evolutions of Christian morality are clearly predictive of such a triumph.

"If Christianity be yet upheld in its purity, and if it be permitted to work its way forward, a time must come, when the acceleration of its progress shall attract all eyes, and shall begin to date its periodic advances, not by centuries, but by years; or even by months and days. The world is governed less by the direct influence of known and fixed truths, than by variable

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feeling, reverberated from all sides; just as the temperature of the atmosphere is maintained, not by the full sunshine, but by the radiation of heat from all surfaces on earth. Men individually — or at least those who are open to moral influence at all — act in a manner which represents, not their individual acquaintance with what is right, but that diffused sense of right which a few, who intensely feel it, have shed around them.

"Thus it is that every powerful impulse communicated to the social mass by energetic minds reproduces itself, until even the few almost lose their distinction of feeling more than others, and of thinking more justly; because they have brought the many to think and feel with them." — pp. 122 – 124.

The last lecture is on "Spiritual Christianity, the Hope of the World at the present Moment." It claims to be thus regarded, inasmuch as it attaches infinite value to the individual soul, and embraces within its charity every human being, however vicious or degraded, regarding each as capable of redemption and an invited heir of immortality. Then, too, as a system of unbounded mercy, it infuses its own loving, philanthropic spirit into the heart of every true disciple, making him earnestly solicitous to relieve every form of physical or moral destitution, and to minister, so far as in him lies, to the well-being and happiness of his fellow-men. It also includes, as an essential element, "a law of diffusion; and we must, in this instance, use the word *law* in both its customary senses, as intending a *statute*, or sanctioned command; and an *impulse*, or force, or established mode of action; as when we speak of the laws of nature." The spirituality of the Christian religion, too, makes it a *constant* force, independent of, and superior to, every established institution, even its own, which it may outgrow and survive, taking to itself new forms of organization, and polity, to suit the temper or meet the demands of each successive age. And finally, "spiritual Christianity offers a ground of cordial combination, for all purposes of religious benevolence, among its true adherents." So far as the discussion of these points is concerned, we entirely coincide with our author in his whole course of argument and illustration, and are heartily grateful to him for the service which he has thus rendered to the cause of our common faith. We are not prepared, however, to be wafted along with him in an under-current of national self-glorification, which pervades the lecture, and of which the following may be taken as a specimen.

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"We turn to the altogether peculiar position which we, the people of England, at this passing moment occupy, in relation to the human family. Has not the part of an Elder Brother of this great family actually fallen upon the English race? and have not the solicitudes of such a relationship actually become ours? Are we not by many interests, and by motives higher than any interests, compelled, in some measure, nay, to a great extent, to think for all, to care for all, to defend the weak, to forefend the strong; and is there not now pervading the people of this country, even as a temper which has become characteristically British, a kindly sympathy in what affects the welfare of each race of the human family; — such a feeling, at least, as has never belonged to any other people, in any age? If many partake not at all of any such feeling, they are fewer than those who are alive to it in a good degree.

"With all the paths of the world now mapped before us, and with means of communication, which, for practical ends, condense the population of the earth, as if the thousand millions were crowded upon a ball of one third the diameter; and with actual colonial possession of a large portion of the earth, and with moral possession, by high character and repute, of almost the whole of it; and with all these uncalculated and untried means of influence now ripened, and presented afresh to our hands, who is it that can altogether control those mingling emotions of patriotism and of expansive benevolence, which become us, occupying as we do a position, whence we may go forth to conquer the world, not for ambition, not for wealth; but for Truth and Peace?

"And as we do stand in this position, and as we do, in so great a measure, entertain the feelings proper to it; so is there a reciprocity of feeling widely diffused among the nations. British *political* influence or national supremacy apart, the British feeling, — its honor, its justice, and its humanity, are in fact understood in the remotest regions, and are trusted to by tribes whose names we have not yet learned to pronounce. The several designations by which English benevolence, in its various forms, styles itself, have, as watch-words of hope, traversed the ocean, and have pervaded wildernesses; and these titles of our organized philanthropy have already wakened the dull ear of half-civilized continents, and are reverberated from the hill-sides of the remotest barbarism.

"It is true that England is looked to, as the helper, guardian, guide, of the nations. And assuredly it is the CHRISTIANITY of England which gives depth, substance, life, to her repute through the world, as the lover of justice, and the mover of good." — pp. 159, 160.

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How far *British honor, justice, and humanity* may be "trusted to by tribes whose names we have not yet learned to pronounce," we are unable to say; but we doubt whether any strong confidence can be reposed in them in China or Affghanistan. Nay, there are certain tax-ground, overworked, down-trodden, even unfranchised, portions of the population of the British islands, to whom the application of such terms to the collective character of the nation must seem bitter irony. The England of our author is a certain ideal of the loyal and patriotic recluse, which a moderate conversance with newspapers, parliamentary enactments, and orders in council, could hardly fail to dissipate. Christianity is, we believe, the hope of the world; but seeing the overmastering lust of power and territory, which marks (and with so many deep furrows of moral ignominy) every portion of the Anglo-Saxon race, we dare not identify either the mother country or our own with that pure and gentle incarnation of divine love, which alone can save and bless the nations of the earth, and raise suffering and degraded man, all the world over, to the liberty, purity, and dignity of a child of God and an heir of heaven. But it is not for our boastful nation to rebuke in terms of severe censure this honest national pride, however ungrounded. We will therefore close our article by commending the work before us to the serious regard of the friends of religion and humanity, and by applying the leading thought of this closing lecture to two separate topics, both of vast moment; the one involving the most sacred rights of the present and all coming generations, the other having reference to questions often anxiously mooted by the timid and distrustful.

We would speak of Christianity as the sole hope of the world, as regards the permanence and progress of free political institutions. The unbeliever, though he profess republican principles, is just such a friend to republican institutions as Samson was to the congregated nobles of Philistia. His hands are upon the pillars of freedom's temple; but it is in efforts to rend them from their base. Unless mankind be traced from a common father and to a common home, outward, adventitious distinctions become intrinsic and essential, and lay a fair and just foundation for the encroachments and extortions of the richer and stronger, and for the abject, brute-like submission of the poorer and

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weaker. In that case, might becomes right, and selfishness law; society has no bond, and imposes no mutual obligations; and the whole community naturally and necessarily divides itself into the two great classes of the preying and the preyed upon. If the infidel's creed be true, there is then no foundation on which a republic can be built. So France found by sad experiment; for never, since the world was, were human rights so outrageously violated, liberty so utterly subverted, man so trampled upon by man, as in the French republic under the auspices of atheism. Those God-defying, self-styled democrats, Danton, Marat, Robespierre, and their colleagues in sin, so far transcended the tyranny and cruelty of earlier times, that, placed at their side in judgment, the most relentless despots of the old world might appear with clean hands and honest and generous hearts. And thus was France tossed in the whirlpool of democratic tyranny, till she deemed herself only too happy to exchange her hydra-headed despot for the sole caprice and unbounded power of a single tyrant. Nor was it till she had recalled her priests, rebuilt her altars, and reëstablished in the general mind a reverence for the objects of religious faith, that she could obtain from a righteous Providence the tempering of autocratic sway by popular representation and constitutional liberty.

We would, finally, speak of Christianity as the sole hope of the world in respect to the permanence of modern civilization. It is certain that Egypt, Persia, Greece, and Rome successively attained a very elevated standard of civilization and refinement, but were subsequently overswept by ignorance and barbarism, and left mighty and significant ruins as the only relics of their days of renown. What assurance have we, that the same fate will not follow the civilization of our own times, and that the countries, now the seat of science, art, and literature, may not again be given over to darkness and desolation? Our assurance that this will not be the case is derived from the importance which Christianity attaches to the individual man, — from its extension of equal spiritual rights, privileges, and hopes to all of every class and condition. When a crafty old Roman wished to indicate to the treacherous magistrate of a rival city the best mode of destroying that city, he walked in his garden by a bed of poppies, and struck off the heads of the

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tallest with his cane; thus intimating, that, could a few of the chief citizens be destroyed, the fall of the city would be placed beyond a doubt. This anecdote illustrates the great point of distinction between ancient and modern civilization. Ancient civilization did not penetrate the mass of the community. It descended not to the cottage, farm, or workshop; but was confined to the abodes of the rich, the halls of science, and the galleries of taste. It shone only on the tallest heads. These, of course, were at once lopped off or hopelessly humbled, in a civil revolution or barbarian inroad; and the civilization, of which they had been the sole representatives, passed away with them. The populace left behind, having never participated in it, could not of course perpetuate it.

But modern, Christian civilization is individual in its character. It leavens the whole mass. It permeates every vein and artery of the body politic. It descends through every ramification of the social system. It dwells no less in the cottage than in the palace, no less in the workshop than in the drawing-room. It has for its defence, in every nation, not a chosen host, "fit champions, though few," but a grand national guard, a general militia, in which every name is enrolled, and every poor cottager and day-laborer bears arms for his fireside, his country, and his God. Modern civilization can, then, be extinguished only by exterminating the races of Christendom, or blotting out the light of Christianity. Its star of hope and promise is the still culminating star of Bethlehem.

ART. VII. — *Journal of Researches into the Geology and Natural History of the various Countries visited by his Majesty's Ship Beagle, under the Command of Captain Fitzroy, R. N., from* 1832 *to* 1836. By CHARLES DARWIN, M. A., F. R. S., Secretary to the Geological Society. London: Henry Colburn. 1840. 8vo. pp. 629.

THE work before us has never been republished in this country. It is the account of a voyage undertaken by a

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man of fortune, at the suggestion of the commander of the ship, who offered a part of his own accommodations to any scientific person who might be disposed to accompany the expedition. Mr. Darwin proposed to publish the results of his observation in a more permanent and systematic form, and meantime threw out these light sketches for the entertainment of readers who might be interested in subjects of the kind to a certain extent, but not disposed to go deep into the investigation. It is not a bad example for those who may have similar opportunities. There is a life and freshness in a journal written at the time, which cannot be preserved in more elaborate writing; and though scientific readers might be thankful for something like method and arrangement, common readers hold such order in contempt, only requiring a narrative which shall amuse them. This is more easily said than done; but whoever can succeed in it may do good service occasionally by inspiring in others a taste and enthusiasm similar to his own.

It is not without surprise, but with some feeling of relief, hat we find ourselves at Porto Praya in the first page of the work, thus happily escaping the heart-sinking feeling of leaving home, together with sea-sickness, and the other pleasing varieties of a voyage with which travellers are wont to regale their readers. From that place Mr. Darwin passed rapidly to Brazil, where he is most of all impressed with the aspect of the forest; the elegance of the grasses, the beauty of the flowers, the strangeness of the parasitical plants, and the deep glossy green of the foliage fill him with an admiration which words cannot express, and which, therefore, with judicious but uncommon self-denial, he makes no attempt to utter. But to a naturalist the sea presented objects of greater interest than the shore. The surface seemed entirely covered with a discoloring substance resembling bits of chopped hay, with jagged ends, each of which, when minutely examined, was found to consist of from twenty to sixty cylindrical filaments, with rounded extremities, and divided at regular intervals by transverse septa, containing a brownish-green flocculent matter. These confervæ must exist in immense numbers; ships sometimes sail through them for miles together. On the coast of Chili, fifty miles from the shore, they observed a similar discoloration. On examination, the water appeared slightly stained, as if with red dust; with the

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microscope these points appeared to be animalcula of an oval form, which, the moment they suspended their motion, burst open at the end, sometimes at both ends, thus closing their activity and existence together. The color of the water was like that of a stream flowing through red clay; and these creatures, which thus change the face of the ocean by their numbers, are so small as to be invisible to the naked eye.

On landing at Rio Janeiro, he was invited by an Englishman, who lived in the interior, to visit him at his estate; and the ride of a hundred miles into the country gave him some opportunity of seeing the face of nature and of man, the latter, as he represents it, being the less attractive of the two. On arriving at a *vênda*, or inn, the custom was to bow low to the landlord, asking if he could do them the favor to give them something to eat. "Any thing you choose," was the courteous reply; but it was the land of promise rather than performance, and on asking for the choice articles thus at their service, they were sure to be found wanting. When by their own exertions they had secured some fowls, pelting them to death with stones, they were compelled to wait, that every thing might be done in solemn order; and if, overcome with hunger and fatigue, they timidly alluded to the expected meal, the reply was, "It will be ready when it is ready." At the best of these hotels, some inquiry being made of the landlord respecting a whip, which one of the party had lost, the answer was, "How should I know? why did you not take care of it? I suppose the dogs have eaten it." It is very pleasing to one interested in natural history to meet with these varieties of the human animal; and yet it is certain that specimens of the same two-footed beast may be found in Old or New England. However, the author, like a man of the world, does not dwell very seriously on the subject, and we cannot learn that he made any attempt to add the creature to his collection.

Mr. Darwin was very much impressed with the beauty of the thin haze, which in warm climates softens the features of the landscape, and blends its colors into harmony. This appearance is familiar to us, but is not seen in the more humid atmosphere of England. He found the Lepidoptera large and brilliantly colored, principally butterflies, — the moths, contrary to what the rank vegetation promised, being com-

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paratively few. He mentions the *Papilio feronia*, a frequenter of the olive groves, as the most remarkable of the number; it is the only one which uses its legs for running, and it also has the power of making a clicking sound, like a toothed wheel passing under a spring catch; of the fact he was certain, though he was unable to discover the mechanism which produced it. The insects which depend on the vegetable world for subsistence are very numerous; the carrion feeders are comparatively few. But the most abundant are the ants, great armies of which probably do the work which elsewhere is attended to by others. On entering a tropical forest, one is astonished at their labors. Beaten paths branch off in every direction, in which trains are seen going forth and returning, with burdens often larger than themselves. Sometimes they emigrate in great force. His attention was one day arrested by a multitude of spiders, cockroaches, and lizards, flying together, in a state little short of distraction, from some pursuing foe. Behind them was a black cloud of ants, which arranged their lines so as to inclose their prey. He placed a small stone in their way, which they might have avoided by going an inch round; but it was not till they had attacked it again and again, and found it impossible to remove it, that they would submit to the humiliation of changing their course in deference to human power. Among the spiders he found a gregarious kind, assembled in large numbers, more amiable than most others of the race, which lay no restraint upon their passion for eating each other, a self-indulgence which destroys much of the comfort of their associations. This species forms its webs round the tops of large bushes, thus forming a tent for the common benefit, in which they dwell, for a wonder, at peace with each other, though Ishmaelites to all the rest of the insect world.

Mr. Darwin shortly after proceeded to Maldonado, and as the Beagle was employed two years in surveying south of the river Plata, he had ample time for examining the neighbouring country. It is not a very alluring description which he gives of the shores of this celebrated stream. The country is low and level, with few trees or inclosures to vary the monotony of its surface. The traveller encounters few inhabitants, and those whom he saw, as he describes them, are somewhat in the rear of modern civiliza-

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tion. They expressed their unfeigned astonishment at his practice of washing his face in the morning; and some, who were rather better informed than the rest on the subject of geography, gave him to understand that London and North America were different names for the same country. In an excursion to the interior, he passed the night at the house of a rich landed proprietor. The windows were without glass, and the floors of hardened mud; the furniture of the parlour consisted of a few rough and most uneasy chairs, and a couple of tables. The supper, provided for several guests, in addition to the family, was composed of two heaps, one of roasted, the other of boiled meat, with a few slices of pumpkin, without any other vegetable, or a mouthful of bread; and to wash down these luxuries, a single jug of earthen ware was to serve the whole party. The most striking feature of the scenery is the absence of trees; with the exception of a few willows, and trees introduced by the Spaniards, of which the peach supplies the city of Buenos Ayres with fuel, there are no forests, and no considerable growth of woods. Nor is it easy to account for their absence; for, except in the immediate vicinity of the shore, the surface is sufficiently varied, and the supply of moisture greater than in many regions where woodlands abound. He says, however, that the limit of the forests coincides with that of the region which the damp winds travel over; where they go laden with moisture from the Pacific, the country is thickly covered with wood.

In a broad bank of sand hillocks, which separate the Laguna del Potrero from the shores of the Plata, Mr. Darwin found a group of those vitrified tubes which are generally thought to have been formed by lightning entering the sand. The wind, blowing away the sand, which is not held in its place by any vegetation, has partially disclosed them; they extend for several feet into the ground. Their internal surface is vitrified and glossy; on the outside, the grains of sand are rounded, with a glazed appearance, but without any sign of crystallization. These *fulgurites* have been imitated in Paris, by passing strong galvanic shocks through finely powdered glass; when salt was added, they were increased in size. As this was done with the strongest battery that could be procured, and with a substance so easily melted as powdered glass, it gives us a strong impression of the power of light-

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ning, which could form a cylinder of a material so refractory as quartz, to the depth sometimes of thirty feet. The neighbourhood of the Rio Plata is very subject to electrical phenomena, and thunder-storms in that region are unusually dangerous as well as sublime.

From Maldonado he sailed to Rio Negro, the largest stream which enters the sea between the Straits of Magellan and the Plata, and about three hundred miles south of the latter. From the town near the mouth of the river, called El Carmen, or Patagones, he went to visit some salt lakes, which were fifteen miles distant. In winter, they are shallow collections of brine, which in summer is converted into snow-white salt, several inches thick at the margin, but increasing in depth toward the centre, its glossy whiteness strongly contrasting with the brown and desolate plains. The mud on the borders is black, with an unpleasant smell, probably owing to minute animals, like the *Cancer salinus*, which can only live with comfort and satisfaction in a very strong solution of salt. Flamingoes resort to these lakes, apparently for the sake of the living food which they supply already salted ; and when these birds die, they have their bodies embalmed by the element, without any expense or care of their own.

These salt lakes are not materially different from those in the neighbourhood of the Caspian, as Pallas describes them. A more remarkable appearance is the incrustation of salt on the surface of the ground. These are most abundant in the neighbourhood of Bahia Blanca, which Mr. Darwin reached by a land journey though a country resembling a desert. While the ground remains moist, nothing is seen but a plain of black, muddy soil, bearing a few succulent plants ; but a few days of hot weather change the aspect into that of a field of slightly drifted snow. This unevenness is owing to the tendency which the salt has to crystallize, like hoar-frost, around stumps and stems, or on the ridges of broken ground. The salinas occur in depressions on the elevated plains ; the *salitrales*, as they are called, are found in alluvial soils on the borders of rivers, or on level tracts, raised but little above the level of the sea.

On his way to Bahia, Mr. Darwin fell in with General Rosas, with whom he was better pleased than with his army, whom he describes as to all appearance a villanous banditti, over whom the general acquired so much influence by con-

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forming himself to their tastes, that one of them alleged as a sufficient justification for a murder, "He spoke disrespectfully of the general, on which account I killed him." The spirit and energy which Rosas manifested in organizing bands to defend his large estates from the predatory attacks of the Indians first recommended him to the notice of the public; and when he acted in a larger field, he inspired confidence by the same activity and vigor. A certain address of character, too, was not without its effect. He ordered, that no man, on penalty of the stocks, should carry his knife on Sunday, this day being sacredly set apart for gambling and drinking. One Sabbath, a high public officer called to see him, and the general, with his knife in his belt, came out to receive him. The steward reminded him of his unconscious violation of the law; upon which he begged the functionary to excuse him while he went into the stocks, which he accordingly did. The steward, however, not sure that his proceeding would be relished, gave orders soon to release him; as soon as this was done, he reminded the steward that he had broken the law by not keeping him in for the appointed time, and therefore ordered him to the vacant place, much to the edification of the people.

The soil in these regions generally is sterile, almost without trees, with few bushes, and presents but thin and scanty vegetation of any kind; there is no evidence of any unfavorable change in this respect, yet it is certain that large animals formerly existed there in great numbers, which is inconsistent with the common idea that such animals require a luxuriant growth of food. But the southern part of Africa, which is eminently barren, is tenanted by the elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, antelope, and giraffe, all large in size, and abundant in numbers; no part of the earth compares with it in this respect, and at the same time no region has need to envy its vegetation. The size of the remains of animals, then, which geologists assign to the tertiary era, does not necessarily imply a very productive soil to feed them; nor is it necessary to frame theories of great revolutions in climate to account for the existence of such animals; so far as the quantity of vegetation is concerned, they might have lived on the soil in which they found their graves, without supposing it to be materially altered. The animals now existing at Bahia are small, but the fossil remains show that the

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mastodon, the megatherium, the toxodon, an animal as large as a hippopotamus, together with many others on a scale but little inferior, once possessed this undesirable and barren land.

The ostrich is common in this region. It generally subsists on vegetable food, but often comes to the mud-banks on the shore for the purpose of catching small fish. Although shy and solitary in their habits, they are easily taken; when several horsemen appear in a semicircle, they seem too much bewildered to avail themselves of their extraordinary swiftness. They generally prefer running against the wind, and if hard pressed, they often take to the water, where their progress in swimming is slow. Mr. Darwin had often heard of a rare bird, called the Avestruz Petise, very nearly resembling the ostrich, though not so large. One of these fell into his hands in Patagonia; but it was not till the bird was killed and eaten, that he remembered what had been said of it; fortunately, the skin had been preserved, and he was able to make out a tolerable specimen, which he considered a great windfall, others having made the attempt to obtain them without the least success.

Mr. Darwin made an interesting observation on the subject of the hybernation of animals, and the stimulus which is necessary to restore them. When he arrived at Bahia Blanca, on the 7th of September, it seemed as if all animals had deserted the sterile region for some better and happier land; but on digging in the ground, lizards, spiders, and other creatures were found in a half-torpid state. On the 15th, a few animals began to appear; and by the 18th, the plains were ornamented with the flowers of a pink wood-sorrel, œnotheræ, and geraniums, and every thing announced the welcome return of spring. During the first eleven days of his sojourn, while all was lifeless, the mean temperature was 51°. On the eleven succeeding days, when all was kindling into life, the mean temperature did not exceed 58°; so that the change of seven degrees only was sufficient to awaken all the activity of life. At Monte Video, which they had just left, the mean temperature from the 26th of July to the 19th of August was over 58°; but with this elevated temperature, spiders, snails, toads, and lizards were lying torpid under the stones. This difference shows, that it is not the absolute degree of heat which

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regulates these changes. Within the tropics, the hybernation of animals is governed by the times of drought. There are many animals which show no signs of life till water is thrown upon them; after a rain, slight depressions in the ground are full of life, as if from equivocal generation; while the solution of the mystery is, that the creatures are there already, and it is the moisture which restores the action of life.

From Bahia Blanca he passed by land to Buenos Ayres, through a country never very attractive, but made more uncomfortable at the time by the war which was carried on against the Indians. It is needless to say, that it was a war of extermination on the part of the Christians, so called, — *lucus a non lucendo*; and, as in some other lands that we have heard of, all manner of outrage and oppression was considered perfectly justifiable; the civilized man sinking into the brutality of the savage, and the savage borrowing a certain dignity from the wrongs which he endures, which lift him far above his base oppressor. For food on this journey, he and his party were much indebted to the ostrich; the Gauchos threw leather thongs, with balls attached to them, with so much skill, that they wound round the legs of the flying bird and brought him to the ground. One of the nests of these birds had twenty-seven eggs in it, which, as each one is equal to eleven hen's eggs, afforded them a tolerable supply.

He found some confirmation of the story of the Jesuit Dobrizhoffer, who said that the hail-storms in that country were so severe that they often killed large numbers of cattle. There was a hail-storm on one of the nights of his journey, and in the morning they found thirteen deer lying dead; soon after, seven more were brought in. As a man without dogs can do very little in this kind of hunting, he saw no reason to discredit their story; fifteen ostriches were also found dead, besides great numbers of smaller birds. This gave them a very liberal supply of animal food, which was of more importance to the European than the native; the Gauchos being epicures in their way, but all agreeing, that, however it may be with the jaguar, the cat is undeniable; and they unanimously rejoice in it as excellent food; a taste which has this advantage, at least, that they have all the field to themselves, with none to interfere with their

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self-indulgence. The European cannot live for any length of time without bread ; but the Gauchos for months together taste nothing but animal food.

These countries often suffer intensely from long continued droughts, which have something of a periodical character. Between the years 1827 and 1830, so little rain fell, that all vegetation, even the thistles, failed, and the whole country became like a dusty high-road. Such quantities of the dusty soil were blown about, that landmarks were lost, and strife and confusion added to the universal suffering. Vast numbers of animals died. One proprietor at San Pedro, who was the owner of twenty thousand cattle, lost every one ; and though this is the most fertile part of the whole country, cattle were brought to it in vessels, to supply the inhabitants with food. These droughts are said to return once in about fifteen years ; they are sure to be followed by excessive and long continued rains. It is said that such periodical droughts are common in Australia, with an interval of ten or twelve years ; but it requires many observations to establish facts like these ; one or two accidental returns of such phenomena are often mistaken for the operation of a general law.

The account which Mr. Darwin gives of the estuary of the Plata is fatal to the common imaginations respecting that great river. He says, that, whatever figure it may make on the map, it is in reality but a poor affair, being little more than a vast expanse of muddy water, bounded by low and uninteresting shores. From Monte Video, he went by land up the Uruguay ; on the way he encountered the postman, bearing in his mail two letters, after passing through the most considerable towns, — affording a lively image of what our own post would have been, had the wise policy of the department been persisted in much longer. This is partly accounted for by the eulogium which he heard passed on some of the popular representatives by their constituents, who remarked, that, though not perhaps abounding in every accomplisment, " they could sign their names," which was enough to satisfy every reasonable demand. Some idea may be formed of the value of property, from the price of an estate with 3,000 cattle, 800 mares, and 600 sheep, with a small port for vessels, and wood to supply the market at Buenos Ayres. It was offered by the owner for

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£ 2500, which was more than any one had been found willing to give. The large flocks of sheep are committed to the care of dogs, who assume the trust with a sense of responsibility, which is worthy of all praise. They are trained to it from their youth ; being bred in company with their future associates, and losing all desire to go with other dogs, who seem to resent their alienation, and always attack them when they come to the house for food ; but as soon as the shepherd's dog rejoins his flock, the others, as if conscious that he is under protection of the law, leave him with his helpless charge, and retreat with all possible expedition. It has been remarked, that domesticated animals consider man a member of their society, and an alliance with him as fulfilling their law of associations. The shepherd-dogs seem to embrace sheep in the same category ; and the house-dogs probably get their moral sense with respect to property more from certain lessons which man is apt to administer, than from any confused ideas on the subject of power and justice, to which he ascribes their proceedings.

In these countries, Mr. Darwin was struck with the polite and dignified manners which are found in all ranks, if ranks can be spoken of where all are so nearly equal. The son of a major in the army wished to leave his professional employment of making paper cigars, and to accompany the traveller as his servant or guide. The general toleration of foreign religions, the freedom of the press, the attempts at education, and the liberal treatment of foreigners, are all good things ; but at the same time there is license, even to wildness, in morals and manners, an open corruption and indifference to blood, which perhaps may have grown out of the confusion of public affairs, but will require long and thorough reform, before these countries can rise among the nations, or become safe and desirable places of abode for man.

When the ship in which Mr. Darwin sailed was several miles from the shore, he was more than once surprised by a visit from insects in great numbers. One evening, about ten miles from San Blas, the seamen cried out that it was snowing butterflies ; and when he looked out, the air was filled with them as far as the eye could range ; some moths and hymenoptera accompanied them, and a calosoma was taken, which was the more remarkable, as insects of that

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description seldom take wing. The day was calm, so that they could not have been blown off from the shore. On another occasion, seventeen miles from Cape Corrientes, on drawing in a net, which he had set to catch pelagic animals, he drew in a variety of beetles, alive, and apparently happy, though their prospect of setting foot on dry land again was exceedingly small. Once when the Beagle was to the windward of the Cape de Verde islands, and when the nearest point of land not directly opposite to the wind was 370 miles distant, a large grasshopper flew on board. More than once, when the ship was in the estuary of the Plata, sixty miles from the shore, the rigging was covered with gossamer spiders, each attached to its floating thread; but this was less remarkable, because they can easily run on the surface of the water.

He made some observations on the movements of this class of insects, not the least interesting of all, but certainly the least beloved. He observed one, which resembled a citigrade, and therefore was not a gossamer, while standing on the top of a post, dart three or four threads from its spinner. As they glittered in the sun, they resembled rays of light, though they were not straight, but undulating; the spider then left its station, and sailed out of sight in its ingenious balloon. M. Virey's observations would seem to prove that some spiders, without even this preparation for the voyage, have power to walk the air; but perhaps it would be found, that, if there are no long threads, the feet are connected together by lines, which, however short and fine, answer the purpose of supporting a creature so light.

After a visit to Patagonia, which afforded them no discoveries nor observations of peculiar interest, they touched at Terra del Fuego, where man is found in the lowest stage of discomfort certainly, if not of degradation. The country is rough and irregular, and the climate variable; it was there that two of Sir Joseph Banks's party perished with cold in January, which answers to midsummer in Europe. Gale follows gale in endless and stormy succession, and the troubled spirit of the Cape, as seamen have reason to know, is wholly unacquainted with the blessing of rest. The Fuegian dwelling does not afford the most perfect shelter from these changes. Externally it resembles a haycock, though perhaps it would be flattered by the comparison; it consists only

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of a few branches stuck in the ground, and thatched on one side with grass and rushes. The natives who came about the ship were nearly naked, and one woman entirely so. The sleet fell and thawed on the limbs of one who had with her an infant child. At night, they throw themselves down and sleep, like animals, on the wet ground. When the water is low, they must rise from this luxurious bed to pick up shell-fish from the rocks, and, both in summer and winter, the women dive to collect sea-eggs, or sit in their canoes with hair lines to draw small fish from the water. If a seal or the decaying carcass of a whale floats along, it is a day of high festival, and this, with a few berries or fungi, is their most epicurean fare. Without homes, clothing, beds, tolerable food, or any of those circumstances which are so important to us, they seem to think life worth having; and doubtless there is value in mere existence; certain it is, that there are few who are in any haste to resign it, however great their privations and troubles may be.

The fungus mentioned just now, which affords resources for food to the natives, is a curious production of nature. It is of a bright yellow color and globular form, of the size of a small apple, and adheres to the beech-tree. In the young state it is turgid and elastic from being filled with moisture. When cut in two, the inside is seen to consist of a white, fleshy substance; and cup-shaped balls, of about one twelfth of an inch in diameter, are arranged at regular intervals, filled with an elastic, colorless, and transparent matter. Above them, the external skin is pitted, and as the fungus grows old, is ruptured, and the gelatinous mass, which doubtless contains the sporules, is disseminated. After this the surface becomes honeycombed, with empty cells, and the fungus shrinks and grows together; and in this state, without any process of cooking, it is eaten by the Fuegians, recommended probably by the circumstance that they can get nothing better. In fact, with the exception of a few berries of a dwarf arbutus, it is all their vegetable food.

The *Fucus giganteus* of Solander, a species of kelp, grows on all the rocks, both on the coast and within the channels, and, by indicating the spot where they lie beneath the waters, it saves many a vessel from destruction. Though the stem is seldom more than an inch in diameter, it resists those great breakers of the Western Ocean, which are too much even

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for the rocks themselves. A few of them together will support the weight of the large stones to which they attach themselves, which can be lifted from the ground by them without falling apart. Captain Cook said that it grew to the length of more than sixty fathoms, and at Terra del Fuego and the Falkland islands, large beds are often found in ten and fifteen fathoms of water. The plant affords support and shelter to innumerable forms of life. The leaf is whitened with corallines; on the flat surfaces, patelliform shells, mollusca, and bivalves are secured; crustacea in vast numbers frequent every part of the plant: on shaking the roots, cuttle-fish, star-fish, crabs, sea-eggs, Holuthuriæ, Planariæ and nereidous animals all fall out together. These afford subsistence to seals, otters, and cormorants; and the Fuegian, the lord of the soil, who has but a barren sceptre in his grasp, is deeply indebted to this provision, which saves him from the necessity, as he regards it, of sometimes being a cannibal for the sake of food.

After a visit at Valparaiso, the Beagle sailed again to the south, among the Chonos islands. Mr. Darwin found a wild potato, which seemed to him more likely to be the original of the cultivated vegetable than the maglia described by Molina, which Humboldt is disposed to regard as the parent stock. The maglia grows in Chili in its native soil, whence it was transported to the north to some distance, though, at the time of the Spanish conquest, it was unknown in Mexico. The other, to which Mr. Darwin refers, grows near the beach, in a sandy, shelly soil. They were in flower in the middle of January, but the tubers were small and few in number. When raw, they had the taste of the common potato; but after the process of cooking, they became insipid and watery. Some of the vines rose to the height of four feet from the ground. It may be suggested, that they were probably imported; but they grow on uninhabited islands, and as they are known and recognized by various races of the natives, are, without much doubt, the indigenous production of the ground. The same plant, then, is found in the barren regions of central Chili, where the rain does not fall for six months, and also in the damp forests of the southern islands; in this resembling the cultivated potato, which makes itself at home wherever it may happen to be.

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From Valparaiso, Mr. Darwin set out on an excursion to cross the Cordillera, and having ascended to a considerable height, on one of the patches of perpetual snow, he found the *red snow* described by Arctic navigators. He observed that the footprints of the mules were stained red, as if their hoofs had been slightly bloody; at first, he thought it was dust which had blown from the mountains of red porphyry, — these extremely minute plants appearing like coarse grains, from the magnifying power of the crystals of snow. A small portion of it rubbed on paper communicated a faint rose tinge mixed with a little brick-red. He placed some of the discolored snow between the leaves of his pocket-book, and a month afterwards examined the traces on the paper. When scraped off, the specimens were of a spherical form, with a diameter of the thousandth of an inch. When living, on the snow, they are collected in groups, many lying close together. When immersed in any fluid, the central part appeared like a drop of red, oily matter, containing a few very small granules, which are probably the germs of a future growth.

There is a good deal of interest in Mr. Darwin's account of his passage over the mountains; but the scenery has been described, and the difficulty and danger are well understood. In the higher ascent, they experienced that difficulty of respiration which is called *puna* by the Chilenos, who consider it a disease, and maintain that many have died of it; persons, probably, who had some disease of the heart, and were overcome by the effort of ascending. The only sensation in himself, which he could ascribe to the rarefied atmosphere, was a slight stricture over the head and chest, and this was at once forgotten when he came in sight of fossil shells. Two of his companions, not aware that water, at the height of two miles, boils at a lower temperature, were vainly endeavouring to cook potatoes; after boiling them the usual time, they came out as hard as they went in; much to the surprise and displeasure of the hungry travellers, who, not able to account for it in any other way, inferred that it must be the fault of the pot, on which, accordingly, they bestowed appropriate benedictions. The dryness of the atmosphere appeared in the shrinking of the handle of a geological hammer, the hardening of articles of food like bread and sugar, and the preservation of the skin and parts

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of the flesh of beasts which had perished on the road. To the same cause he ascribed the facility with which electricity was excited. Flannel, when rubbed in the dark, appeared as if it had been washed in phosphorus; every hair on a dog's back crackled, and sparks came from linen sheets and the straps of the saddle.

He describes, what other travellers have noticed, the increased brilliancy of the moon and stars, when seen from a great elevation. The extreme clearness of the air gives a peculiar character to the scenery, and it is from this cause, quite as much as from the absence of objects of comparison, that the traveller judges incorrectly of the size and distance of the things within his view. During the day, the sky was very often covered with clouds; but at night, when they cleared away, the great mountains, in the bright full moon, seemed hanging over them, as if they had been buried at the bottom of some deep ravine. Sometimes travelling is interrupted by storms, even in the depth of summer; but the guides told him that there was no risk of a heavy snow-storm, without thunder and lightning attending it to give warning.

From Peru, the Beagle sailed to Tahiti, an island now drawn into the eddy of European politics, and suffering more from those who take to themselves the name of civilized than ever it did from the darkness in which it formerly lay. In the civilization of the present day there are about three parts of barbarism; and in dealing with an unenlightened people, a Christian nation is sure to turn to them one of its savage sides, — a fact which is painfully illustrated in the history of every great nation of the present day. The people of Tahiti were then under the influence of missionaries, and were happily advancing in a course of improvement, which has since been miserably interrupted by the base proceedings of the French, intent, like their English neighbours, on making the possessions of others their own, without the least restraint of conscience or of shame. Mr. Darwin was greatly delighted with the appearance of the inhabitants. There was a mildness of aspect, which banished the idea that they were savages; and an intelligence which showed them to be advancing in civilization. They received strangers with cheerful and friendly confidence, not aware, at the time, how soon they might have reason to regret that Europeans

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had ever discovered their little island in the heart of the sea.

The land susceptible of cultivation is only a border of low alluvial soil, lying at the base of the mountains which form the interior of the island, and very little elevated above the level of the sea. It is protected from the waves by a coral reef, which encircles the whole island, forming a safe harbour for ships, and affording some passages through which they can enter. This fringe of soil has a most luxuriant vegetable growth ; and in the midst of orange, cocoa, banana, and breadfruit trees, are cleared fields, where yams, sweet potatoes, sugarcanes, and pineapples are cultivated. Through these forests or orchards, small winding paths lead to the scattered houses. The only way to go into the interior is to follow up one of the valleys which descend on the sides of the mountains.

The account which Mr. Darwin gives of the moral and social state of the islanders is full of interest, and must be regarded as the testimony of a perfectly impartial witness in favor of the efforts and success of the missionaries. He says that there is no truth whatever in the assertion, that they had become gloomy and superstitious ; on the contrary, they were remarkable for the cheerful kindness of their bearing ; and he thinks that the prevailing tone of morals is honorable both to the islanders and those who have taught them. He also intimates, what has been violently suspected before, that these unfavorable representations come from those who are disappointed at finding licentiousness less privileged than in former days, and who would fain restore the times when the heathen Christian may teach the Christian heathen the arts and refinements of his own most degrading sins. The captain of the Beagle was instructed to demand three thousand dollars as compensation for an English vessel which had been plundered ; an assembly was gathered to consider the subject ; the chiefs and people offered to contribute what was wanted ; and when the English captain suggested that their private property ought not to suffer for the crime of distant islanders, they said that they were grateful for his consideration, but they did it cheerfully for the sake of their queen.

From Tahiti they proceeded to New Zealand, where they were equally struck with what the missionaries had been able to accomplish, and that, too, against the resistance of for-

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eign residents, many of whom are drunken, licentious, and contemptible, and yet rejoice in the name of Christian. But in spite of this opposition, houses are built, windows framed, fields cultivated, mills set in motion, and orchards grafted, by New Zealanders themselves. There were large fields of barley and wheat, potatoes and clover, and gardens containing not only the familiar vegetables, such as asparagus, beans, cucumbers, rhubarb, gooseberries, currants, and grapes, but many others peculiar to warmer countries. More attention is here paid to the arts of civilization than in Tahiti, where the same results are sought in direct religious instruction and improvement of the mind. This is, perhaps, because the mind of the Tahitian is of a higher order. In the northern part of the island, a majority are believed to profess the Christian faith ; and those who have not embraced it feel the influence of this wondrous religion in a sense of shame, which makes them less bold and confident in their views than in former days. Surely there is some reason to rejoice in such manifestations in this land of polygamy, murder, cannibalism, and all other atrocious crimes.

In his account of Australia, Mr. Darwin makes some remarks on the manner in which the aborigines waste and disappear before the Europeans who establish themselves among them. The famous law of population, so triumphantly put forward by Malthus, may have some application to the case of such a people, who do little or nothing to increase the means of subsistence on which they depend. At New Zealand, the strong and manly natives knew that their children were to pass away from the land ; in Tahiti, where infanticide has been abolished since the voyages of Cook, the inhabitants have diminished in numbers. But it also appears, and the accounts of New England voyagers go to confirm it, that diseases are introduced by ships, or rather by the intemperance which they bring with them, which do more than internal wars or any other cause to sweep the natives away. It is certain that waste and disappear they must ; but this no more justifies the proceedings of many civilized men in respect to them, than the well known fact that a man must die can be pleaded in excuse for one who murders him. It must needs be that they pass away ; but there is woe and retribution for those by whom they are dispossessed, if the order of nature is hastened by hardships and wrongs.

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Mr. Darwin, at the close of his work, makes a summary of the advantages and discomforts of a five years' voyage, in which, though he is no enthusiast, he gives the preponderance to the former. Of the ocean he speaks with a coolness to which that element is but little used; saying, that, after all its boasted glories, it is but a tedious waste, a desert of water. He speaks with some respect of a clear moonlight night upon the sea; but as for the storm, with all its boasted sublimity, he thinks that it bears no comparison with the same agitation of the winds on shore. The scenery which he saw on his voyage was more varied and stupendous than Europe could have afforded him; but after all his tastes as an observer of nature are satisfied, he seems to be most interested in the sight of man, in those earlier stages of barbarism through which our own ancestors must have passed. Doubtless, to some future age our own civilization will appear like a variety of barbarism, or at least like a transition state; but meantime it is matter of study and reflection to observe those peculiarities out of which, or of something like which, our present social systems have sprung.

ART. VIII. — *The Poets and Poetry of Europe, with Introductions and Biographical Notices.* By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1845. 8vo. pp. 779.

To the student of poetry, who is not acquainted with the languages of continental Europe, this large and handsome volume will bring a great store of amusement and instruction. Within a moderate compass, it gives him the means of gaining a connected view, and one as complete and perfect as can be obtained without a knowledge of the original tongues, of the poetical literature which exists in ten languages. Six of these, the Anglo-Saxon, Icelandic, Danish, Swedish, German, and Dutch, belong to the great Gothic family of the North; while the remaining four, the French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, are daughters of the Latin. We find here some of the editor's own beautiful translations, most of which, however, had previously ap-

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peared in print, from eight of these languages; and in this great crowd of translations by different hands, certainly very few appear equal to Professor Longfellow's in point of fidelity, elegance, and finish. The work is an honorable memorial of his great attainments as a linguist, in which character, rather than as a poet, his fame will be sustained and advanced by this publication.

The plan of the work, so far as we know, is wholly original and peculiar. The editor's intention was to give as perfect an idea of the poetical literature of modern Europe, as could be gained from the rhythmical translations that have been made at divers times by English poets and linguists. The bulk of the volume, therefore, is composed of excerpts from the publications of Bowring, Herbert, Costello, Taylor, Jamieson, Brooks, Adamson, Thorpe, and a crowd of other versifiers, who have clothed foreign poetry in an English garb. As might be expected from its comprehensive character, "the work is to be regarded as a collection, rather than as a selection," many pieces being admitted without reference to their poetical merit, but as the only versions into English which could be found to illustrate the poetry of a particular nation or age. Viewed merely as translations, some are very literal, others are loose and paraphrastic; many have been worked over into smooth and sounding English verse, while others are mere rough copies, that preserve the sentiment and imagery, but sacrifice entirely the metrical characteristics, of the originals. The former resemble foreign coins that have been melted down and stamped anew in the English mint; the latter have merely had the foreign mark effaced, and are here presented only as bullion, or rude material, which may afterwards receive a new form and impression, and circulate again as currency.

The arrangement of these borrowed materials is the distinctive feature of this publication. The translations from each language are brought together, and arranged according to the dates, or with reference to the age of the poets from whom they are taken. The object is not merely to illustrate the literature of another country at a particular time, or during its Augustan age; but to present at least a few specimens from every period in its annals, and thus to give a general idea of the history of poetry in each nation. An

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introductory sketch is given of the peculiarities of the language, and of the several epochs into which the literary history of the country is divided. These sketches were meant to be brief, but comprehensive; we cannot speak particularly of their merits, because several of them are taken from articles which appeared for the first time in this Journal. These are followed by the selected translations from the poets, beginning with the most ancient in each land, and coming down to those who are our contemporaries, save when, as in the case of the Anglo-Saxon, the history alike of the language and the literature was long since closed. The extracts are preceded by biographical or critical notices of the poets, quite brief for the most part, but sometimes giving occasion for very agreeable excursions into the domains of biography and literary disquisition. Most of these are written by Professor Felton, to whose taste and learning the merit of a large portion of what is most original and agreeable in this volume is entirely to be ascribed. His prefatory notices form a kind of dictionary of the poets of modern Europe; and though, in many cases, the information given is quite scanty, those only who have had some experience in this kind of work can judge of the amount of labor and research which he has expended upon the undertaking.

Thus far we have considered the book as prepared for that class of English readers who can acquire a knowledge of the poetry of other countries only through the medium of translations. To the scholar who is well versed in the languages of continental Europe, the volume will appear curious and valuable when considered as a collection of specimens to show the comparative degree of skill and taste of many translators of foreign poetry into English verse. The task of such versifiers seems an humble one, when compared with the high vocation of the true "maker," or poet. The translator is a literary slave; the humblest or the boldest attempt at originality of thought or expression on his part must be viewed as an imperfection or a crime. He is bound to follow his master with servile fidelity, to copy defects, as well as merits, with a kind of Chinese accuracy. He is a dealer in nothing but words, an artist only in style and metrical arrangement; he has no right to any ideas of his own, and it is high-treason in him to alter or modify those of another, though it be only to mend them.

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Imitation, indeed, is the province of art in general; but it is imitation of a free and daring kind, which superadds grace, beauty, and dignity to the original, which exalts the humble, restores the depraved, illumines the obscure, and animates the dead. This is the work of the sculptor, the painter, the musician, and the poet. The translator labors in a far humbler walk, as he aims at imitation only in the strictest sense of the term. His office, indeed, is rather to transfer, than to imitate; like the merchant, he imports goods from beyond sea, allowing them to suffer as little change or loss as is possible during the passage.

This, at any rate, is the theory of translation now most in vogue among the critics. With them, verbal accuracy is the great point; like charity, it is held to cover a multitude of sins. A poetical translation may be harsh, obscure, unmusical, ill-adapted to an English taste, still deformed by idiomatic peculiarities of the language whence it was drawn; but if it be literal, if it render not only line for line, but word for word, it is held up as the only faithful translation, the only copy that gives one a true idea of the original. We do not accept this canon of criticism, as we hold a far higher idea of the dignity and importance of the translator's office. We prefer Pope's Homer to Cowper's, and though scholars will scoff at such an avowal, the whole multitude of unlearned readers probably will agree with us in opinion. A mere child is fascinated with the former, to which some of the most remarkable men who have lived during the last hundred years — poets, statesmen, and philosophers — have been indebted for the first decided impulse which their minds received, for the earliest awakening and direction of their genius. No one but a Greek scholar ever read Cowper's version through, and he not without much labor and weariness of spirit. At most, he is glad to throw it aside, and recur once more to the sounding hexameters of the glorious original; the lagging and heavy translation had pleased him not for its own sake, but because it called more vividly to mind the well-remembered Greek. The first object of the poet, whether trading upon his own stock, or upon borrowed capital, is to impart pleasure; he does not aim primarily to instruct or convince; it is no part of his business to teach another language, or to daguerrotype some work of art in another clime so faithfully that the copy will

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bear examination under the microscope. As a translator, it seems to us, his first purpose is to produce a beautiful English poem; his second to preserve the lineaments of the original so far as the difference between the two languages and the attainment of the former and higher object will admit.

Of course, verbal accuracy is an excellence, when it is compatible with these ends; but to exalt it over all the other qualities of a translation is to make the business of the translator a mere contest of difficulties with words and idioms. His success in a trial of this sort, like the feats of a juggler or a rope-dancer, we may view with curiosity or astonishment, but with no real pleasure or lasting gratification; the thing done has no intrinsic value or beauty, but we wonder that he should be able to do it at all. An eminent German critic, more remarkable for learning and arrogance, than for taste or sound judgment, once undertook to translate the Odyssey into German hexameters, rendering line for line, and cæsura for cæsura, so that the version should be an exact transcript of the original. He began the task, but had not gone over a tenth part of the first book before he stopped short in the middle of a line, and declared that there was not a man in all Europe who was able to finish it. We hope no one was silly enough to make the attempt. This fragment of a version we have never seen; but we think it must be a queer specimen of crabbed diction and halting versification, fit to be locked up in a cabinet of curiosities with a copy of the Odyssey written out in so fine a hand as to be all contained on a single sheet of paper; no person who had any regard for his eyes or his patience would undertake to read either the manuscript or the translation.

The German critic, Menzel, makes some pungent remarks upon the very literal translations of J. H. Voss from the Greek, which are so apposite, and so fully sustain our views, that we place them before our readers. We quote from Professor Felton's translation, which is cited on the 301st page of this volume.

"For more than half a century, he undertook the Sisyphean toil of rolling the rough runestone of the German language up the Grecian Parnassus; but

'Back again down to the plain rebounded the ragged rock swiftly.'

"He had the fixed idea, that the German language must be fitted to the Greek in mechanical fashion, syllable for syllable.

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He confounded his peculiar talent for these philological trifles, and the predilection which flowed out of it, with a universal capacity and with a universal want of the German language and poetry, as if a rope-dancer were to insist upon every body's dancing on the rope. The most obvious means of trailing the German language over the espalier of the Greek was naturally translations. Here the German language was brought so near the Greek, that it was forced to follow all its movements, like a wild elephant harnessed to a tame one. Voss is celebrated as the most faithful translator, but only so far as regards the materials of language and its mechanical laws; spirit and soul have always vanished under his clumsy fingers. In his translations he has banished the peculiar character and the natural grace of the German language, and put a strait jacket upon the lovely captive, which allowed her to move only in a stiff, unnatural, and constrained manner. His great merit consists in having introduced into the language of literature a great number of good, but antiquated, words, or those used only among the common people. He was forced to this, because it was necessary that he should have a wide range of words to choose from, in order to fill out always the prescribed Greek measure with the greatest exactness. He has, moreover, like Klopstock, developed the powers of the German language, by these difficult Greek exercises; just as the money-diggers, though they found no money, yet made the soil more fertile. I am very far from denying him this merit with regard to the language, — a service as laborious as it was useful; but his studies cannot pass for masterpieces; they were only the apparatus, the scaffolding, the school, and not the work of art itself. They were distortions of the language, in order to show how far its capability extended, but did not exhibit the grace of its proper movement. No one could talk as Voss wrote. Every body would have thought it vexatious and ridiculous, who had been required to arrange his words like Voss. They never sound like any thing but a stiff translation, even when he does not in fact translate. These translations, however, are often so slavishly close, and, therefore, not German, that they are unintelligible, until we read the original. And yet that fidelity could not express the spirit and the peculiar character of the foreign author, together with the sound of the words. On the contrary, the painful stiffness of constraint is the universal badge of all his translations; and in this they are all alike; this was the last upon which he stretched them all. Whether Voss translates Hesiod, Homer, Theocritus, Virgil, Ovid, Horace, Shakspeare, or an old Minnesong, everywhere we hear only the goat-footed steed of his

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prose trotting along; and even the mighty genius of Shakspeare cannot force him out of his own beat for a moment." — pp. 301, 302.

When a work of art is to be copied, fidelity to the original includes something more than an exact version of the words. Its spirit, harmony, and grace, its ease and finish, are to be transferred or imitated, or the copy will resemble nothing more than an exquisite piece of tapestry when viewed on the wrong side, every thread appearing in its due place, while the artistic effect of the whole has entirely disappeared. "Poetry is of so subtile a spirit," says Sir John Denham, "that in pouring out of one language into another, it will all evaporate; and if a new spirit be not added in the transfusion, there will remain nothing but a *caput mortuum*." The mere verbal copyist strains out a gnat, but swallows a camel; he is a slave to the letter, while he violates the spirit; he preserves the meaning, while he destroys the poetry. Walter Scott, in summing up the merits of Dryden, assumes it as one of his highest excellencies, that he had assisted "to free translation from the fetters of verbal metaphrase, and to teach posterity the powerful and varied poetical harmony of which their language was capable." Glorious John is the most copious, and, on the whole, most successful, poetical translator that English literature can boast of; and he showed, both by precept and example, his careful observance of the precept given by Horace: —

> "Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fidus
> Interpres."

The true law of poetical translation we hold to be this: to produce such a work on the given topic, and with the given materials of thought, as the author probably would have written, if he had been of the same country, and had spoken the same language, as the translator. The problem will then be solved, as far as the infirmity of our nature or the smallness of our means will permit, — to enable those who are readers only of the vernacular to derive as much pleasure from the poem as the scholar does who is well acquainted with the language in which it was first written. The scholar, indeed, will always have an additional enjoyment peculiar to himself, founded on the power of comparing the copy with the original. But this is only a second-

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ary pleasure, though the translator who piques himself on verbal fidelity produces this effect and nothing else; the characteristic excellence of his work can be appreciated only by one who understands the original, and who, therefore, has no need of any translation. The word or phrase which may give him pleasure, as a happy rendering of a difficult passage, may only offend the reader who is trying the poem by a taste formed exclusively upon English models. That this law of translation, which appears so obvious and reasonable, should be so frequently disregarded or violated, must be ascribed to the evil habits formed by the petty carpings of small critics, who follow a spirited translation of a noble poem with the original in one hand and a dictionary in the other, ready to pounce on every happy alteration of an epithet as a crime. Neither thought, taste, nor feeling is necessary for such criticism. The most that they gain by it is to display their own knowledge of the language, and to exult in a moment's fancied superiority over the translator.

Mr. Longfellow's theory of translation does not coincide with our own. He belongs to the straitest sect, even to the Pharisees; and if others were as fortunate as he is in reconciling the severity of their principles with ease, grace, and idiomatic finish, we might be tempted to reconsider our position. In this bulky volume, however, filled with translations of every degree of fidelity and poetical merit, we find an abundance of examples wherewith to confirm our doctrine, and even to convict the editor of some inconsistency in the application of his principles. In every case in which he had any choice, he ought to have preferred the more faithful translation; but his good taste has often triumphed over his theory, and compelled him to put aside the literal, but spiritless version, and make room for the elegant or daring paraphrase. Mr. Eliot's translation of "The Song of the Bell" is one of the most flowing and tasteful, but certainly not the most literal, of the numerous versions of that poem. We find, also, copious extracts from Lockhart's very beautiful Spanish Ballads, which are so paraphrastic that they can hardly be called translations. More faithful transcripts of these poems were at hand, if the editor had seen fit to adopt them. We do not complain of these violations of his principles, but rejoice over them. We rather complain of the opposite class of cases, in which he seems to us to have followed his the-

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ory, in spite of his taste and better judgment. Thus, he has given W. Taylor's vapid rendering of Bürger's wild ballad, "Lenore," instead of the fine and bold imitation of it by Walter Scott.

The quantity of material given to illustrate any one period in a nation's literary history is not always proportioned to the richness or excellence of the native mine whence it was drawn. Not professing to give new translations, except in a very few cases, the work is made up of the labors of others, and in its comprehensive survey necessarily passes over some tracts, where they have done but little, and where, consequently, but little could be gleaned. Translators have worked in squads, as it were, expending great labor on certain poets and particular epochs, and passing over others very lightly. The earlier and more eminent Italian poets have been done into English by a great number of hands, and with every degree of excellence. So it has been with the later poets of Germany, of whose works translations have been multiplied even to wearisomeness; thus proving that the number of students of the German language is now so much increased, as greatly to diminish the demand for more versions into English. On the other hand, from what we are apt to regard as the Augustan age of French literature, from the middle of the seventeenth to the middle of the eighteenth century, judging from the extracts in this volume, there are very few English metrical translations. He who desires to know the poets and dramatists of the age of Louis the Fourteenth, who would become acquainted with Corneille, Boileau, Racine, Molière, and Voltaire, must study them in the original. Of the satires of Boileau, however, he will find some very elegant and spirited imitations in the earlier volumes of this Journal. One of these has been adopted by Mr. Longfellow, and this, with a scene from "The Cid," translated by Colley Cibber, one from "Andromaque," imitated by Ambrose Philips, a brief, anonymous translation from "The Misanthrope," and two short extracts from Aaron Hill's version of "Alzire," is all that one finds to illustrate this remarkable group of satirists and dramatists.

But it is time to take a brief view of the contents of this volume, in the order in which they are presented. First come the translated specimens of Anglo-Saxon poetry, consisting of extracts from the old epic poem of "Beowulf,"

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the monk Cædmon's paraphrase of portions of Holy Writ, King Alfred's version of the metres of Boethius, and a few historic odes and miscellaneous pieces. Most of the translations are by Taylor, Thorpe, Ingram, Kemble, and Longfellow. The specimens are mostly unrhymed, and more literal than rhythmical, so that they must be read rather as curious illustrations of the age and nation to which they belong, than with any expectation of poetical merit. The short, broken lines and abrupt diction are well suited to the rude simplicity of the narrative and descriptive passages, and to the wild and forcibly depicted imagery. The extracts bear about the same resemblance to poetry, that the clink of hammers in a blacksmith's shop does to music. Our great ancestors, after all, were a rough and barbarous set, and the cause of civilization had little to expect from their descendants, till the breed was crossed by the more refined and chivalrous Normans. We have room to copy but a small portion of the old monk's account of the destruction of Pharaoh.

"The folk was affrighted,
The flood-dread seized on
Their sad souls;
Ocean wailed with death,
The mountain heights were
With blood besteamed,
The sea foamed gore,
Crying was in the waves,
The water full of weapons,
A death-mist rose;
The Egyptians were
Turned back;
Trembling they fled,
They felt fear:
Would that host gladly
Find their homes;
Their vaunt grew sadder:
Against them, as a cloud, rose
The fell rolling of the waves;
There came not any
Of that host to home,
But from behind inclosed them
Fate with the wave.
Where ways ere lay,
Sea raged.
Their might was merged,
The stream stood,
The storm rose
High to heaven;
The loudest army-cry
The hostile uttered;
The air above was thickened
With dying voices;
Blood pervaded the flood,
The shield-walls were riven,
Shook the firmament
That greatest of sea-deaths:
The proud died,
Kings in a body;
The return prevailed
Of the sea at length;
Their bucklers shone
High over the soldiers;
The sea-wall rose,
The proud ocean-stream,
Their might in death was

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Fastly fettered.
The tide's neap,
With the war-enginery obstructed,
Laid bare the sand
To the fated host,
When the wandering stream,
The ever cold sea,
With its ever salt waves,
Its eternal stations,
A naked, involuntary messenger,
Came to visit." — p. 18.

Icelandic poetry has the same general characteristics as the Anglo-Saxon, being equally abrupt, obscure, and bold, though it has a wider compass, and displays more imaginative power. The Skalds or minstrels were numerous, forming a distinct profession, and their songs cheered the long winter evenings for the people, and added to the entertainment on great festive occasions. Two causes operated chiefly to nourish the taste for song, and to determine its character; the wild and striking mythology which constituted the Icelandic religion, and the impressive forms of external nature in that volcanic island of the Northern sea. That huge and restless Hecla, continually throwing flame through ice, and imparting a ruddy tinge to the night sky and to the vast plains of surrounding snow, was enough in itself to nourish a superstitious and fanciful spirit among the people. Familiar objects seemed wildly transformed and spectral, when viewed by that strange glare. The rude natives were awed by such fierce contrasts and marvellous sights; and the popular stories current among all barbarous races received in their case a deeper tone of solemnity, and took more powerful hold of the feelings. Carlyle happily describes in a few words the ruling trait of their religious faith. "The primary characteristic of this old Northland mythology I find to be impersonation of the visible workings of Nature, — earnest, simple recognition of the workings of Physical Nature, as a thing wholly miraculous, stupendous, and divine. What we now lecture of, as Science, they wondered at, and fell down in awe before, as Religion."

Herbert and W. Taylor have furnished most of the translations of Icelandic poetry that are included in this volume. Those executed by the former have some artistic finish, and are more attractive than the bald versions of the latter. We quote a few stanzas of a gentler strain, from Herbert's translation of "The Dying Song of Asbiörn."

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"Know, gentle mother, know,
Thou wilt not comb my flowing hair,
When summer sweets return
In Denmark's valleys, Svanvhide fair!
O, whilom had I fondly vowed
To hie me to my native land!
Now must my panting side be torn
By my keen foe's relentless brand!

"Not such those days of yore,
When blithe we quaffed the foaming ale;
Or urged across the waves
From Hordaland the flying sail;
Or gladly drank the sparkling mead,
While social mirth beguiled the hour.
Now, lonely in the narrow den,
I mourn the giant's savage power.

"Not such those days of yore,
When forth we went in warlike show:
Storolf's all-glorious son
Stood foremost on the armed prow,
As, sailing fast to Oresound,
The long-keeled vessels cleft the wave.
Now, tolled into the fatal snare,
I mourn beneath the sorcerer's cave.

"Not such those days of yore,
When conquest marked proud Ormur's way,
Stirring the storm of war,
To glut the greedy beasts of prey:
Beneath his thundering falchion's stroke
Flowed the deep waters red with gore,
And many a gallant warrior fell
To feed the wolves on Ifa's shore.

"Not such those days of yore,
When, south on Elfa's rocky coast,
Warring with weapons keen,
I fiercely smote the adverse host:
Oft from the loudly sounding bow
Ormur's unerring arrows flew,
Deadly, whene'er his wrath pursued
The bold sea-rover's trusty crew." — p. 56.

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The copious poetical literature of Denmark, extending from the ballads, which belong to the thirteenth century, to the highly finished productions of Oehlenschläger, the great Danish poet of the present day, has afforded an abundant harvest to the translators, from whom Mr. Longfellow has gathered rich and attractive material. The names cited are less familiar to common readers than those of the eminent German poets, and this portion of the volume consequently has an air of freshness, which enhances the intrinsic merit of the borrowed poems. The old Danish ballads, which embody many of the popular traditions of the North, have been translated by Jamieson with great fidelity into Lowland Scotch; the affinity between the two languages being so great, that versions can be made from one into the other with much facility. Indeed, the most ancient form of the Scotch, into which the older ballads have been turned, is about as difficult to the ordinary English reader as the original Danish. Among the other poets of Denmark, of whom specimens are given, besides those who are our contemporaries, are Tullin, Evald, Storm, Thaarup, Heiberg, and Baggesen. Of these, Evald is one of the most remarkable, having been pronounced on good authority to be "one of the most perfect lyric poets the world has ever seen." He passed most of his life in obscurity, dying in 1781, at the age of thirty-eight, and the fame which should have cheered his manhood has since been heaped upon his tomb. Longfellow's spirited version of his "King Christian," which has become the national song of his countrymen, may enable the reader to judge of the justness of the comparison that has been instituted between him and Campbell.

"King Christian stood by the lofty mast
In mist and smoke;
His sword was hammering so fast,
Through Gothic helm and brain it passed;
Then sank each hostile hulk and mast
In mist and smoke.
'Fly!' shouted they, 'fly, he who can!
Who braves of Denmark's Christian
The stroke?'

"Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest's roar;
Now is the hour!
He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,

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And smote upon the foe full sore,
And shouted loud, through the tempest's roar,
'Now is the hour!'
'Fly!' shouted they, 'for shelter fly!
Of Denmark's Juel who can defy
The power?'

"North Sea! a glimpse of Wessel rent
Thy murky sky!
Then champions to thine arms were sent;
Terror and Death glared where he went;
From the waves was heard a wail that rent
Thy murky sky!
From Denmark thunders Tordenskiol';
Let each to Heaven commend his soul,
And fly!

"Path of the Dane to fame and might!
Dark-rolling wave!
Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight,
Goes to meet danger with despite,
Proudly as thou the tempest's might,
Dark-rolling wave!
And, amid pleasures and alarms,
And war and victory, be thine arms
My grave!" — p. 84.

Extracts are given, perhaps in too great quantity, from English versions of the poems of Oehlenschläger, most of them being by Mr. Gillies, a contributor to Blackwood's Magazine. Among them are specimens of his three dramas, "Aladdin," "Hakon Jarl," and "Correggio," and several of his miscellaneous pieces. These appear very striking and beautiful, even under the disadvantages of a translation; but we doubt the propriety of allotting to them so much as thirty pages in this volume, which is more than is afterwards devoted to Tegnér, and more than to Goethe and Schiller united. Professor Felton has supplied a very pleasant biographical and critical notice of Oehlenschläger.

The poets of Sweden, with the exception of Tegnér, are hardly known even by name to the English reader. The editor regrets "that the extracts which follow are so few, and from so few authors; and in particular that I have been able to find no English translations from Nicander, one of the most distinguished of the younger Swedish poets; nor from

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Ling, one of the most voluminous." Neither do we find any specimens of Franzén, whose name, after that of Tegnér, is the most eminent on the list of the modern bards of Sweden. We find one of his love elegies translated in a number of the Foreign Quarterly Review; but the version is heavy and inelegant, and gives no adequate impression of his powers as a poet. Leopold, the leader of what is called the French school among his countrymen, and who, in the ardor of literary controversy, has been praised and blamed by them with equal extravagance, appears in this collection as the author of an ode, "On the Desire of Deathless Fame," which evinces considerable vigor of thought and expression. We quote a small portion of it.

"And thou, the insect of an hour,
O'er Time to triumph wouldst pretend;
With nerves of grass wouldst brave the power
Beneath which pyramids must bend!
A slave, by every thing controlled,
Thou canst not for an instant mould
Thine actions' course, thy destiny;
In want of all, of all the sport,
Thou, against all who need'st support,
Boastest o'er Death the mastery!
Recall'st, as they would prove thy right
To honors but to few assigned,
Our Wasa sovereign's annals bright,
The triumphs of a Newton's mind.
Whilst round the globe thy glances rove
On works and deeds that amply prove
Man's strength of intellect, they fall:
Their mysteries Time and Space unfold,
New worlds are added to the old,
Beauty and light adorning all.

"Strange creature! go, fulfil thy fate,
Govern the earth, subdue the waves,
Measure the stars' paths, regulate
Time's clock, seek gold in Chile's graves,
Raise towns that lava-buried sleep,
Harvest the rocks, build on the deep,
Force Nature, journey in the sky,
Surpass in height each monument,
On mountains mountains pile, — content,
Beneath their mass then putrefy!

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"Yes, fruits there are that we enjoy,
Produce of by-gone centuries' toil;
The gifts remain, though Time destroy
The givers, long ago Death's spoil:
And whilst deluded crowds believe
Their guerdon they shall straight receive
In Admiration's empty cries,
Their whitening and forgotten bones
Repose, unconscious as the stones
Where burns the atoning sacrifice."—p. 145.

A view of the popular poetry of Sweden was given in the forty-second volume of this Journal, from which Mr. Longfellow has taken versions of five of the most ancient ballads. Translations of six others are borrowed from one of our English contemporaries, which, though modernized considerably in their English garb, still preserve some striking features of the remote period to which they belong. By the study of these authentic relics of the olden times, Tegnér seems to have formed his taste and fashioned his style; from the Eddas or Sagas of the North, the true sources of information respecting the Scandinavian mythology, he has derived his materials. The antiquarian, the critic, and the philologist may track his steps in these curious researches; but the mere lover of poetry will be content with the honey and flowers that he has gathered in those old forests, and will prize them the more highly from the additions and embellishments which they have received in passing through his hands. We need not dwell here upon the merits of Tegnér, as the biographical notice of him, and the very full analysis of his great poem, "The Legend of Frithiof," here given as an introduction to the translated extracts from his works, were first published in our pages eight years ago. Mr. Longfellow has inserted his own very beautiful versions of two cantos of Frithiof, and of "The Children of the Lord's Supper." By way of foil, probably, to the merits of these, he has quoted five other cantos from the English translation of Strong.

We have no room to expatiate upon the copious theme of German poetry, the translations from which into English, says the editor of this volume, "are so numerous, and extended through so many centuries, that they form in themselves almost a complete history." For the sake of conven-

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ience, he has divided this history chronologically into seven periods, and has arranged the selected translations into corresponding divisions. The first period extends from the earliest times to the beginning of the twelfth century. The metrical remains of these times are of no worth except as literary curiosities, and the three translated fragments which are here given are quite enough to satisfy common readers. The second period, comprising the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, is one of the most fertile and remarkable in the history of German literature, and we are very glad to see it here so fully illustrated. Besides the almost innumerable love-songs and poetic romances of the Minnesingers, this division includes the fine old epic of the "Nibelungenlied," and the collection of heroic poems known as the "Heldenbuch," or "The Book of Heroes." By the aid of very full introductory notices, and copious extracts from the translations of Taylor and Weber, the reader will gain as full an idea of this curious period as it is possible to obtain without a knowledge of the older forms of the German language. The third division, extending over the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, is less interesting than its predecessor; the Mastersingers flourished in those days, the quaint old rhyme-smiths, who made a trade of the poet's calling. The sixteenth century might properly be ranked under this head, instead of forming, as it here does, a separate period; for it was the golden age of the Mastersingers. Old Hans Sachs, the poetic cobbler of Nuremberg, who wrote comedies and merry stories by the hundreds, and songs by the thousands, was the hero of this age, and the most renowned member of that curious fraternity. Translators have devoted little attention to these three centuries, and Mr. Longfellow has made but a scanty collection wherewith to illustrate their history. One or two versions of his own, a very characteristic and faithful one of "The Battle of Murten," by Professor Felton, and a few more borrowed from this Journal, are nearly all that deserve attention. These are enough, perhaps, considering the limits of the volume; but we are sorry to find no specimen of that merry old cobbler's poetry.

The fifth division, including the seventeenth century, is but a barren period in the annals of German poetry, the names of Ayrer, Opitz, and a few other minor poets alone occupy-

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ing the page which they hardly illumine. The long religious war interrupted the pursuits of literature, and foreign influence debased the language and corrupted the tastes of the people. The only illustrations, now before us, of the poetic spirit of this age are two of Mr. Longfellow's own versions from Simon Dach, and a few grotesque verses by that eccentric preacher, Abraham a Sancta Clara. But the sixth period, extending from 1700 to 1770, is far more promising, and affords an abundant harvest of specimens. Here, says the editor, "we at length begin to emerge from the Black Forest of German literature, 'whence issuing, we again behold the stars.'" Of the many illustrious names belonging to this epoch, those best known to the English reader are Gessner, Klopstock, and Lessing. The second of these, though his reputation was once world-wide, is now, if we may credit his countryman, Menzel, rather respected for his patriotism and devotional spirit, than admired for his enthusiasm and genius. Weary of the flippancy and frivolities of the French school among his countrymen, he went to the literature of England for his models, and formed his taste by the study of Milton and Young. Yet he was not a mere imitator of the English; "On the contrary," says Menzel, "his merit in regard to German poetry is as peculiar as it is great." But our readers will remember the sarcasm of Coleridge, who, when told that he was the German Milton, muttered between his teeth, "A very *German* Milton, indeed!" Versions of four or five of his shorter poems in this volume give a pleasing, but not an impressive, idea of his abilities. The remaining translations here given from the bards of this period do not contain much that is worthy of notice.

The only remaining division, extending from the year 1770 to the present day, is the boast of German letters; for very early in this period many bright stars rose in quick succession above the literary horizon, and passed the meridian in a magnificent cluster. The debt which the preceding age had incurred to England was repaid with interest, for much of the English poetry of our own day bears decisive tokens of the study of German models. The effects of this study are sometimes visible in direct imitation, as in many of the poems of Coleridge and Shelley; but more frequently in the prevailing sentiment, and the general coloring imparted to the

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thought. Much, indeed, of the mere talent of versifying, which exists among us, is directly expended upon translations from the German. In this volume, nearly a hundred pages, closely printed in double columns, are occupied with versions from the poets of this period alone ; and the quantity might with ease have been increased tenfold. Trained in such exercises, it is not surprising that the more original efforts subsequently made by these translators should still bear a deep impress derived from their German studies.

In this way, as well as from the commanding influence of Wordsworth, would we explain some of the strange mutations which English poetry has undergone since the opening of the present century. It has ceased to be narrative, epic, vigorous, clear, or equable ; it has become philosophic, elaborate, mystical, meditative, and tender. Much of it has lost the dew of the morning, the sparkle and freshness of the early part of the day. Like a landscape seen by moonlight, it abounds with indistinct outlines and shadowy forms, with figures fantastically blended together, and colors faintly seen and melting into each other in the distance. It embraces a wider range of subjects, but goes farther to search for them, and treats them, when found, with minute particularity or convulsive effort. It is impatient of rule, studious of novelty, confused in its combinations, and often harsh and rugged in its utterance ; but its lawlessness and its ruggedness are systematic and intentional, and its novelties are diligently sought for, and then patiently distributed into curious groups, just as the man of science arranges minerals in a cabinet. True, the practical element in the English character, and the utilitarian taste of the times, still offer some opposition to these foreign influences, or at least direct the choice of topics in the treatment of which these influences are conspicuous. Often, the work is not so much poetry, as it is rhymed oratory or versified philosophy, — science in metre, and sentiment and philanthropy drilled to "move harmonious numbers." Our age is learned, ingenious, and imitative ; and our poetry consequently lacks spontaneity, simplicity, and raciness. It is made ancillary to many purposes, — a sort of maid of all work, instead of being mistress of the house. It lectures upon science, preaches about various religious systems, and declaims against the corn laws. But on whatever task engaged, in sentiment, tone, and imagery,

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in choice of metre, arrangement of topics, and the inwrought coloring of style, it still shows that it has recently been a wanderer in many lands, but especially among the remains of the Middle Ages in Germany. It often wears a garb of foreign and fantastic cut, and its coat is one of many colors.

But we are forgetting that our present theme is not English, but German poetry, and in excuse for the digression have only to plead the fact, that the contents of this volume certainly indicate an intimate relationship between the two. We have no time to track the editor over the vast field of German song, which lies between our own times and the middle of the last century; nor is it necessary. To those who are acquainted with the language, the theme appears somewhat hackneyed; to those not so fortunate, the tasteful introductory notices here given will supply the needed information in a form as succinct as is consistent with the object in view. For persons of the latter class, this portion of the volume will be one of the most attractive of all.

"Here," says the editor, "are the dwellings of Goethe, and Schiller, and Lessing; there the farms of Voss, and Herder, and Jean Paul; and yonder the grave-yard, with Matthisson making an elegy, and other sentimental poets leaning with their elbows on the tomb-stones. And then we have the old and melancholy tale, — the struggle against poverty, the suffering, sorrowful life, the early, mournful death, — still another confirmation of the fact, that men of genius too often resemble the fabled son of Ocean and Earth, who by day was wafted through the air to distribute corn over the world, but at night was laid on burning coals to render him immortal.

"One important portion of German poetry still remains to be noticed, — the great mass of Popular Songs, of uncertain date, and by unknown authors. The ancient German ballads are certainly inferior, as a whole, to the English, Danish, Swedish, and Spanish; but the German popular songs, blooming like wild-flowers over the broad field of literature from the fifteenth century to the present time, surpass in beauty, variety, and quantity those of any other country. Among their thousand sweet and mingled odors criticism often finds itself at fault, as the hunter's hounds on Mount Hymettus were thrown off their scent by the fragrance of its infinite wild-flowers. They exhibit the more humble forms of human life, as seen in streets, workshops, garrisons, mines, fields, and cottages; and give expression to the feelings of hope, joy, longing, and despair, from thousands of hearts which have no other records than these." — p. 187.

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It is a point of some interest to remark, that a large portion of the translations here given, as specimens of the German poets of this period, are by American hands. As a sample of the criticisms which are embodied in the introductory notices, we will quote a part of Professor Longfellow's remarks on the writings of Heinrich Heine.

"The style of Heine is remarkable for vigor, wit, and brilliancy; but is wanting in taste and refinement. To the recklessness of Byron he adds the sentimentality of Sterne. The 'Reisebilder' is a kind of 'Don Juan' in prose, with passages from the 'Sentimental Journey.' He is always in extremes, either of praise or censure; setting at naught the decencies of life, and treating the most sacred things with frivolity. Throughout his writings are seen traces of a morbid, ill-regulated mind; of deep feeling, disappointment, and suffering. His sympathies seem to have died within him, like Ugolino's children in the tower of Famine. With all his various powers, he wants the one great power, — the power of truth. He wants, too, that ennobling principle of all human endeavours, the aspiration 'after an ideal standard, that is higher than himself.'

"In the highest degree reprehensible, too, is the fierce, implacable hatred with which Heine pursues his foes. No man should write of another as he permits himself to write at times. In speaking of Schlegel as he does in his 'German Literature,' he is utterly without apology. And yet to such remorseless invectives, to such witty sarcasms, he is indebted in a great degree for his popularity. It was not till after it had bitten the heel of Hercules, that the Crab was placed among the constellations.

"The minor poems of Heine, like most of his prose-writings, are but a portrait of himself. The same melancholy tone, the same endless sigh, pervades them. Though they possess a high lyric merit, they are for the most part fragmentary; — expressions of some momentary state of feeling, — sudden ejaculations of pain or pleasure, of restlessness, impatience, regret, longing, love. They profess to be songs, and as songs must they be judged. Then these imperfect expressions of feeling, — these mere suggestions of thought, — this 'luminous mist,' that half reveals, half hides the sense, — this selection of topics from scenes of every-day life, — and, in fine, this prevailing tone of sadness, will not seem affected, misplaced, or exaggerated. At the same time it must be confessed, that, in these songs, the lofty aim is wanting; we listen in vain for the spirit-stirring note, — for the word of power, — for those ancestral melodies, which amid the uproar of the world, breathe into our ears for evermore the voices of consolation, encouragement, and warning." — p. 350.

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The following very graceful translation, by a writer in the Edinburgh Review, gives a good idea of Heine's minor poems.

"THE TEAR.

"The latest light of evening
Upon the waters shone,
And still we sat in the lonely hut,
In silence and alone.

"The sea-fog grew, the screaming mew
Rose on the water's swell,
And silently in her gentle eye
Gathered the tears and fell.

"I saw them stand on the lily hand,
Upon my knee I sank,
And, kneeling there, from her fingers fair
The precious dew I drank.

"And sense and power, since that sad hour,
In longing waste away;
Ah me! I fear, in each witching tear
Some subtile poison lay." — p. 350.

We have room but for one more specimen of German poetry, and it shall be this very striking version from Count Stolberg by Mr. W. W. Story.

"THE STREAM OF THE ROCK.

"Unperishing youth!
Thou leapest from forth
The cleft of the rock.
No mortal eye saw
The mighty one's cradle;
No ear ever heard
The lofty one's lisp in the murmuring spring.

"How beautiful art thou,
In silvery locks!
How terrible art thou,
When the cliffs are resounding in thunder around!
Thee feareth the fir-tree:
Thou crushest the fir-tree,
From its root to its crown.
The cliffs flee before thee:
The cliffs thou engraspest,
And hurlest them, scornful, like pebbles adown.

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" The sun weaves around thee
The beams of its splendor;
It painteth with hues of the heavenly iris
The uprolling clouds of the silvery spray.

" Why speedest thou downward
Toward the green sea?
Is it not well by the nearer heaven?
Not well by the sounding cliff?
Not well by the o'erhanging forest of oaks?
O, hasten not so
Toward the green sea!
Youth, O, now thou art strong, like a god,—
Free, like a god!

" Beneath thee is smiling the peacefullest stillness,
The tremulous swell of the slumberous sea,
Now silvered o'er by the swimming moonshine,
Now golden and red in the light of the west!

" Youth, O, what is this silken quiet,
What is the smile of the friendly moonlight,
The purple and gold of the evening sun,
To him whom the feeling of bondage oppresses?
Now streamest thou wild,
As thy heart may prompt!
But below, oft ruleth the fickle tempest,
Oft the stillness of death, in the subject sea!

" O, hasten not so
Toward the green sea!
Youth, O, now thou art strong, like a god,—
Free, like a god!" — pp. 298, 299.

We have no very poetical associations connected with Holland and the Low Dutch language. The words call to mind a flat, uninteresting country, and a people much addicted to traffic, gin, and tobacco. But they have had poets, those web-footed Dutchmen, and have them still, in goodly numbers, — poets who have sung of themes as lofty, and in strains, we are bound to believe, as musical, as if they had inhabited a mountainous region, and had been nurtured by all imaginative and stirring influences. Dr. Bowring, a remarkable linguist and most successful rhythmical translator, assures us that it is so, and has given evidence of his assertion in a respectable volume, which bears the happily selected and

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euphonious title of "Batavian Anthology." From this book, and from an article or two in the Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Reviews, which very probably came from the same hand that wrote the "Anthology," Mr. Longfellow has culled all the specimens, which are here given, of Low Dutch poetry. Certainly, the fraternity of bards in Holland is under great obligations to Dr. Bowring for introducing them to the great people who speak the English tongue. If he had not fished them up, most of their works, so far as the English reader is concerned, might as well have been drowned in the Zuyder Zee. The specimens collected do not impress us very favorably. Those from the poets of our own times are the best; though of one of these, Kinker, the frank admission is made by his admiring critic, that "his verses are frequently unintelligible, though they leave the impression, that, if we could but understand them, they would be very fine." The reason assigned for this obscurity is quite a sufficient one, as it appears that Kinker was deeply bitten by the rage for Kantian metaphysics.

More accomplished, and better known out of his own country, as it seems that Mr. Southey has somewhere spoken of him, is Bilderdijk, who wrote and quarrelled incessantly during nearly the whole of a long life, which ended in 1831. Yet most of our readers will be disposed to echo the question with which Southey begins to speak of him, "And who is Bilderdijk?" The author of "Thalaba" coolly replies, that it would not be necessary to ask, if it had not been for the confusion of languages which took place at the building of Babel. The published works of Bilderdijk fill over one hundred octavos, "and there are more behind in manuscript." A Dutch critic remarks of him, that he "excels in every species of poetry, tragedy alone excepted; in this he has been able to equal neither the ancients, nor the French triumvirate, nor Shakspeare, nor Schiller, nor Vondel"; — a qualification which we can admit to be well founded, though we are not familiar with the Low Dutch tragedies of Vondel.

Mr. Longfellow has divided his view of French poetry, very nearly as he has done the German, into six periods, and arranged the translated specimens into corresponding divisions. They would fall more naturally, perhaps, under three heads, — the first embracing the earlier poems, and coming

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down to the middle of the seventeenth century, the second extending to the end of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, and the third comprising what has been written since the earlier part of the eighteenth century. This arrangement would have shown, at least, in what unequal measure the treasures of French poetry have been made available for the English reader. That which belongs to the second of our periods, the most brilliant of the three, the courtly and magnificent age of the Great Monarch, seems either not to have attracted the notice of English translators, or to have defied their skill. French poetry of the classical school, indeed, is not well suited to our Anglo-Saxon tastes, and can with difficulty be rendered into our language without the loss of its most striking characteristics. Polished to the last degree of nicety, and often dependent for its principal charm on the most subtile idioms and the most delicate shades of expression, most of it is as untranslatable into English verse as the Odes of Horace. The editor, as we have said, has given us little from this period except a scene or two from some rather flat adaptations of the works of its great dramatists to the English stage.

But from the earliest of our three periods, Mr. Taylor, Miss Costello, and Mr. Longfellow have furnished an abundance of versions, most of them being very tasteful and rhythmical. The songs of the Jongleurs, the Trouvères, and the Troubadours come under this head. The vocation of all three differed not much from that of the Minnesingers of Germany, for the burden of their songs "was love, still love." The Jongleurs were simply wandering minstrels, who sang what they wrote, while the Trouvères composed, but did not sing; these two classes belonged to the North of France, while the strains of the Troubadours, softer and more voluptuous, came from the sweet South. As a specimen of their lays, and of the graceful versions of Miss Costello, we will extract two of the specimens, leaving it for our readers to ascertain whether Tom Moore has stolen from the Troubadours, or whether the fair translator has borrowed from the Irish bard the softness and melody of her versification.

"Who has not looked upon her brow
Has never dreamed of perfect bliss:
But once to see her is to know
What beauty, what perfection, is.

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"Her charms are of the growth of heaven,
She decks the night with hues of day:
Blest are the eyes to which 't is given
On her to gaze the soul away!" — p. 429.

"No, never since the fatal time
When the world fell for woman's crime,
Has Heaven in tender mercy sent —
All preordaining, all foreseeing —
A breath of purity that lent
Existence to so fair a being!
Whatever earth can boast of rare,
Of precious, and of good, —
Gaze on her form, 't is mingled there,
With added grace endued.

"Why, why is she so much above
All others whom I might behold, —
Whom I, unblamed, might dare to love,
To whom my sorrows might be told?
O, when I see her, passing fair,
I feel how vain is all my care:
I feel she all transcends my praise,
I feel she must contemn my lays:
I feel, alas! no claim have I
To gain that bright divinity!
Were she less lovely, less divine,
Less passion and despair were mine." — pp. 430, 431.

The French poets of the present century appear to considerable advantage in this volume; and yet, they hardly have their due. But very few of their effusions have been skilfully married to English verse, though they are more translatable than the works of their immediate predecessors, the classical school. There is a very good introductory notice of Chateaubriand; but the two translated scraps of his verses give no idea of his poetic talent. Five or six of Beranger's inimitable lyrics have been capitally rendered in some of the English magazines, and Mr. Longfellow has done well in transferring the versions to his volume. A few translations from Victor Hugo, executed with great spirit and elegance, have been borrowed from our contemporary, the Democratic Review. The specimens given of the poetry of Madame Tastu and of Auguste Barbier are enough to make one wish for more from the same source.

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From the well trodden field of Italian poetry the editor's gleanings have been considerable, and they form one of the most attractive portions of the volume. The chronological arrangement is into four periods, — the first including the poets of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the second extending over the fifteenth, the third over the sixteenth, century, while the fourth reaches from the year 1600 to the present day. Of these, the first and third are evidently the most interesting, the former comprising the immortal names of the *trecentisti*, of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, and the latter shining with the hardly less splendid fame of Ariosto, Michel Angelo, and Tasso. English translators have been as fond of trying their skill upon the great Italian poets, as they have been fearful of the French ; and Mr. Longfellow has consequently had more scope than usual for exercising his taste in making selections. He has generally shown nice discernment and true appreciation of the relative merits of different translators. He has passed over, for the most part, the watery transfusions of Hoole, and has gleaned from the ephemeral pages of the minor periodicals many scraps of translation, executed with great spirit, fidelity, and grace, which might otherwise have floated down to oblivion. We are not so well satisfied to find no specimen of Cary's translation of Dante, which, though it is unrhymed, and is in ordinary blank verse, instead of the metre of the original, is still executed with so much vigor, precision, and beauty, as well to deserve the reputation it has long enjoyed, of being a classic in this department of English literature. The gem, as it seems to us, of the specimens here brought together of versions from Dante is the following exquisite translation from the twenty-third book of the " Paradise," by Mr. F. C. Gray. We quote it the more readily, as in Mr. Longfellow's volume it appears, we believe, for the first time in print, and as it fully exemplifies our ideal of the manner in which such work should be performed, — not slavishly literal, but preserving all the spirit and general meaning of the original, which it fully rivals in grace and elegance. It is a perfect little poem, made so thoroughly English, as, for the eye unacquainted with the Italian, to retain no trace of its foreign origin. Mark the manner in which the interlocking rhyme and measure sustain the prolonged sense, and bear out the elaborate and beautiful comparisons in their full meaning and harmony.

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" BEATRICE.

" Like as the bird, who on her nest all night
Had rested, darkling, with her tender brood,
'Mid the loved foliage, longing now for light,
To gaze on their dear looks and bring them food, —
Sweet task, whose pleasures all its toil repay, —
Anticipates the dawn, and, through the wood
Ascending, perches on the topmost spray,
There, all impatience, watching to descry
The first faint glimmer of approaching day :
Thus did my lady, toward the southern sky,
Erect and motionless, her visage turn ;
The mute suspense that filled her wistful eye
Made me like one who waits a friend's return,
Lives on this hope, and will no other own.
Soon did my eye a rising light discern ;
High up the heavens its kindling splendors shone,
And Beatrice exclaimed, 'See, they appear,
The Lord's triumphal hosts! For this alone
These spheres have rolled and reaped their harvest here!'
Her face seemed all on fire, and in her eye
Danced joy unspeakable to mortal ear.
As when full-orbed Diana smiles on high,
While the eternal nymphs her form surround,
And, scattering beauty through the cloudless sky,
Float on the bosom of the blue profound :
O er thousands of bright flowers was seen to blaze
One sun transcendent, from whom all around,
As from our sun the planets, drew their rays ;
He through these living lights poured such a tide
Of glory, as o'erpowered my feeble gaze.
'O Beatrice, my sweet, my precious guide!'" — p. 524.

The introductory notice of Dante, we believe, was written by Mr. Longfellow himself, and we quote from it the following beautiful and just explanation of the general idea on which the poet's great work depends.

" We are to consider the Divine Poem as the mirror of the age in which its author lived ; or rather, perhaps, as a mirror of Italy in that age. The principal historic events and personages, the character and learning of the time, are faithfully imaged and reproduced therein. Most of the events described had just transpired ; most of the persons were just dead ; the memory of both was still warm in the minds of men. The poet did not merely imagine, as a possibility ; but felt, as a reality. He was wandering about homeless, as he composed ; almost borrowing the ink

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he wrote with. They who had wronged him still lived to wrong him further. No wonder, then, that in his troubled, burning soul arose great thoughts and awful, like Farinata, from his burning sepulchre. When he approached a city's gates, he could not but be reminded that into the gates of Florence he could go no more. When he beheld the towers of feudal castles cresting the distant hills, he felt how arrogant are the strong, how much abused the weak. Every brook and river reminded him of the Arno, and the brooklets that descend from Casentino. Every voice he heard told him, by its strange accent, that he was an exile; and every home he saw said to him, in its sympathies even, 'Thou art homeless!' All these things found expression in his poem; and much of the beautiful description of landscape, and of the morning and the evening, bears the freshness of that impression which is made on the mind of a foot-traveller, who sits under the trees at noon, and leaves or enters towns when the morning or evening bells are ringing, and he has only to hear 'how many a tale their music tells.'

"Dante, in his Latin treatise 'De Monarchiâ,' says, that man is a kind of middle term between the corruptible and the incorruptible, and, being thus twofold in his nature, is destined to a twofold end; 'namely, to happiness in this life, which consists in the practice of virtue, and is figured forth in the Terrestrial Paradise; and eternal beatitude, which consists in the fruition of the divine presence; to which we cannot arrive by any virtue of our own, unless aided by divine light; and this is the Celestial Paradise.' This idea forms the thread of the 'Commedia.'

"Midway in life the poet finds himself lost in the gloomy forest of worldly cares, beset by Pride, Avarice, and Sensual Pleasure. Moral Philosophy, embodied in the form of Virgil, leads him forth through the hell of worldly sin and passion and suffering, through the purgatory of repentant feelings, to the quiet repose of earthly happiness. Farther than this mere philosophy cannot go. Here Divine Wisdom, or Theology, in the form of Beatrice, receives the pilgrim, and, ascending from planet to planet, brings him to the throne of God.

"Upon this slender, golden thread hangs this universe of a poem; in which things visible and invisible have their appointed place, and the spheres and populous stars revolve harmonious about their centre." — p. 514.

Tasso fares well in this volume. A well written sketch of his life, and a discriminating criticism on his poetry, are followed by extracts from very good translations of his works. The specimens of the "Jerusalem Delivered," with excellent taste, are taken from the version by Fairfax,

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one of the oldest, but certainly the best, of the numerous translations of this immortal poem. Most of his sonnets which are quoted are in the English dress given to them by Mr. R. H. Wilde, whose two volumes of "Conjectures and Researches" respecting Tasso are a most honorable monument to the taste, scholarship, and critical acumen of the writer. Of the crowd of Italian poets who have flourished during the past two centuries, as full notices and specimens are given as will be desired by the ordinary reader.

It only remains for us to notice the collections made to illustrate the history of poetry in Spain and Portugal. Three periods are established in the annals of the former, — the first reaching from 1150 to 1500, the second including the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the third coming down to the present day. The comparative barrenness of the latter division reminds one of the mournful decline in the condition and prospects of noble and romantic Spain. Ten pages suffice for notices and specimens of the Spanish poets who have flourished during the last century and a half, while more than five times that number give but an insufficient idea of the rich harvest of poetry, in that storied and picturesque land, during the two preceding centuries. This second period is adorned with the great names of Cervantes, Lope de Vega, and Calderon, of Garcilaso de la Vega, Ponce de Leon, and Ercilla, and a crowd of minor bards, almost any one of which outshines the brightest of those belonging to a later day. The high spirit for which the people were always remarkable was nurtured by their rich and chivalric life, by their widely spread renown in war, and by their marvellous and successful adventures on the ocean and in the newly discovered world. National pride and magnanimity of feeling could not but flourish under such influences as these ; the serious and religious element, always predominant in the Spanish character, colored and modified the effects produced by external circumstances, and the spirit of honor, loyalty, and faith imbued all their imaginative literature. Lyric poetry and the drama, the poetry of passionate love or equally passionate devotion, were the particular forms and modes of verse in which their fervid life and excited imaginations were most readily and frequently embodied. There was, perhaps, a tendency to exaggeration in their poetry, flowing from the strong excitement of their minds ; but this was kept down in all their works of

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the highest class, through the innate gravity and dignity which were manifest in their noble bearing. True pride preserves from bombast, and concentrated passion rarely falls into mere rant. Even the mysticism, to which the rapturous devotional feeling of some of their poets was prone, was checked and overborne by the mandates of a severe taste and carefully nurtured judgment.

The editor was fortunate in being able to select versions of Spanish poetry from the works of a multitude of excellent translators. Bowring, Wiffen, Roscoe, Lord Holland, Shelley, and Bryant are among those to whom he is indebted, and he has, as it were, repaid the loan with a few of his own musical and faithful renderings into English. We have already exhausted our space for quotation, but must find room for the following morsel of exquisite versification by our own Bryant, taken from the anonymous poetry of the earliest period. We know nothing of the source whence it was drawn, but it is one of those cases in which it will appear a mere impertinence to ask whether the version be faithful to the original. The translator who has succeeded so perfectly has made the English verses in every sense his own.

"THE SIESTA.

"Airs! that wander and murmur round,
Bearing delight where'er ye blow, —
Make in the elms a lulling sound,
While my lady sleeps in the shade below.

"Lighten and lengthen her noonday rest,
Till the heat of the noonday sun is o'er:
Sweet be her slumbers, — though in my breast
The pain she has waked may slumber no more!
Breathing soft from the blue profound,
Bearing delight where'er ye blow,
Make in the elms a lulling sound,
While my lady sleeps in the shade below.

"Airs! that over the bending boughs,
And under the shadows of the leaves,
Murmur soft, like my timid vows,
Or the secret sighs my bosom heaves, —
Gently sweeping the grassy ground,
Bearing delight where'er ye blow,
Make in the elms a lulling sound,
While my lady sleeps in the shade below." — p. 664.

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We would willingly dwell upon the beautiful ballads, which are the most precious part of the early poetry of Spain, and which appear in this volume in very pleasing, but very paraphrastic, versions into English. But we must pass on, to speak very briefly of the specimens of Portuguese poetry. The editor has here adopted the same division into historic periods as in the case of Spain; the materials from which he has drawn were copious, for besides many of the translators already mentioned, Strangford, Adamson, and Mrs. Hemans have made numerous and valuable contributions for a Portuguese anthology. As for the originals, one name is written so high above all the others, that the foreign reader's attention is fastened almost exclusively upon it. Neither the first nor the third period in the literary annals of Portugal seems very rich, if we look at the quality of the wares, rather than their quantity; and the second appears engrossed, as it were, with the single fame of Camoens, the writer of the national epic, who, in his lifetime, was steeped in poverty to the lips, and died in a hospital. As usual in such cases, a splendid monument was erected to him fifteen years after his death, when his name had become honorable to his country, though his country could no longer be of service to him. The "Lusiad" is the heroic poem of Portugal's heroic age; it celebrates one of those grand feats of maritime adventure, which form epochs in the history of the world. Vasco de Gama's great discovery of a passage round the Cape of Good Hope seems hardly to afford sufficient material for an epic; but Camoens himself had followed in this distinguished captain's track, and the story of his own adventures and sufferings in the East Indies might have furnished out a poem of equal or greater length. The merit of the work is probably to be ascribed in a considerable measure to his personal adventures; if he had seen and suffered less, he might have written less forcibly. Misery is the most effectual, as it has been the most common, stimulant of genius. The defects of the poem are nearly as conspicuous as its beauties; overwrought description, an ill-constructed story, and incongruous machinery are great drawbacks from the pleasure given by an epic. These faults, unluckily, are not likely to be lessened in a translation, and Camoens certainly is under no great obligations to Mr. Mickle, who has done the "Lusiad" into English. A better idea of the poetic genius of the

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Portuguese bard will be gained from some very pleasing versions of his minor poems.

We have endeavoured to give the reader some idea of the very varied and interesting contents of Mr. Longfellow's volume ; but the sketch has necessarily been an exceedingly meagre one. The book abounds with material for the gratification of a cultivated taste, and for the instruction of every mind of a generous and inquiring nature. But it does not admit of abridgment, and the nearest approach to a summary account of it would be to copy its table of contents. It suggests many themes for criticism and reflection, which we have reluctantly passed over, and now leave for the unbiased consideration of those who may be able to dwell long and studiously upon its attractive pages.

ART. IX. — *Historic Fancies.* By the HON. GEORGE SYDNEY SMYTHE, M. P. Second Edition. London : Henry Colburn. 1844. 8vo. pp. 386.

THE institutions of England seem to have reached a crisis which will require all the wisdom of her wisest statesmen to conduct to a safe and happy issue. Pressed to the earth by a national debt, the extent of which imagination itself can scarcely embrace, hemmed in by vast accumulations of property, side by side with the most sordid poverty, the working classes have reached the lowest point of suffering which human nature can bear. The prodigious emigration to the colonies, and to the United States, increasing every year, scarcely seems to diminish the terrible sum of evil which still exists at home. The destiny of England is a grand, but fearful problem. The cries for relief from millions of agonized human hearts cannot go up for ever in vain. But what measure, or what series of measures, wisely conceived and vigorously executed, are destined to work out her salvation, and raise her to a power and a prosperity even beyond her present imperial greatness, perhaps no human sagacity can as yet foresee.

Among the most curious phenomena, however, which the condition of affairs in England has exhibited to the world

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within the last fifteen or twenty years, is the development of the party calling itself by the somewhat fantastic designation of "Young England." It is a party made up of a number of young gentlemen, who know that great wrong now exists, and that it ought to be removed. They have as yet executed no measures that we have heard of, to bring about so desirable a result, except the wearing of white cravats. They talk a vast deal of nonsense about the Venetian oligarchy, and Erastianism; and they dream dreams about reuniting the cottage and the throne, — about restoring to the monarchy its ravished prerogatives, and to the lower classes the merry games and the convent alms that they enjoyed under a system of things which has now irrevocably passed away. The Revolution of 1688 is their especial abhorrence; and they abuse in good round terms what they are pleased to call the Dutch system of finance, whatever that may happen to be. They have some vague, mystical notion, that the Middle Ages were a sort of golden age for the people; and that this golden age must be restored, if the ills of the present turbulent days are ever to be cured. They speak of the Church, in the day of her unquestioned supremacy, with reverence, and of the implicit faith which she exacted, as something which she had a right to claim, and which is still her due. The Reformation, to Young England, as well as to the Puseyites, is a terrible stumbling-block. Freedom of individual conscience they think the source of unbounded mischief and an absurdity. The baronial castles, the monasteries, and the cathedrals of the Middle Ages they look back upon with longing and regret. Feudalism, with its reciprocal duties and obligations, seems to them the ideal of a wise and sound civil polity. The oppression of serfs, the unbounded scope then given to the licentious abuse of power, the stupid ignorance of the slaves, and the scarcely less stupid ignorance of the barons, the rude organization of society, the brutish ferocities of private war, and the nameless horrors of the detestable system of chivalry, vanish from the view of these dainty gentlemen, as they chant the glory and the happiness of the past, contrasted with the shame, and meanness, and sufferings of the present. The infinite cruelties of religious persecution, the rack, the thumb-screw, the faggot, the Inquisition, and the Holy Vehme; the seigniorial rights, not only over property, but over persons in their most

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sacred relations, in many cases rendering the purity of domestic life among the lower classes dependent on the rare and unaccustomed chance of their having a virtuous and considerate lord ; — all these characteristic traits, which make up the very essence of those vaunted ages, are not taken into the account by this retrospective party.

The leading spirits of Young England have made a very prominent figure in literature of late years. They have affected a profound and philosophical air, have solved the difficulties which the wisest had vainly done their utmost to remove, and have, without the slightest ceremony, pushed from their stools the men on whose shoulders the burdens of state have immemorially reposed. Some of the dandy novels of Mr. Bulwer are conceived and written in this spirit. Mincing gentlemen, hardly out of their teens, — feeble voluptuaries, who have exhausted the resources of sensual indulgence before their prime, flourish their crude and wordy speculations, and are represented as superseding the long-taught lessons of experience and common sense. Several of Mr. D'Israeli's works have the same pseudo-political bearing. Early in life this gentleman seems to have cast a wistful eye upon the glories of a political career. The dandyism and affectation of Bulwer's heroes found in him an admirable realization. With imagination, some knowledge of literature, and, judging from his books, with vanity unspeakable and immeasurable, with words and phrases, some with meaning and some without, at his unlimited command, all he needed was an assured position to take a leading part in the fantastic drama about to be enacted by the members of Young England. After having written a series of volumes in a tawdry, but rather taking style, wherein great things were portentously announced, Mr. D'Israeli married a position and a seat in the House of Commons. A short time ago he published his "Coningsby," a novel which excited considerable interest among the political and literary quidnuncs of England and the United States. It has passed through several editions, and though something more than a year has expired since its publication, still continues to be read. It abounds in what are meant to be portraits of living political characters, and is supposed to embody the principles of Young England. These two circumstances have prolonged the term of its natural existence several months

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after it would, in the proper course of things, have breathed its last. Mr. D'Israeli's amusing extravaganza about the Jews is one of the most whimsical and pleasant tirades in the book, and really appears to be written with something like a belief in its preposterous assumptions and fictitious facts. The question of the condition of England is brought forward in Young England's peculiar style ; and the grand remedy for the uneasiness and distress, so deep-seated and so universal, appears to be the ringing of the castle-bell for the stated distribution of soup among the poor. The political portraits are colored with all the virulence of a conceited partisan, whose long-drawn declamations, brilliant antitheses, and fantastic follies of sounding phrase had fallen powerless upon a practical legislative body. The political talk of the beardless young gentlemen, not yet let loose from school, who constitute the acting personages of the novel, is silly beyond the permissible limits of this kind of discourse. They really abuse their privilege of spouting unmeaning folly, in the most unjustifiable manner ; and if they had been persons in real life, would doubtless have been put under guardianship, and restrained from the management of their estates by a decree of *non compos*.

The speeches of Mr. D'Israeli in the House of Commons, for several years, are marked by the same traits as his books. While we read them at this distance of place, we are amazed by their unexampled impudence. Sir Robert Peel is the great object of his attack, both by the tongue and the pen. The curious variety of pertly turned phrases with which the dandy novelist attempts to molest the statesman, and to make him afraid, presents quite a study to the critic of style. With a considerable knack at a vicious and affected rhetoric, with a willingness to say what he supposes to be smart and cutting things of political opponents, but what all persons of correct taste feel to be the vulgarities of dandyism out of its natural sphere, and attempting to play a part for which it is wholly unfit, we should suppose the displays of Mr. D'Israeli's very peculiar eloquence might be amusing, did they not occupy the time which were more profitably given to the transaction of business. The minister takes it all very coolly, and, we should judge, rather contemptuously. A few mischievous members only, who evidently love the sport, halloo the representative of Young England on. Mr.

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D'Israeli shows one mark of wisdom in the midst of his broadside of words and phrases, — he never proposes a measure. It would be a comical piece of political retribution, if, in the vicissitudes of life, this phrase-maker should be actually placed in a situation of responsibility ; should be forced to propose and defend measures of his own devising. How, like Cleon, he would shrink from the task, and tremble at the certain exposure of his incompetency ! Imagine England, with the author of " Vivian Grey " for prime minister, and a cabinet selected from the pages of " Conings-by "! The views that were shadowed forth in previous writings and speeches have been further illustrated in his recent novel, " Sybil," one of the most incoherent, extravagant, and absurd books of the season ; but yet attractive from the vivacity of its style, and the vigor of the descriptive passages, especially those in which some of the late insurrectionary movements among the manufacturing operatives are delineated.

Though it is not easy to say how the distress of the people in England is to be relieved, it is quite easy to see that they can never be alleviated by dreaming and talking. Sentimental phrases about loyalty, and sounding declamation upon the motto, " Nobility has its duties," will go but little way towards cloying the hungry edge of appetite. Playing at mediæval manners, making believe that the old feudal loyalty is to be restored, chattering about the castle and the cottage, abusing the practical measures of statesmen, and slandering the actual government as an " organized hypocrisy," will never supply the starving multitude with food, or cover the nakedness of shivering infancy and age with clothing. These are all pretty themes for epigrammatic talk ; they have a certain gracefulness upon the lips of gloved and lisping dandies ; but they touch no real want of the age ; they tend to no practical result ; they intimate no desire on the part of the speakers and writers to sacrifice one comfort, to deprive themselves of one luxury, to lift a finger in one heroic effort, for the benefit of those on whose condition they please themselves with turning finical sentences. Exclamation points and capital letters, announcing, with all the emphasis of typographic art, the coming of a new age, the advent of a new generation, and the passing away of the old, may excite a sensation in the boudoir, but can give no cheering

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hope of amendment to the wretched pauper who expects to starve to-morrow. These wordy philanthropists are people who are clothed in purple and fine linen every day ; whose tables groan with the costliest luxuries from every clime ; for the gratification of whose capricious tastes the waters of every sea are vexed by British keels ; for whose delicate palates the vintages of the Rhine, of Champagne, and Burgundy pour out their richest blood. While they revel in the splendid voluptuousness which the wealth, the commerce, and the arts of the nineteenth century combine to produce, they profess to believe that the appalling evils which stand side by side with these wonderful results of modern civilization can be cured by a puny attempt to revive a class of sentiments, to restore a set of relations, which are as much forgotten, as antique and rusty, as the cumbrous armor worn by the stalwart warriors of the Dark Ages. They misconceive the past, and they misunderstand the present. The feelings which bound together the lords and the serfs, the monasteries and the tenantry, had their foundation in tyranny and slavery, in superstition, fraud, and ignorance. To restore these feelings, to reunite the severed orders on the basis of their ancient union, the tyranny, the slavery, the superstition, and the ignorance must also be restored. These dreamers of mediæval times must also be changed from the silken lords of to-day into the muscular, huge-fisted, brawny, iron-clad fighters of five hundred years ago. How would Mr. D'Israeli and Mr. Bulwer figure in the "complete steel" of the days of chivalry, with casques of metal deranging their perfumed curls, and breastplates of linked iron encompassing their slender waists, and greaves of brass around their tiny legs ? We imagine they would find it but a sorry exchange for the refinements and luxuries of their present lot.

Our age is not the time for such visions. It is impossible to conjure back by fine words the submissive loyalty of the poor to their lords, which existed when the ignorance of the people looked upon these distinctions of classes and conditions as fixed by the decree of Providence. Our age is progressive, not retrospective ; or if men do look back to the past, it is to learn from the ages of suffering how to avoid suffering in the future. We have reached the period of manhood ; and the bawbles which charmed our infancy and

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youth can never resume their ancient power. Men have learned to know their just claims, and to demand their rights. They ask not for charity doled out by compassionate and condescending masters ; but they claim a free career for the natural exercise of their powers. They ask to be men, not beggars ; and they will not be contented, until these reasonable demands are fairly met. Maypoles and cricket-matches, and the ancient sports of merry England, and the Faith and Unity of the Church, — these canting phrases and catchwords of a false and sentimental philanthropy ; a monarchy restored to its just prerogatives, and supported by a happy peasantry emancipated from a Venetian oligarchy,— that unmeaning formula of dandy politics ; — all these are but sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal to the real questions which the present age has to solve.

But we descend from these general reflections to the book which lies before us. The Hon. George Sydney Smythe, M. P., belongs to the Young England school, as we judge from the "Historic Fancies." Though not a man of genius, he writes with a good degree of literary elegance. He is doubtless a gentleman and a scholar ; and he shows none of the presumption and self-conceit which mark the productions of some of his compeers. His style proves him to possess a delicate and refined taste, and a sympathetic appreciation of the felicities of expression. His habits are evidently intellectual and his sentiments humane. He is familiar with the history of the past and the condition of the present. He does not appear to possess a wide range of vision, however, or any very marked ability for dealing with practical questions or abstract truths. His prose is for the most part clear and unaffected ; and had he not caught Mr. D'Israeli's trick of canting about the "Erastianism of the present age," there would have been scarcely any thing to offend a correct taste. The sketches of historical personages who figured in the French Revolution are generally written with knowledge and elegance. In some of them, however, he has been seduced, by the false philosophy which is so much in vogue among the present French writers, into attempts at palliating the atrocities of the philanthropic ruffians and pedantic cutthroats who swayed the unhappy fortunes of France during that miserable period of the wrath of Heaven. This shows how far even the good sense and

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sound morality of England may be imposed upon by the plausible theories of the philosophic apologists for tyranny, rapine, and blood. Young England has a strange and perverted sympathy with the multiplied villanies of regicide France, especially when we consider its absorption in mediæval visions, and its ardent devotion to legitimacy, unqualified despotism, and the ancient superstitions of the Church. But Young England, like Young America, has never been famous for logical consistency.

The poetical pieces in this volume are characterized by good taste, but indicate a very moderate degree of creative power. Greatly inferior to the historical ballads of Mr. Macaulay, they resemble them occasionally in subjects and rhythm. The "Last Prayer" of Mary Stuart is touching and elegant.

"A lonely mourner kneels in prayer before the Virgin's fane,
With white hands crossed for Jesu's sake, so her prayer may not be vain.
Wan is her cheek, and very pale, — her voice is low and faint, —
And tears are in her eyes, the while she makes her humble plaint.
O little could you deem, from her sad and lowly mien,
That she was once the Bride of France, and still was Scotland's Queen!

"O, Mary Mother! — Mary Mother! — be my help and stay!
Be with me still, as thou hast been, and strengthen me to-day!
For many a time, with heavy heart, all weary of its grief,
I solace sought in thy blest thought, and ever found relief:
For thou, too, wert a Queen on earth, — and men were harsh to thee!
And cruel things and rude, they said, — as they have said of me!

"O, Gentlemen of Scotland! O, Cavaliers of France!
How each and all had grasped his sword, and seized his angry lance,
If Ladye love, or Sister dear, or nearer dearer Bride,
Had been, like me, your friendless Liege, insulted and belied! —
But these are sinful thoughts, and sad, — I should not mind me now,
Of faith forsworn, or broken pledge, or false or fruitless vow!

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" But rather pray — sweet Mary — my sins may be forgiven! —
And less severe than on the earth, my Judges prove in heaven.
For stern and solemn men have said — God's vengeance will be shown, —
And fearful will the penance be on the sins which I have done!
And yet, albeit my sins be great — Oh Mary, Mary dear! —
Nor to Knox, nor to false Moray, the JUDGE will then give ear!

" Yes! it was wrong and thoughtless, when first I came from France,
To lead courante, or minuet, or lighter, gayer dance.
Yes — it was wrong and thoughtless, — to while whole hours away
In dark and gloomy Holyrood, with some Italian lay.
Dark men would scowl their hate at me, and I have heard them tell,
How the Just Lord God of Israel had stricken Jezebel!

" But thou — dear Mary — Mary mine! hast ever looked the same,
With pleasant mien, and smile serene, on her who bore thy name;
Oh, grant that, when anon I go to death, I may not see
Nor axe, nor block, nor headsman, — but Thee, and only Thee!
Then, 'twill be told, in coming times, how Mary gave her grace
To die, as Stuart, Guise, should die — of Charlemagne's fearless race." — pp. 56 – 58.

We give the ballad on " The Aristocracy of France," as the most striking and characteristic.

" Oh never yet was theme so meet for roundel or romaunce
As the ancient aristocracy and chivalry of France; —
As when they went for Palestine, with Lewis at their head,
And many a waving banner, and the Oriflamme outspread; —
And many a burnished galley, with its blaze of armor shone
In the ports of sunny Cyprus, and the Acre of St. John; —
And many a knight, who signed the cross, as he saw the burning sands,
With a prayer for those whom he had left, in green and fairer lands.
God aid them all, God them assoil, for few shall see again
Streams like their own, their azure Rhone, or swift and silver Seine.

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God aid him — the first baron, — the first of Christendom, —
God aid the Montmorenci, far from his northern home.
And they are far from their Navarre, and from their soft Garonne,
The Lords of Foix and Gramont, and the Count of Carcassone;
For they have left, those Southron knights, the clime they love so well,
The feasts of fair Montpellier, and the Toulouse Carousel, —
And the chase in early morning, when the keen and pleasant breeze
Came cold to the cheek, from many a peak of the snowy Pyrenees;
And they have vowed that they will vie with the Northmen in the plain,
With De Joinville, and with Artois, and with Thibaut of Champagne:
But with them all might none compare, how great or grand his line,
With that young knight, who bore in fight the blazon of Sergine.
Nor could one boast of all that host that went against the Moor,
So fair a feat, or one so meet for praise from Troubadour.
He clove his way, where Lewis lay, with the Moslemin around,
He clove his way, through all the fray, and bore him from the ground.
And thus he earned a prouder name than herald ever gave,
The foremost of the foremost, and the bravest of the brave.

" Oh never yet was theme so meet for roundel or romaunce,
As the ancient aristocracy and chivalry of France; —
As when they lay before Tournay, and the Grand Monarque was there,
With the bravest of his warriors, and the fairest of his fair;
And the sun that was his symbol and on his army shone,
Was in lustre, and in splendor, and in light itself outdone.
For the lowland and the highland were gleaming as of old,
When England vied with France in pride, on the famous Field of Gold;
And morn, and noon, and evening, and all the livelong night,
Were the sound of ceaseless music and the echo of delight.
And but for Vauban's waving arm, and the answering cannonade,
It might have been a festal scene in some Versailles arcade;
For she was there, the beautiful, the daughter of Mortemart,
And her proud eyes flashed the prouder for the roaring of the war.

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And many a dark-haired rival, who bound her lover's arm
With a ribbon, or a ringlet, or a kerchief for a charm;
And with an air as dainty, and with a step as light,
As they moved among the masquers, they went into the fight:
O brave they went, and brave they fought, for glory and for France,
The La Tremöille, and the Noailles, and the Courtenay of Byzance;
And haughty was their war-cry, as they rushed into the field,
The de Narbonne and de Talleyrand, in Castilian on each shield.
And well they knew de Montesquieu, and Rohan, and Loraine,
That a bold deed was ever sure high lady's smiles to gain.
For none were loved with such true love, or wept with so true a tear,
As he who lived a Courtier, but who died a Cavalier.

"Oh never yet was theme so meet for roundel or romaunce,
As the ancient aristocracy and chivalry of France.
As now they lie in poverty — and dark is their decline;
For the sun that shone so long on them, it now hath ceased to shine.
And the mighty house of Bourbon, that made them what they were,
Kneels humbly at the Austrian's feet, beneath the Austrian's care.
And the nineteenth Louis knows not France, and his queen she never sees
Her soft St. Cloud, her Rambouillet, her solemn Tuileries;
And the revel, and the pageant, and the feast that were of yore,
And courtly wit and compliment — these things are now no more;
Save in some old man's memory, who loves to ponder yet
On Lamballe's playful jesting, and the smile of Antoinette.
And bids his son remember, how the middle classes reign
In the Basilic of Monarchs, and the Nobles' old domain!
For *these* they have lost all things save their honor and their names;
Chateaubriand and de Brêzé, and Stuart of Fitzjames,
And Lévis, and La Rochejacquelin, and the brave and blameless few,
Like de Biron and de Luxembourg, the loyal and the true:
Then, though their state be fallen, all Europe cannot show
Such glory as was theirs of old, such glory as is now.

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For they themselves have conquered, themselves they have forgone,
And they their own relinquish, till the King shall have his own.
Then grant, God grant, that day may come, and long shall it endure,
For the poor will find true friends in those who have themselves been poor;
And the Noble, and the People, and the Church alike shall know,
A Christian King of France, in King Henry of Bordeaux."

pp. 33 – 38.

The ballad on "King James the Second" is also very good, but we have not room to quote it.

Among the slighter fancy sketches that have considerable merit, the "Cabinet Dinner in the Last Century," and "An Opposition Scene in the Last Century," may be particularly mentioned. The ballad on "The Jacobin of Paris" strikes us as an unsuccessful attempt to deal poetically with a very vulgar and gory subject. Among the historical characters, we think Mr. Smythe has succeeded best in that of Mirabeau. While doing full justice to that profligate and mercenary demagogue's splendid talents, he does not, like Carlyle, confound all moral distinctions by setting up energy of character, not only as a substitute for virtue, but as something better than virtue. We close our notice of this interesting volume with the concluding paragraphs of this sketch.

"In retort and repartee, in sallies and attacks, in quickness of reply, in all the guerilla movements of debate, Mirabeau was also without a rival. He was as perfect a partisan as Mr. Pulteney, or Mr. Fox, without, like them, 'having blundered into excellence.' How happy, for example, this answer to the Abbé Maury, who had charged him with having called the mob in to his aid: 'I shall not degrade myself by refuting the accusation this moment made against me, unless, indeed, the Assembly shall elevate it to my notice, by ordering me to answer. In that case, I shall think that I have said enough for my justification and renown, by naming my accuser and myself.'

"To those who attacked the title of 'French people,' he was little less contemptuous. 'I adopt it, I defend it, I proclaim it, for the very reasons for which you assail it. Yes, it is because the name of "People" is not sufficiently esteemed in France; because it is tarnished and obscured by the rust of prejudices; because it presents an idea at which pride is alarmed, and vanity

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revolted ; because it is pronounced with scorn in the saloons of the aristocracy ; yes, it is for all this, Gentlemen, that I could wish, it is even for this that we ought to impose on ourselves, the obligation not only of elevating but of ennobling it — of rendering it henceforward respected by ministers, and dear to every heart.'

" His voice, too, was such that he could always command the Assembly. Loud above the tumult was heard his imperious injunction — ' *Silence aux trente voix.*' High above all others he towered at the tribune, when he shouted aloud, ' I will leave this tribune triumphant, or in pieces.'

" It is, as M. Thiers says, a doubt which will be differently solved by the respective admirers of Mirabeau and the Revolution — whether he would have been as successful on the side of Authority as on that of Insurrection, whether his Herculean energies would have vanquished the Hydra, whether he would have been able to repress the popular chiefs, who wished in their turn for power ; whether he would have been able to say to Robespierre, ' Remain in your obscure faubourg,' and to Danton, ' Be still, within your section.' That this was not impossible, M. Thiers has seen a proof, since he wrote his history. He has seen a revolution charged with dangers as alarming, and a spirit as audacious, rolled back by an energy, and controlled by a genius, only inferior to Mirabeau's. He has served under Casimir Perier. And he may still see the same system of aggressive domination continued by a statesman, who combines all the characteristics of the three great Revolutionary schools ; the intellect of the Girondins, the corruption of the Dantonists, and the severity of the Mountain. *Soyez impitoyables*, M. Guizot's words, are as cruel as any that St. Just ever used.

" It is certain that his notorious connection with the Court was of no injury to Mirabeau's popularity. He charged at the head of the aristocracy with the same ardor as when leading the people. Their admiration for him was like that of his Cossack enemies for Murat. They delighted in the brilliancy of his appearance, and gloried in the versatility of his triumphs. He was still their champion. He was as much their hero as a grand Seigneur, as he had been as a demagogue. The very magnificence and splendor, which the gifts of the Court enabled him to display, were a homage to their choice. The luxuries of his sumptuous hotel, the lavishness of his superb expenditure, were rather matters of satisfaction than offence. There was a genuineness, an honesty, a breadth, in his enjoyment, which seemed to invite their simple and ready sympathy. There was nothing

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of exclusion, fashion, or selfishness about it. It was that sort of Foxite extravagance which men rather love than envy. But the gold which the Court flung to the passions of Mirabeau destroyed him. He plunged into a course of debaucheries so intense, into orgies without a parallel in excess, even among the feeble Princes of the East, and which never before, except, perhaps, in the case of Lord Somers, coexisted with so strong an intellect. But Lord Somers only occasionally gave way to his passions; in Mirabeau they devoured his whole existence. His lust was as encyclopædic as his knowledge. It embraced every experiment, invention, combination, of blandishment and pleasure. His mornings were exhausted in contests to which those of Pericles and Cimon, Cæsar and Pompey, were insignificant and tame; his nights were consumed in a lascivious intemperance, in comparison with which those of the Regency were decency. But his intellectual powers and energies were not enfeebled or debilitated. He determined to show that he was no mere Rienzi; — he might break down, but he would not languish or relax. To the last he continued to work, to write, to speak, to agitate, to intrigue, with unabated spirit and indomitable force. At last, his physical strength gave way. He prepared for his death-bed with the calm courage of an ancient Stoic, and the delicate care of an Epicurean. 'Read this oration at the Tribune to-morrow,' he said to Talleyrand, the boon companion of his happier hour, 'it will be pleasant to hear a man speak against wills, who is dead, and has made his own.' 'Support that head,' he said to his servant, 'it is the strongest in France. Would that I could leave it to you.' His jealousy of Mr. Pitt's greatness disturbed his dying moments. 'That Pitt is the minister of preparatives. He governs by a system of threats; I should give him trouble if I lived.' The curate of the parish having come to offer the rites of the Catholic Church, Mirabeau declined them with politeness, saying that he had his superior already in the house — the Bishop of Autun. 'No,' he exclaimed, 'I will die in my own way. Open the windows, bring perfumes, flowers, music.' And he ordered beautiful objects and sweet sounds to be brought within the range of his languid and declining senses. But Providence was not thus to be eluded. The agonies of his death were so excruciating, that even his powers of endurance were worn out. He called repeatedly for laudanum. Cabinis, his physician, gave him a cup with a soothing draught, to deceive him. He drank it eagerly, and the moment afterwards expired, on the 2d of April, 1791." — pp. 210–215.

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Art. X. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *A Manual of Ancient History, containing the Political Geography, Geographical Position, and Social State of the Principal Nations of Antiquity; carefully revised from the Ancient Writers.* By W. C. Taylor, LL.D., M. R. A. S. Revised by C. S. Henry, D. D., Professor of Philosophy and History in the University of the City of New York. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 323.

This work, at least in its present form, is not adapted to the use of scholars. It is not, like Heeren's valuable manual, to which it is largely indebted, a companion for the historical inquirer, furnishing him with the heads and main events of each epoch, and a catalogue *raisonné* of ancient and modern authors. Its aim is a more humble, though not less important one; to fill a place in the course of elementary study in our schools and colleges. As such it is welcome; for in no department of instruction is the dearth of good class-books more apparent.

History, with its handmaid geography, is a study especially suited to the tastes and capacity of the youthful mind. By its minuteness of detail, its occasional glances at individual character, its variety of incident, and its unceasing appeal to the imagination, it interests and excites the young student. If history is to be taught at all to minds not yet mature, it should be with an eye to such effects. Mere catalogues of dates and places, mere rolls of dynasties, are of as little use as the figures of a superannuated almanac. Though, fortunately, these are seldom remembered, they cost the poor learner vexation enough to disgust him with the whole study. We apprehend that one great object of instruction is to interest the pupil in his studies. To give the beginner a distaste for his work is to do him an irreparable injury; for not only is his immediate advancement precluded, but he forms a rooted prejudice, which even the riper judgment of later years may be unable to remove. We cannot see the wit or wisdom of systematically reducing a subject to its driest elements; of killing out every green branch, and serving up the stubble. This, however, is too often done, especially in historical and geographical manuals. The pupil is forced to plod his weary way through a desert of names and dates, to him as little attractive or important as a militia muster-roll.

The work before us is accompanied, in the American edition, by a "Manual of Modern History," of which at present we have

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nothing to say. Our remarks are confined to the ancient history. Though purporting to be carefully revised from the ancient writers, it seems to us to bear much oftener the mark of the modern compilers and essayists, to whom the author in his preface candidly acknowledges his obligations. We may herein do him some injustice; for the notes to which he refers, "consisting for the most part of illustrations and anecdotes," if relating to this portion of his work, have disappeared. Whether this is one of the "slight curtailments" made by the American editor, we are not informed. For the purposes of instruction, they would be of little value. Notes and illustrations, to be of any use, should be wrought into the body of the work. The pupil always regards the note as subordinate to the text, and is apt entirely to neglect it. We are not quite satisfied with the execution of the work, though in some respects its plan is excellent. A systematic attempt has been made to present a sketch of the physical, social, and political condition of the various races and nations who pass successively in review. To the geographical and topographical outlines of different countries and cities much space has been devoted. All this is well. But the work is done too often in a dry, dogged way, with a consistent disdain of illustration, anecdote, or fancy. The Athenian character, for instance, so capable of being set off by a few spirited strokes and pertinent illustrations, is dismissed almost without a touch of life. Of the wayward and sensitive, though keen-eyed and energetic Demos, scarcely a feature is seen. No attempt, or only a most meagre one, is made to show the causes of the greatness of Athens or Rome. We have no hint of the peculiar traits in the Roman character, which fitted it alike to acquire and retain the sway of the world; none of those amazing contrasts between national heroism and individual meanness, so conspicuous in the history of ancient times. The student cannot sympathize with the great men of Greece or Rome, because no effort is made to raise them from the dead before him. Cæsar might have been Pompey, or Pompey, Cæsar, but for dates and places. The men are known, not by their true character, but by their latitude or their century.

The geographical portion of the book, with some barren exceptions, is well enough prepared; though we think that physical geography might have received a larger share of attention. The topographical descriptions of Athens and Rome are a valuable addition to the general geography. The proportions of the book are not well adjusted. The history of the Jews is drawn out to an exorbitant length, — especially as every page reminds one of the superior life and truth of the Scripture narrative.

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While the career of Alexander the Great is disposed of in four pages, the history of the states which arose out of the dismemberment of his empire occupies thirty-seven, though these states owe nearly all their significance to their collision at a subsequent period with the colossal power of Rome, and are best treated of as episodes to the great movement of Roman conquest. We have here and there chapters containing only dull skeletons of dull histories of kings whose names suggest nothing, and whose deeds are hardly worthy of the scanty notice they receive.

The accuracy of a class-book should be complete. The learner should have, at least, the satisfaction of having learned a fact, though it be a very arid one. The work under review is in this respect by no means out of the reach of criticism. Though in such a treatise we deem no blunder a light one, we can pass over such slips as *western* frontier for eastern, *southeast* for northwest, *Mount* Opus for the *city* Opus, and the like. We may wonder what "ancient writer" informed Mr. Taylor that Marathon was *forty* miles distant from Athens, or that Saguntum was *on the Iberus*, or that Agrigentum was *eighteen hundred furlongs* from the sea, or that the younger Scipio was the adopted *son* of the elder. We need some new theory of ubiquity to account for the same battle taking place at two dates, nine years apart, or for the possibility that Cæsar should have been in Spain at the moment of his assassination in the Senate-house at Rome. We have been used to hear of the Olympic games as occurring every four years. Mr. Taylor substitutes *five*. We wish his new Olympiads might explain some anomalies in his chronology. Hieroglyphics, it appears, are of too little prominence in the history of Egyptian civilization to be even alluded to; and Babylon, having been only the intended seat of Alexander's empire and the place of his death, is not named in the account of his life. Mr. Taylor will permit us to inquire, who were the "*twelve* sons of Jacob" that sold "their brother Joseph" into Egypt.

One word as to the American edition, "revised by C. S. Henry, D. D., Professor of Philosophy and History in the University of the City of New York." Dr. Henry informs us, that, in revising this Manual, he "has made a few slight curtailments, principally in the first part of the volume." Perhaps the absence of any notice of Egyptian hieroglyphics is owing to one of these "slight" curtailments. Be that as it may, we must protest against the practice of indorsing, with names of some notoriety, books in the execution of which the pretended revisers have so small a share. The reviser of a book has no right to give currency to outrageous typographical blunders, which the most cursory examination of the proof-sheets would have detect-

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ed. The reading of the sheets of this book seems to have been intrusted to some ignoramus, who had never read a line of Greek or Latin; so that, in respect to the orthography and accentuation of proper names, the present edition is wholly untrustworthy. We have Virentes for Veientes, Conrum for Comum, Careto for Caieta, Ancius for Anicius, Ancus for Aruns, Africa for Attica, Erus for Ems, Aquæ Lutiæ for Aquæ Sextiæ, &c. To show the degree of care with which the accents have been affixed, out of a forest of errors we select the following; Méssene, Megáris, Ozólæ, Ephýre, Taygétum, Phálereus, Mycále, Thrasýbulus, Evergétes, Creméra, Archímedes, and Cicéro, — the last, as if needing confirmation, appearing thrice on one page. We ought in justice, however, to acknowledge the scrupulous accuracy with which such words as Núma, Tárquin, Álba, Cróton, Gáza, and others, are accentuated; though we know not why Dendera and Naucratis have not at least an equal right. We cannot complain of a man merely for holding his literary reputation so cheap as to consent to be responsible for a roll of blunders, which would disgrace a school-boy. That is his own affair. But we do complain of publishers who borrow, and editors who lend, the authority of respectable names to editions equally discreditable to both.

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2. — *Rural Economy, in its Relations with Chemistry, Physics, and Meteorology; or Chemistry applied to Agriculture.* By J. B. Boussingault, Member of the Institute of France, etc. Translated, with an Introduction and Notes, by George Law, Agriculturist. New York: Appleton & Co. 1844. 12mo. pp. 507.

This is a handsome American reprint of a faulty English translation of an excellent work. M. Boussingault, whose name is by no means new to our readers, possesses rare qualifications as a writer on chemical and physical science applied to agriculture and rural affairs generally. He is a learned and experienced chemist, and has largely contributed to the recent advancement of the organic department of this science; he has been an extensive traveller, and has resided for several years in tropical America; he is also a practical farmer. The fruits of his foreign travel, and of his observations and experiments at home as the fellow-laborer of Arago and Dumas, tested by his experience at Bechelbronn, as a farmer perfectly familiar not only with the principles upon which agriculture depends, but also with their results under a great variety of circumstances,

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must therefore possess the highest value. We should add, that Boussingault's farm in Alsace, the extreme east of France, is situated in a climate not essentially different from that of our own Northern and Middle States.

The work embodies the results of the inquiries upon various points of rural economy with which the author has long been sedulously engaged, presented in the most practical and generally intelligible form which the nature of the topics admits. French *savans* are, we think, peculiarly successful in their attempts to convey scientific truths in a popular style; and our author is so clear and simple in his statements, and has so completely excluded all superfluous technical details, that his book will prove, we imagine, more interesting to the general reader than any of its class. It is more sound, discriminating, and practical than the works of Liebig, more readable and much more comprehensive than those of Johnston. Want of room alone prevents us from giving an analysis of the contents of the volume, and a series of extracts on a variety of important subjects, — such, for instance, as the causes of decay in timber, and the modes lately adopted in France of impregnating the trunks of trees, when felled, with cheap but efficient antiseptic materials, so as to protect the timber against dry-rot and other causes of decay, to increase its hardness and strength, preserve its elasticity, diminish its inflammability, counteract the alternate expansion and contraction from the varying moisture of the atmosphere, and even to impart to common kinds of wood a variety of permanent tints, which will render them adapted to the construction of costly furniture. The account of the sugar manufacture and the cultivation of the sugar-cane is also very interesting, and abounds with hints that may be turned to profitable account by our neighbours, about to become our brethren, in Texas. The chapters on the feeding of animals and management of stock have anticipated Liebig's promised work upon that subject; and the meteorological chapter, filled with matters that will be new and striking to general readers, closes with a discussion of the influence of agricultural labors and the clearing of woods upon the climate of a country, and the quantity of running water. The question is interesting to us, since our own country is about to furnish the most satisfactory elements for its solution. Boussingault, who has studied the subject chiefly in the tropics, gives it as his opinion, that the felling of forests over a large extent of country always lessens the mean annual quantity of rain, and tends to disturb its equable distribution; thus agreeing with Humboldt, who remarks, that men in all climates, by destroying the trees which cover the summits and slopes of mountains, seem to be

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bringing upon future generations two calamities at once, — a want of fuel and a scarcity of water.

The most unsatisfactory chapter of the book is the first, which is devoted to a brief summary of vegetable physiology, though here the numerous faults chiefly relate to matters of detail. They are, besides, greatly exaggerated by the incompetency of the translator, who in numerous passages has attained only a dim perception of his author's meaning. Mr. George Law may have done his best; but he appears to lack two rather important qualifications of a translator; namely, an adequate acquaintance with the subject of his author's book, and with the language in which it is written.* The editor's notes, even upon practical subjects, and his introductory comments, are of a similar character; as, for instance, where he controverts his author's views upon the philosophy of the dunghill; — but here, as Mrs. Malaprop would say, "comparisons are odorous," and we cannot engage in the discussion. We may, however, venture to advise the enterprising New York publishers to procure a new translation by some competent hand, when a second edition of this very valuable work is needed.

M. Boussingault, confining himself to his legitimate province, scarcely touches upon questions of pure physiology. But we are glad to notice, that he does not seem to countenance doctrines just now rife and popular, which would resolve all the phenomena of life into ordinary, or extraordinary, chemical or molecular action, — doctrines extremely seducing to young and unwary chemists, which the specious writings of Liebig have done much to bring into vogue, and of which Mulder now appears to be the foremost expounder. We shall probably have occasion to examine them *in extenso* at no distant day, in their connection with the recent progress and tendencies of chemico-physiological science.

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3. — *Registration of Births, Marriages, and Deaths in Massachusetts in* 1844. *Third Annual Report.* By John G. Palfrey, Secretary of the Commonwealth. Boston. 1845. 8vo. pp. xxix, 110.

An act was passed in Massachusetts, in 1842, providing for an annual return of births, marriages, and deaths in the State. This

* The readers of the English version may be somewhat surprised to find *mahogany* mentioned as a *dye-wood*. But the translator has merely taken a fancy to apply this name, instead of *logwood*, to *bois de Campêche*, or *Hæmatoxylon Campechianum*.

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is the first attempt that has come to our knowledge for obtaining a series of exact annual reports of this description in any State in the United States. Some defects being developed by experience in the provisions and actual working of that law, a new one was passed in 1844. This report is made under the former law, the latter having gone into effect only a few weeks previous to the 1st of May, 1844, when the registration year covered by the report terminated. The present law provides for the return of the date of the birth, the place, name of the child (if named), sex, names of the parents, their residence, and the occupation of the father; of marriages, the date, place, by what clergyman or magistrate, names of the parties married, residence of each, whether both were single, or both or either had been before married, the occupation of each, names of their respective parents; and of the deaths, the date, name, sex, whether single or married, age, occupation, place of birth, names of parents, and the disease or cause of death. A record of all these facts is to be made by the town-clerk in each town, who is entitled to receive eight cents from the town or city treasury for the record of each birth and each death; a clergyman or magistrate officiating at the celebration of any marriage is required to make a return of the same to the town-clerk within the first ten days of the next month, under a penalty of twenty to a hundred dollars; every sexton, or other person having charge of a burial-ground, is also required, within the first ten days of each month, to make a return to the town-clerk of the facts relative to any person whose burial he may have superintended during the preceding month, and is entitled to receive from the town treasury five cents for the return of each death; the school-committee of each town is required to ascertain, on or before the last of May annually, the births and facts relative thereto in their town during the year preceding the first of that month, and the committee, or the person authorized by them, is entitled to receive from the town treasury five cents for the return of the facts relative to each birth.

Such is the machinery for collecting these very important statistics. The first returns made under the first law were, as was to be expected, very imperfect. The second report was better, but still quite imperfect. The third, which is the subject of this notice, is a great improvement upon the two preceding, as the officers had the advantage of former experience in making their returns, and the indefatigable activity and industry of Mr. Secreary Palfrey, in supplying blank forms to the town-clerks, and corresponding with them, and giving them instructions relative to the records, have contributed essentially to the improvement of this report. Still it presents many chasms; and one most re-

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markable; there being no return whatever reported from the city of Boston, of either births, marriages, or deaths. This is the more singular, as a complete register of deaths has been kept by the superintendent of burial-grounds, and it is hardly credible that the clergymen and magistrates, before whom marriages have been celebrated, have exposed themselves to very considerable penalties, by a total neglect to make reports; and one might suppose that the school-committee could have employed a competent person to collect the facts relative to births, for the compensation allowed by law. Other large towns seem to have endeavoured to comply with the law. We have made inquiries, but without success, to ascertain the cause of this singular delinquency of Boston in a matter in which it is more interested than any other town in the State, and whose inhabitants and public officers are not wont to be behind others in any measure of public utility.

It is to be hoped that Massachusetts will persevere, until it presents an example, which will soon be followed by other States, of a complete record of the statistics of the population. Such statistics, when accurately collected, on sufficient authority, and arranged in tables, in such manner that the general results are apparent at a glance, according to the recent practice in England, and the plan adopted by Mr. Secretary Palfrey, are full of interest and instruction to the legislator and the philanthropist, and of incalculable utility in their bearing and influence upon proceedings connected with the public welfare, and in the administration and management of private rights and interests. They are not merely matters of speculative curiosity, but form the actual basis of legislation, and of the proceedings of voluntary associations and individuals for the melioration of the condition of the people. In order to know what will promote the welfare of a people, and what will be prejudicial to them, it is quite material to know the facts relative to the population; and such facts can be collected only by the government. These statistics enter into affairs, and are essential in determining the rights of persons, in a thousand ways. The value of a widow's dower, for instance, or of any life estate, must frequently be decided upon by the judicial tribunals; and this cannot be done correctly in any community without a long continued registry of births and deaths. The value of such an interest has been erroneously estimated in Massachusetts for a long series of years, and, indeed, ever since any such estimate was first made, for the want of such a registry. For it is easy to show, that Professor Wigglesworth's tables of mortality, by which the value of such rights has been settled in Massachusetts, and more or less in other States, are not correct.

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He himself stated that they were not correct. It is not now possible to construct an accurate table of longevity for any part of the United States from any series of well authenticated statistics. In computing rates of premium for insurance on lives, and the value of annuities, the same difficulty occurs as in estimating the value of life estates. The returns collected and digested in the secretary's reports already made in Massachusetts afford considerable materials for such computations; still, with these and all the other data to be found for the purpose, only an approximation can be made towards the construction of an accurate scale of the value of lives.

Some light is shed by these reports upon another subject of much interest; namely, the rate and causes of the increase of the population in this country. It appears from the recent statistics in England, that the average age of marriage of maidens is there $24\frac{30}{100}$; whereas, from these annual reports of the secretary, it is to be inferred, that in Massachusetts the average age of maidens at their marriage is about $23\frac{30}{100}$. The return of this fact of the age has caused more inconvenience and dissatisfaction than that of any other required by the law. The clergyman requested to attend a marriage is reluctant to put such an inquiry, and, if he does, he is liable sometimes to receive a short answer, quite aside from the purpose. This is not because the parties generally expect or wish to conceal their age; an attempt at such concealment is ordinarily both silly and ridiculous, since the fact is usually notorious to one's acquaintances. When there is any plain object for putting this inquiry in the course of business, not one person in a hundred will affect any reserve. But where the occasion for the inquiry is not obvious, the making it savors somewhat of impertinence. It is probable that the law has not hit upon the most convenient way of ascertaining this fact. Accordingly, representations were made at the last session of the legislature against this part of the law; and, as is very apt to be the result in such cases, — since it is much easier, and more within the reach of the unskilful, to destroy than to build up or amend, — the proceedings preliminary to legislation on the subject resulted in a proposition to repeal the law, and sweep the whole subject of registration by the board. This proposition did not succeed, and it is to be hoped that it will never again be made. It is likely, however, to have the effect of encouraging municipal officers in their neglect. There is, therefore, the more occasion for public-spirited, liberal-minded persons to use their exertions to promote the execution of the law, and its amendment in any particulars in which it is found not to work well.

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4. — *The Botanical Text-Book, for Colleges, Schools, and Private Students; comprising, Part I. An Introduction to Structural and Physiological Botany. Part II. The Principles of Systematic Botany; with an Account of the Chief Natural Families of the Vegetable Kingdom, and Notices of the Principal Useful Plants.* Second Edition, illustrated with more than a Thousand Engravings on Wood. By Asa Gray, M. D., Fisher Professor of Natural History in Harvard University. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1845. 12mo. pp. 509.

The first edition of this work, published less than three years ago, was favorably reviewed in our number for January, 1843. The justice of the hearty commendations then bestowed upon it, which have been echoed from the other side of the Atlantic, is confirmed by the call for a new edition. We ought rather to say, that a new treatise has been written to supply the place of the former one. This was rendered almost necessary, indeed; partly on account of the rapid advancement which physiological botany, no less than all the natural sciences, is continually making; and partly because Dr. Gray's experience as a teacher, since the first edition was published, has enabled him to discern, as only a teacher can do, the points which were defective, or which required more detailed explanation. He has thus had the advantage of making a practical trial of his own theories, and of the sufficiency of their exposition. The progressive improvement of the whole cousinhood of the sciences has been so marked of late, that it is dangerous now to presume upon an acquaintance with them, merely on the strength of an intimacy formed a few years ago. Stereotype text-books, however they may answer the purpose in other departments of knowledge, which vary only from century to century, are here quite out of the question.

We are glad to see, therefore, that the author of the Botanical Text-Book, on the occasion of a new edition being required, has made such a good use of the opportunity, and of his professional experience, and has recomposed, and almost entirely rewritten, the first, and, in the author's view, the most essential, part of the work, that upon structural and physiological botany, which has here been amplified to nearly twice its former extent. The author correctly remarks in his preface, that "this part of the volume, instead of having been rendered more abstruse by the enlargement, will rather be found to be more simple and generally intelligible than before." This is owing to the greater expansion he has given to the abstruse points, to the increased

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number of illustrative wood-cuts, which in the new edition is fully doubled, and also to some changes in the style, which has been rendered rather more flowing and narrative, and less terse and axiomatic than before. No doubt, some further changes of the same sort would render it yet more adapted to the end in view; that is, if room can be found for the expansion, for the work has already extended into a bulky volume of above five hundred pages. This is a somewhat unusual fault to find with elementary works, which generally need concentration rather than dilation; but Dr. Gray sometimes expects rather too much of his readers, and appears to forget that a sentence, however clear, may be too compact; and, though it demonstrably embodies the whole idea, may fail to convey it at a glance to those who are not already somewhat familiar with the subject.

The "Preliminary Considerations" of the first edition, which were open to these objections, and must have been difficult for the student to master at the outset, are here omitted, and in their place we have a brief development of the mode in which the leading divisions of the science of botany may be supposed to arise, which strikes us as truly philosophical, and in some respects original. In our former review, we took some exceptions to our author's mode of stating the doctrine of vegetable metamorphosis, as it is, we still think, somewhat inaptly termed. It seemed to savor too much of Wolff's notion, that the vegetable degenerated into the flower. The more detailed statements of the present edition are no longer liable to these strictures. The general laws of vegetation are traced from the stem and foliage into the flower in the following manner.

"The flower may next be viewed under a more theoretical aspect. In the preceding chapter we have recognized the close analogy of flower-buds to leaf-buds, and consequently of flowers to branches, and of the leaves of the flower to ordinary leaves. The plant continues for a considerable time to produce buds which develope into branches. At length it produces buds which expand into blossoms. Is there an entirely new system introduced when flowers appear? Are the blossoms formed upon such a different plan, that the general laws of vegetation, which have sufficed for the interpretation of all the phenomena up to the inflorescence, are to afford no further clew? Or, on the contrary, now that peculiar results are to be attained, are the simple and plastic organs of vegetation — the stem and leaves — developed in new and modified forms for the accomplishment of these new ends? The latter, doubtless, is the correct view. The plant does not produce essentially new kinds of organs to fulfil the new conditions, but adopts and adapts the old. New laws of development are now introduced; but these operate subordinately to the primary laws of vegetation, instead of subverting them.

"In vegetation, new organs are not created for every or any con-

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tingency; but the root, stem, and leaves are modified, as circumstances require, to subserve every needful purpose. Thus, the same organ which constitutes the stem of an herb, or the trunk of a tree, we recognize in the trailing vine, or twiner, spirally climbing other stems, in the straw of Wheat and other Grasses, in the columnar trunk of the Palm, in the flattened and jointed Opuntia, or Prickly-pear, and in the rounded, lump-like body of the Melon-Cactus. So, also, the branches harden into spines in the Thorn, or, by an opposite change, become flexible and attenuated tendrils in the Vine, and runners in the Strawberry; or, when developed under ground, they assume the aspect of creeping roots, and sometimes form thickened root-stocks, as in the Calamus, or tubers, as in the Potato. But the type is easily seen through these disguises. They are all mere modifications of the stem. The leaves, as we have already seen, appear under a still greater variety of forms, some of them as widely different from the common type of foliage as can be imagined; such, for example, as the thickened and obese leaves of the Mesembryanthemums; the intense scarlet or crimson floral leaves of the Euchroma, or Painted-Cup, the Poinsettia of our conservatories, and several Mexican Sages; the tendrils of the Pea tribe; the Pitchers of the Sarracenia, &c., and those of the Nepenthes, which are leaf, tendril, and pitcher combined. The leaves also appear under very different aspects in the same individual plant, according to the purposes they are intended to subserve. The first pair of leaves, or cotyledons, as in the Bean and Almond, gorged with nutritive matter for the supply of the earliest wants of the embryo-plant, seem to be peculiar organs. But when they have discharged this special office in germination, by yielding to the young plant their store of nourishment with which they are laden, they throw off their disguise, and assume the color and appearance of ordinary foliage. As the stem elongates, the successive leaves vary in form or size, according to the varying vigor of vegetation. In our trees, we trace the last leaves of the season into bud-scales; and in the returning spring, we often observe the innermost scales of the expanding leaf-buds to resume, the first perhaps imperfectly, but the ensuing ones successfully, the appearance and the ordinary office of leaves.

"Analogy would therefore suggest, that in the final act of vegetable development, in flowering, the leaves, no longer developing as mere foliage, are now wrought into new forms, to subserve peculiar purposes. In the chapter on Inflorescence, we have already shown, that the arrangement and situation of flowers upon a stem conform to this idea. In this respect, flowers are absolutely like branches. The aspect of the floral envelopes favors the same view. We discern the typical element, the leaf, in the calyx; and again, more delicate and refined, in the petals. In numberless instances, we observe a regular transition from ordinary leaves into sepals, and from sepals into petals. And, while the petals are occasionally green and herbaceous, the undoubted foliage sometimes assumes a delicate texture and the brightest hues. Familiar cases of the latter kind have just been alluded to."—pp. 208–211.

Then follows the ordinary class of illustrations with some novel examples; and our author continues:—

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"The irresistible conclusion from all such evidence is, that the flower is one of the forms, — the ultimate form, — under which branches appear; that the leaves of the stem, the leaves or petals of the flower, and even the stamens and pistils, are all forms of a common type, only differing in their special development. And it may be added, that in the earliest state in which these parts are discernible with a powerful microscope, they all appear alike. That which, under the ordinary laws of vegetation, would have developed as a leafy branch, does, from peculiar causes, finally develope as a flower; its several organs appearing under forms, some of them slightly and others extremely different in aspect and in office from the foliage. But they all have a common nature and a common origin.

"Now, as we have no general name to comprehend all those organs which, as leaves, bud-scales, bracts, sepals, petals, stamens, &c., successively spring from the ascending axis, or stem, having ascertained their essential identity, we naturally, and indeed necessarily, take some one of them as the *type*, and view the others as modifications, or metamorphoses of it. The leaf is the form which earliest appears, and is the most general of all the organs of the vegetable; it is the form which is indispensable to vegetation, in which it plays, as we have seen, the most important part; it is the form into which all the floral organs may sometimes be traced back by numerous gradations, and to which they are liable to revert when flowering is disturbed, and the proper vegetative forces again prevail. Hence the leaf is properly assumed as the type, to which all the others are to be referred. When, therefore, in accordance with these theoretic views, the floral organs are termed *modified* or *metamorphosed leaves*, it is not to be supposed that a petal has ever actually been a green leaf, and has subsequently assumed a more delicate texture and hue, or that stamens and pistils have previously existed in the state of foliage; but only that what is fundamentally one and the same organ developes, in the progressive evolutions of the plant, under any of these various forms. When the individual organ is once developed, its destiny is fixed." — pp. 215, 216.

Great additions have been made to the portion which treats of cryptogamous plants. Before listening to the lectures of Professor Gray at the Lowell Institute, we had been accustomed to regard the study of these plants as possessing little general interest. But we have now learned that the Ferns, the Lichens, Mushrooms, Algæ, and Confervæ are all curious and interesting subjects of inquiry. Among these we are to seek for the links which unite the animal and the vegetable kingdom; and it is singular enough, that the plants which in form and development exhibit the nearest approach to animals are found among the lowest, or more properly speaking, the most obscure, of their race. If, too, we would pursue the study of adaptation and design in vegetables, we shall find the most abundant illustrations among the flowerless plants.

We notice some verbal errors in this volume. In the note on page 95, the sesquipedalian words "monocotyledonous" and

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"dicotyledonous" are evidently transposed, so as to render the statement just the reverse of what it was intended to be. In the very interesting account of the chemical influences of vegetation upon the atmosphere, there is an obvious typographical error, twenty-four for twenty-two, as the context shows.

We must not omit reference to the very neat and tasteful manner in which the mechanical part of this book is finished. Its outside is as attractive as the subject of which it treats, the binding, print, paper, and engravings being not merely unexceptionable, but elegant. This is such a rare merit in a mere manual of instruction, and at the same time, as we consider it, a point of so much importance, that it deserves especial notice and commendation.

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5. — *Hebrew Tales, selected and translated from the Writings of the Ancient Hebrew Sages.* Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1845. 18mo. pp. 100.

This little compilation is not made exclusively for the use of the young, although they will profit by it most largely; but readers of all classes may be made wiser and better by the simple and striking lessons which it contains. The selection is made from a work of the same title, which was published some time ago by the learned Hebraist, Hurwitz. From the Talmud, and other similar collections of ancient Jewish writings, he culled a large number of moral sayings, parables, and narratives, the forms in which the wisdom of the Orientals is usually embodied, and put them forth for the entertainment and instruction of a later age and a Christian people. This collection the American editor has sifted over again with good taste and discretion, and has thus formed quite a remarkable little book, which we can cordially commend to the attention of our readers. The simplicity of the style, the aptness of the illustrations, and the beauty of the sentiment or thought often remind one of favorite passages of Holy Writ. The lessons here taught come with less authority, indeed, than if borrowed from the sacred volume; but they are impressive and sound, affecting the imagination strongly from their decided hue of Orientalism, and adapted to purify and elevate the heart and the life. The publication will do much good, also, if it should induce some who make a boast of their Christian faith to surrender at least a portion of their anti-Jewish prejudices.

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6. — *Histoire des Peuples du Nord, ou des Danois et des Normands, depuis les Temps les plus reculés jusqu'à la Conquête de l'Angleterre.* Par HENRI WHEATON. Edition revue et augmentée par l'Auteur, avec Cartes, Inscriptions, et Alphabet Runiques, etc. Traduit de l'Anglais, par PAUL GUILLOT. Paris: E. Marc-Aurel. 1844. 8vo. pp. 583.

THIS work in its English dress, entitled "History of the Northmen, or Danes and Normans," was first published in London in 1831, and was reviewed in our pages in the course of the following year. The book now before us is not merely a French translation of the original publication, but a new edition of it, enlarged with notes and the fruits of the learned author's subsequent researches. In 1838, Mr. Wheaton united with Mr. Crichton, of Edinburgh, in preparing and publishing a work called "Scandinavia," comprising the ancient and modern history of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, with an account of the geographical features of these countries, and information respecting the mythology, manners, and political and religious institutions of their inhabitants. Aided by the materials thus brought together, by other publications relating to the same subject in France and Germany, and especially by the great work of Professor Rafn, entitled "Antiquitates Americanæ," our author has much increased the compass and importance of his book, and has now sent it forth in a dress adapted for circulation on the continent of Europe. He has followed in the track of the Danish antiquaries, and has carefully studied their editions of the old Sagas first made known to the world in print since 1831. A new introduction to his work contains a succinct, but comprehensive, view of the whole Scandinavian mythology. A new chapter presents a condensed history of the expeditions and conquests of Robert Guiscard and his brothers, in Sicily and Greece, coming down to the period, when the Norman dynasty, in the southern part of Italy, became extinct. With these additions and improvements, we hope the French edition may prove as serviceable to the author's fame among the learned on the European continent, as the work in its English garb was to his reputation in England and America. We rejoice to perceive, that his numerous, long-continued, and successful labors as a diplomatist have not been allowed to exhaust his time and abilities; but that he has still some leisure for the cultivation of his literary taste, and for contributions to the general stock of scholastic acquirements.

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7. — *Phreno-Mnemotechny, or the Art of Memory; the Series of Lectures, explanatory of the Principles of the System, delivered in New York and Philadelphia, in the Beginning of* 1844. By Francis Fauvel Gouraud, D. E. S., of the University of France. New York and London: Wiley & Putnam. 1845. 8vo. pp. 566 and xcvi.

This is one of the most remarkable books it has ever fallen to our lot to examine. In style, manner, and matter, it will hereafter rank among the most curious of the curiosities of literature. Its great size is one of the smallest of its demands upon the attention of the learned world. In his "Ante-prædictum to the public," *Professor* Gouraud is candid enough to state that the argumentative parts of the following lectures were delivered extemporaneously, "without even any previous mental preparation." But we feel bound to say, that to take the *professor* at his word would be doing him a great injustice. He had made considerable mental preparation; he had studied the subject of artificial memory, and, according to his own account, made not a little progress in the practical application of its principles. He has certainly improved upon the schemes of Dr. Grey, "the illustrious vicar of Hinton," of Feinaigle and Aimé Paris, as we could show by comparing his "fundamental basis" (what basis is not fundamental?) with theirs, if he had not prudently threatened audacious copyists with the penalties of the law. The substance of the whole matter, however, in all these systems, is nearly the same; the leading idea is absolutely the same. In the "fundamental basis," certain letters are arranged to correspond to the numbers; and then the number of the date to be remembered is formed into a word, which word, it is supposed, may be more easily retained than the numerical sign. Gouraud's method is to find a word which has some analogy with the subject to be committed to memory, and then to form a sentence in which that word shall be introduced; the sentence also bearing upon the fact or event which it is designed to fix in the memory.

In order to facilitate the application of this system, Mr. Gouraud, it appears, has published a *phreno-mnemotechnic* dictionary. We have not seen this work, but suppose it contains a series of numbers arranged with the various corresponding words to facilitate the rapid *mnemonization* of facts. It is obvious that a work of this kind is quite necessary, if a person really means to use the system to any important extent. It would be a wearisome and even endless task to be left to search out words cor-

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responding by their letters to all the numbers which one might desire to remember. With this apparatus it may sometimes be convenient to use the system for the purpose of remembering dates; but in most cases, as it would be necessary to have the phreno-mnemotechnic dictionary at hand, the question naturally occurs, Why is it not just as well to have a chronological table, and turn to the dates whenever they are wanted? In order to apply the principles of the system to any great advantage, a variety of things must be attended to and remembered. Though it may be easier to remember the mnemotechnic words, in many cases, than to remember the numbers represented, still, in a large body of facts and dates, there will be a large number of words and sentences to be imprinted on the memory by some method or other; by some analogy or association by contrast, or by actually committing them to memory. And it is not at all likely that these words and sentences will remain long fixed, unless the association is frequently renewed, and the ground repeatedly gone over. This exercise may be a very good one in some respects for the memory; and yet, to accustom the memory to depend on casual or indirect associations is to form a bad intellectual habit. The best memory is the natural memory, of course; and in most men, practice and attention will strengthen and enlarge it to almost any extent. Depending on such artificial aids is like using crutches to support the body, or, at best, like riding on a velocipede; a somewhat troublesome operation, that falls short of giving their appropriate exercise to the limbs, and, in the long run, and taking all things together, saves but little time and fatigue. It is a cumbrous contrivance to accomplish a very unimportant object.

To dignify such an arbitary mnemonic arrangement, as the system either of Grey, Feinaigle, Aimé Paris, or *Professor* Gouraud, with the name of science, is to misuse language, and to play the charlatan. The art is an ingenious trick, a pretty contrivance, and sometimes useful for special purposes, but having about as much claim to the dignity of a science, as riddles, charades, and puns. It has not a single characteristic of a science, a single philosophical principle about it. It is a mere piece of adroitness; and the most complete mastery of it has no tendency to improve the mind, exalt the imagination, or refine the taste. The attempt to introduce this or any other system of artificial memory into our systems of education is not very likely to be made; but if it should be made, would do nothing but mischief.

The language which Mr. Gouraud applies to the persons who have, by successive steps, perfected this mnemonic sleight, is ludicrously exaggerated. Dr. Grey is the "illustrious and learned

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rector of Hinton," to whom science is indebted for a "gigantic impulse given to mnemotechnics." Feinaigle appeared in the "literary horizon," and his reputation "took a flight which soon raised him to fortune and consideration, and rendered his name immortal"; "he was borne to the clouds by the greater part of the journals," and his name was "sung by the alpha of modern English poets, Byron"; and yet, like Dr. Grey, he found a few "contemptible detractors," among whom we must reckon *Professor* Gouraud himself, who, with an amusing inconsistency, calls Feinaigle's system a "heterogeneous body, a veritable Sphynx, (meaning probably Sphinx), a monster," and all but a hippopotamus. Gouraud himself, in his distinguished boyhood, next figures upon the mnemonic stage; and the little autobiographical sketch with which we are furnished is one of the coolest pieces of self-complacency that the reader will find in the range of his researches. The following is a portion of it: —

"In the course of the year 1822, nearly three years had already elapsed since my *pelagian* tutor had initiated me into the doctrines of Feinaigle. While endeavouring to bring to perfection his beautiful idea, I had by turns visited India, Arabia, China, and South America; that is to say, all the principal seaports upon the coasts of these various countries. I had tasted the 'ambrosia of Constance,' and hunted the African ostrich at the Cape of Good Hope; breathed the perfumes of the incense upon the burning soil of Yemen; enjoyed the nectar of the coffee upon the sandy plains of Mocha; eaten the dates of Arabia in the tented streets of Muscat; languidly pillowed my head upon the downy carpets of Teheran in the kiosks of Bassora, while inhaling the rosy attar of the harems beneath the shade of its perfumed acacias; admired the Asiatic splendors of Surat, Bombay, and Calcutta; hunted the hydrocorax and the paroquet through the forests of Malabar and Coromandel; attended the sacrifice of the Hindostan widow upon the funeral pile of her husband; fished up the pearls of the ancient Ormus upon the nacreous coasts of Ceylon; mounted the elephant of Seringapatam; bathed in the sacred waters of the Ganges, &c., &c., &c. . . . . until the time when, guided by a benevolent Providence, I came to burn my roving wings in this focus of future liberty of the world, while awaiting the destined hour when at last, freed from its mortal envelope, my spirit, taking its last flight, shall depart on its eternal voyage. I came back, then, as I have said, from this splendid tour, loaded not only with precious souvenirs of the voyage, but with my memory enriched with a multitude of *facts* in statistics, geography, history, and the mathematics, which I had been fortunate enough to master during my long pilgrimage by the assistance of *my key*, modified from the fundamental basis of Feinaigle." — pp. 89, 90.

Mr. Gouraud's moral indignation is prompt enough, when any skeptic calls in question his own claims. The manner in which he deals with all such unbelieving dogs is marked by equal good-

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temper, modesty, and refined taste. The objurgatory passages are brought in, with singular appropriateness, in the midst of the eloquent flights with which the lectures are diversified. For example, the modest and learned gentleman affirms, that "it would be as impossible to translate the system of Aimé Paris from the French to the English language, as it would be to extract an atom of honesty or decency from the joint bodies, brains, and shallow minds of those contemptible individuals, who once dared, with the hope of pilfering with impunity from the fruits of my labors, to speak of plagiarism concerning my system and that of Paris."

To give a more particular account of the contents of the volume; it consists of an "Ante-prædictum to the public"; "a few words to the friendly and intelligent members of my New York and Philadelphia classes"; an "Introduction," mainly historical, but diverging occasionally into the philosophical, wherein he requests of the reader's "longanimity" to wait for some future work before he passes judgment on the character of some of his propositions; and six lectures or lessons. A "General Dedication" to the memory of Colonel Stone, with a very bombastic letter to the same departed gentleman, precedes the whole. Each lecture is then separately dedicated to two persons, twelve fortunate individuals being thus mnemonized into immortality. Here is an economy of dedication, — taking two men to dedicate a single lecture to, — which does great credit to the ingenuity of the author. Besides the lectures, the flattering comments of the reporters are given; and, parenthetically, at the proper places, the various kinds and degrees of applause with which the speaker was received are carefully mentioned. Thus we have in the first lecture, on p. 112 (*applause*); on the same page (*bursts of hilarity*); again (*hilarity*); again (*prolonged and animated laughter*); on the next page (*approbation*), then (*deep attention*), then (*applause*); — on p. 114 (*loud applause*), and (*mirthful applause*), and finally (*interruptive applause*); — on p. 115 (*warm applause*), then (*prolonged laughter and loud applause*), (*loud cheering*), and (*applause*). On the next page the entertainment is varied with (*murmurs of assent*), (*laughter*), (*continued applause*); and on p. 117, we have a grand crash of (*tempestuous bursts of laughter, and prolonged hilarity*). And so it goes on. The reader will be struck with the fact, that these outbreaks of laughter, applause, and hilarity uniformly occur just after the professor has brought out some particularly intense piece of asinity.

It would be impossible to characterize adequately the absurdity of the style in which these lectures are written. To call it Sophomorical would be doing the greatest conceivable injustice to

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the young gentlemen who are supposed to monopolize that particular manner; to speak of it as theatrical would be to libel the Crummleses of the stage. It is bombastic to the last degree of the ridiculous; wordy to an inconceivable extent; vulgar in its tawdriness, and disgusting in its affectation and pretence. The lectures abound in the most incoherent and absurd rhapsodies; in what "the learned call rigmarole"; and together with these are published all the exaggerated commendations of the newspaper press. The book has been thrust upon the public notice by a system of puffery which would discredit the author's illustrious namesake, the advertiser of the "Poudres Subtiles," or the still more illustrious venders of Dr. Brandreth's pills. Indeed, a large portion of *Professor* Gouraud's volume belongs to the species of literature, which, in its higher departments, embraces those immortal advertisements. If the tasteless and utterly unfounded pretensions of this book, and the ludicrously exaggerated puffs it has received, are deserving of rebuke, the arrogant tone of the author himself ought to be met with a sterner reprobation. Flattered by the applauses of indiscriminating audiences in New York and Philadelphia, in which perhaps there was a vein of irony which he failed to perceive, he has had the vanity to speak of himself with an air that would have been unbecoming in a Newton, and of others who have questioned his foolish claims with an insolence for which it is not easy to find an epithet. A book so full of charlatanry as this, had it appeared in any other civilized country in Christendom, would have instantly encountered a storm of ridicule and contempt. It could not have survived the day of its birth.

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8. — *Epitaphs from the Old Burying-Ground in Cambridge. With Notes.* By William Thaddeus Harris, Junior Sophister in Harvard College. Cambridge: John Owen. 1845. 12mo. pp. 192.

The work of Old Mortality performed by an undergraduate in college! It is a pious office to render permanent the inscriptions on the gravestones of our fathers, and thus, as far as in one lies, to perpetuate the memory of their lives and virtues. To bring together these simple records, also, is a good deed for the future historian, enabling him to complete many a genealogical record, and to ascertain dates and isolated facts, of which there may be no other memorial extant. The merit of the work

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is enhanced, when faithfully performed, as in the present case, and illustrated, through the medium of notes, by all the light which town and church records could throw upon it, and by references to other antiquarian and historical publications, that touch upon the same subjects. The old burying-ground in Cambridge is an interesting spot, — even more so, to one class of visitants, than the remarkable and picturesque cemetery in its neighbourhood. It is intimately connected with the history of the College, or rather of the *Grammar School in Cambridge*, out of which the present well endowed and flourishing University has sprung. It contains the ashes of many of its earlier officers and presidents, and of some of its promising students cut off before their time. Time's "effacing fingers" were rapidly obliterating the lines graven upon their head-stones, and wiping out the memory of their services from the hearts of their descendants. This little publication may do something to arrest this work of the destroyer, and to induce the inhabitants of the town to make some effort to improve the neglected and desolate aspect of a place which ought to be hallowed in their eyes.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

A Joint Letter to Orestes A. Brownson and the Editor of the North American Review, in which the Editor of the North American Review is proved to be no Christian and little better than an Atheist. By R. Hildreth, Author of "Theory of Morals." Boston. 1845. 24mo. pp. 34.

The Library of American Biography, conducted by Jared Sparks. Second Series. Vol. V. Lives of Count Rumford, Zebulon M. Pike, and Samuel Gorton. Boston: Little & Brown. 1845. 12mo. pp. 411.

The Æsthetic Letters, Essays, and the Philosophical Letters of Schiller; translated, with an Introduction, by J. Weiss. Boston: Little & Brown. 1845. 12mo. pp. 379.

Novelas Españolas, y Coplas de Manrique; con algunos Pasages de Don Quixote, etc. Por J. Griffin. Brunswick. 1845. 12mo. pp. 132.

A Treatise upon the Law, Privileges, Proceedings, and Usage of Parliament. By Thomas Erskine May, Esq., Barrister at Law, Assistant Librarian of the House of Commons. London: Charles Knight & Co. 1844. 8vo. pp. 496.

The History of Oregon and California, and the other Territories of the Northwest Coast of North America; accompanied by a Geographical View and Map of those Countries, and a Number of Documents as Proofs and Illustrations of the History. By Robert Greenhow, Translator and Librarian to the Department of State of the United States. Second Edition, revised, corrected, and enlarged. Boston: Little & Brown. 1845. 8vo. pp. 492.

Essays on Art, by Goethe. Translated by Samuel Gray Ward. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1845. 18mo. pp. 263.

Rejoinder to the "Reply" of the Hon. Horace Mann, Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, to the "Remarks" of the Association of Boston Masters upon his Seventh Annual Report. Boston: Little & Brown. 1845. 8vo. pp. 215.

American Facts. Notes and Statistics relative to the Government, Resources, Engagements, Manufactures, &c., of the United States of America. By George Palmer Putnam, Member of the New York Historical Society, Author of an Introduction to History, etc. With Portraits and a Map. London: Wiley & Putnam. 1845. 12mo. pp. 292.

The Twenty-ninth Report of the Directors of the American Asylum at Hartford, for the Education and Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb; and Mr. Weld's Report to the Directors of his Visit to Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb in Europe, with other Documents, exhibited to the Asylum, May 10th, 1845. Hartford. 1845. 8vo. pp. 130.

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Poems, by William W. Lord. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1845. 12mo. pp. 158.

Letters from New York. Second Series. By L. Maria Child, Author of "Philothea," "The Mother's Book," &c. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1845. 12mo. pp. 287.

Orthophony, or Vocal Culture in Elocution; a Manual of Elementary Exercises, adapted to Dr. Rush's "Philosophy of the Human Voice," and designed as an Introduction to Russell's "American Elocutionist." By James E. Murdock and William Russell. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1845. 12mo. pp. 336.

Critical Exposition of Baptism, clearly establishing the Scriptural Authority of Affusion and Sprinkling, and of Infant Baptism. By Leicester A. Sawyer, A. M., President of Central College, Ohio. Cincinnati: H. W. Derby & Co. 18mo. pp. 188.

The World in a Pocket-book, or Universal Popular Statistics. Third Edition, greatly enlarged and improved. Philadelphia: George S. Appleton. 1845. 16mo. pp. 195.

The Young Ladies' Elocutionary Reader: containing a Selection of Reading Lessons, by Anna U. Russell, with Introductory Rules and Exercises in Elocution, adapted to Female Readers, by William Russell. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1845. 12mo. pp. 480.

Elements of Algebra; by William Smyth, A. M., Professor of Mathematics in Bowdoin College. Fourth Edition. Brunswick: Joseph Griffin. 1843. 12mo. pp. 272.

Crania Ægyptiaca; or Observations on Egyptian Ethnography, derived from Anatomy, History, and the Monuments. By Samuel G. Morton, M. D., Author of "Crania Americana." Philadelphia: John Pennington. 1844. 4to. pp. 67. Plates xiv.

Domestic Slavery considered as a Scriptural Institution; in a Correspondence between the Rev. Richard Fuller, of Beaufort, S. C., and the Rev. Francis Wayland, of Providence, R. I. Revised and Corrected by the Authors. New York: Lewis Colby. 1845. 16mo. pp. 254.

First Books of Natural History, for Schools, Colleges, and Families. By W. S. W. Ruschenberger, M. D. 1. Elements of Anatomy and Physiology. 2. Elements of Mammalogy. 3. Elements of Ornithology. 4. Elements of Herpetology and Ichthyology. 5. Elements of Conchology. 6. Elements of Entomology. 7. Elements of Botany. Philadelphia: Grigg & Elliot. 1844. 12mo.

Popular Lectures on Astronomy, by M. Arago. With Additions and Corrections, by Dionysius Lardner, LL. D. New York: Greeley and McElrath. 1845. 8vo. pp. 96.

Address delivered before the Washington County Association for the Improvement of Public Schools, at Wickford, January 3d, 1845. By Rowland G. Hazard. Providence: 1845. 8vo. pp. 42.

Speech of Josiah Quincy, President of Harvard University, before the Board of Overseers of that Institution, February 25, 1845, on the Minority Report of the Committee of Visitation, presented to that Board by George Bancroft, Esq., February 6, 1845. Boston: Little & Brown. 8vo. pp. 64.

The Education we want: a Discourse, pronounced November 23, 1844, before the Board of Directors of the Public Schools of Muni-

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cipality No. 2. By W. A. Scott, D. D. New Orleans. 1845. 8vo. pp. 28.

Reports on the Washington Silver Mine in Davidson Co., N. C., by Richard C. Taylor. With an Appendix, containing Assays of the Ores, Returns, and Statements. Philadelphia: E. G. Dorsey, Printer. 1845. 8vo. pp. 40.

Deism or Christianity? Four Discourses, by N. L. Frothingham, D. D., Minister of the First Church. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1845. 8vo. pp. 77.

The Oregon Question; or, a Statement of the British Claims to the Oregon Territory, in Opposition to the Pretensions of the Government of the United States of America. By Thomas Falconer, Esq. London: Samuel Clarke. 1845. 8vo. pp. 46.

A Discourse delivered before the Georgia Historical Society, on its Sixth Anniversary, February 12, 1845. By A. Church, D. D. Savannah. 1845. 8vo. pp. 40.

Proceedings of the New York Historical Society for the Year 1844. New York: Press of the Historical Society. 1845. 8vo.

Righteousness before Doctrine. Two Sermons, by Rev. William Ware. Boston: Little & Brown. 1845. 8vo. pp. 31.

Twenty-Fifth Annual Report and Documents of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, made to the Legislature for the Year 1844. Mr. Peet's Letter of Instructions, and Report on the Schools for the Deaf and Dumb in Central and Western Europe, by Rev. George E. Day. Albany. 1845. 8vo. pp. 195.

Boston Journal of Natural History, containing Papers and Communications read before the Boston Society of Natural History, and published by their Direction. Vol. V. No. I. Boston: Little & Brown. 1845. 8vo. pp. 136.

La Supresion del Tráfico de Esclavos Africanos en la Isla de Cuba, examinada con Relacion á Agricultura y á su seguridad, por Don José A. Saco. Paris. 1845. 8vo. pp. 70.

An Inquiry into the Views, Principles, Services, and Influences of the Leading Men in the Origination of our Union, and in the Formation and Early Administration of our Present Government. By Thaddeus Allen. Boston: Printed by S. N. Dickinson & Co. 1845. 8vo. pp. 86.

A Practical Introduction to Greek Prose Composition. By Thomas Kerchever Arnold, A. M., Rector of Lyndon, and Late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Revised Edition, with References to Kühner's Greek Grammar. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1845. 12mo. pp. 196.

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